THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

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Volume 197, Number 22

NOV. 29, '24 5cts.

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

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C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 197 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., NOVEMBER 29, 1924 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 22

DOLLY MADISON

An Informal Biography—By Meade Minnigerode

IN 1768, when Quaker Friend John Payne and his wife, Mary Coles, came trundling back in their coach along the muddy Virginia roads to their home in Hanover County, they brought with them a new baby to show to Mother Amy, the colored nurse. She had been born on May twentieth, in North Carolina, where her parents were visiting relatives, and christened Dorothea, which immediately became Dolly; or, as they spelled it, Dolley.

She was the first girl in a family of several children, to be followed in time by three other sisters, Lucy, Anna and Mary. A little Quaker girl descended from Scotch and Irish Virginia ancestry—Hanover County on both sides—a little girl with blue eyes twinkling behind long lashes, and the most delicately beautiful pink and white complexion, and a shock of black curls struggling out from under her Quaker bonnet. A gay little Quaker girl, for all her demure behavior; a frivolous little Quaker girl, who hankered after ribbons and baubles and other worldly fripperies; a petted little Quaker girl, who was allowed to cherish her lovely complexion and preserve it from the sun under a linen mask worn over her face when she walked abroad.

The Paynes were well connected, sufficiently prosperous, small planters; the home in Hanover County was spacious, furnished with brick outbuildings and "monumental marble mantels," as Dolly remembered them afterward. And though the Quaker character of the house forbade festivity, shunned amusement and frowned upon the world's vanities, dressing its inmates in a simplicity of gray, still there was no law against abundant good cheer and the broad hospitality of the stately colony.

Dolly was not taught to dance. She did not dance at her own inaugural ball. She probably did not take part in the noisy, dusty jollity of county fairs, where bears were baited and men and women sat in grinning contests and one might view the waxwork of the prodigal son; the candlelit, brocaded, periwigged gayety, tremulous with fiddles, of levees, routs and balls, was not permitted her as she grew up; but all the household mysteries of kitchen and pantry, of china cupboard, linen closet and wine cellar, of garden and orchard—these, and perhaps little else besides, were the very foundation of her education. Occasionally she may have played button-button with other children, and there must have been dolls—rag dolls, Indian dolls. The rest of the time she sewed, she cooked, she preserved. She knew how to take a mixture of rum, pumpkin beer and brown sugar, dip a hot poker in it and make flip. She could cipher as well as the next little girl; she spelled no worse than most.

And then in the turbulent revolutionary 70's, when the drums came rolling through Virginia, John Payne—Quaker though he was and remained—shouldered his musket with the rest and was gone to the war. He came back restless, uneasy, dissatisfied with existence as he saw it in the dominion. High-living, cock-fighting, horse-racing, rum-spilling Virginia was too gay, too dissipated, too flagrantly ungodly for his taste. He longed to find himself in a community more congenial to his sect, in the more austere society of Friends. After a preliminary visit to Philadelphia he returned to Hanover County to dispose of his property and free his slaves—all but Mother Amy, who would not hear of such an arrangement—and in July, 1783, he settled with his family in the pleasant city of his choice.

II

IT WAS the largest city in the country, with a population of thirty-two thousand, the most fashionable, the most extravagant and the most orderly. A city in which stoops were washed on Wednesdays and Saturdays in all weathers, famous for the excellence of its pavements, the beauty of its brick residences and the elegance of its citizens, even though there were too many dead cats and dogs in the roadways, a plague of flies in the air and a multitude of bedbugs—so it was averred by visiting foreigners—in every corner. A gay city given over to assemblies, at which ladies over eighteen and gentlemen not under twenty drew their partners by lot and danced passepieds and sarabands; a city in which society went to the theater—in spite of Quaker misgivings—to see the Prince of Parthia and in which ladies read Peregrine Pickle and Roderick Random while the civic authorities were prohibiting the exhibition of an indecent statue called the Venus de Medici. A wealthy city, steeped in trade and in the profitable commerce of ships.

And if they took no part in the assemblies and abstained from the contaminating influences of the drama, there was no more active and prominent an element of the community to be found in the city's mercantile pursuits than the Quakers—great banking and shipping families, numbered among the most esteemed in Philadelphia's

merchant aristocracy, which welcomed John Payne of Virginia and made him one of themselves. John Payne and his whole family, and in particular his daughter Dolly, who brought a loveliness and charm to evening meeting which went forth irrepressibly to warm even the most severe of Quaker hearts, just as her black curls were forever escaping from the confinement of her Quaker bonnet.

But in Dolly's mind there were other things in Philadelphia more engrossing than the routine of meeting and the decorous diversions to be obtained from country jaunts and simple boating parties. Dolly was fifteen; there was music and tea drinking at Gray's Garden under the trees—and the younger generation of Quakers were beginning to demand toleration for such amusements—and there was Chestnut Street. Chestnut Street, where all the fashionable world promenaded in the late afternoon: gentlemen in gold-laced cocked hats and striped stockings and powdered hair; ladies with implanted teeth—Doctor La Mayeur's transplanting process was all the rage—wearing hooped taffetas and flowered brocades, satin petticoats, calash bonnets and enormous feathered hats.

This was Philadelphia, this was life, brilliant and fascinating—the shops, the clothes, the beautiful stuffs, the monumental wigs, the jewels and all the gayety and gossip of the town. Under her Quaker gown Dolly's heart yearned, frankly and without any shame, for these things.

And yet when they told her to marry John Todd she stood up dutifully at first and second meeting and proclaimed her willingness to do so. His father was an eminent Quaker school-teacher; he himself was a prominent young lawyer, twenty-seven years old.

"I confess I do not admire contention in any form, either political or civil," she once explained.

She did not contend against John Todd. It was the first indication, perhaps, of a temperament which she exhibited throughout her life, an ability to accept whatever fate might offer and make the very best of it, always in a complete serenity of spirit.

"There is nothing in this world really worth caring for," she said on another occasion. Nothing mattered enough to make a fuss over it. This attitude may well have been the key to her success.

They were married on January 7, 1790, at the Friends' Meeting House on Pine Street, standing together on the women's side.

A very brief, simple ceremony, after which they went quietly to dinner at John Payne's.

III

THREE years passed in the placid Todd home on Fourth Street. Dolly's sister Lucy married George Steptoe Washington, the President's nephew, and went to live at Harewood, in Jefferson County, Virginia. John Payne died, after a disastrous business venture which reduced Mrs. Payne to the necessity of taking in boarders. Dolly's first child, John Payne Todd, was born on February 29, 1792; and the second, William Temple Todd, during the spring of 1793.

And then it was perhaps well that nothing in this world was really worth caring for, for with the summer of 1793 there came the yellow plague, and Dolly was struggling with the children along the crowded road to Gray's Ferry, one of that panic-driven throng escaping from the stricken city. John Todd stayed behind to give his able-bodied and courageous help, and before the frosts had purified the air Mr. and Mrs. Todd, Sr., were dead and Dolly had lost her husband and her baby. Dolly herself was desperately ill—for she had caught the

Mrs. James Madison (Dolly Payne). From an Original Picture by Gilbert Stuart, in Possession of Richard Cutts, Esq., M. D., Washington, D. C.

fever from John when he came staggering out at last to Gray's Ferry—but she recovered, to find herself a widow at twenty-five and executrix of her husband's will, in which he had called her "the dear wife of my bosom and first and only woman upon whom my all and only affections were placed."

She came back in the fall to her mother's house—the select boarding house as it now was. Philadelphia was become the seat of government, the town was crowded beyond its capacity with congressmen and senators, the inns were inadequate and miserable. Even the famous Indian Queen was only a pit which was "Hades and Tartarus and Periphlegethon, Cocytus and Styx"—in short, hell. Mrs. Payne was a gentlewoman, her table was kept in the bountiful Virginia style, her house was probably renowned, if only for the fact of the beautiful Dolly's presence. At all events, the senator from New York, Col. Aaron Burr, lodged there. And everywhere, at Oeller's Tavern and at the Coffee House, at the Queen and in the halls of Congress, he told everyone about the pretty Widow Todd. He finally told his friend, Congressman Madison, of Virginia. The congressman was very busy; he had good reasons to dislike the fair sex—ever since that unfortunate occasion, ten years before, when he had been jilted by sixteen-year-old Catherine Floyd, who sent him back his broken engagement sealed with a lump of dough. But one day he saw the Widow Todd driving by; not very long afterward he was pestering Colonel Burr for an introduction.

"Aaron Burr says that the great little Madison has asked to be brought to me this evening," Dolly wrote to a friend, on a certain day in the spring of 1794, and went to prepare her mulberry satin gown and white scarf in which to receive him.

The great little Madison was forty-three years old; a man who had served with distinction in the Continental Congress, the Virginia legislature and the Constitutional Convention, who had helped produce the Federalist and was spoken of as the father of the Constitution, and who was now a member of the House of Representatives, thanks to Mr. Patrick Henry, who had kept him out of the Senate. A dapper, timid, studious little light-haired man in black clothes, who could be quite entertaining when you got him off by himself. Not at all the sort of person who should have attracted Dolly Todd, or, for that matter, have been attracted to her. But timid and little as he was, she saw that he was indeed great, and she liked him. It was not long before their engagement was rumored all over Philadelphia. Jim Madison and the Widow Todd! Mrs. Washington sent for her kinswoman by marriage and catechized her on the subject. Was it true that she was going to marry Mr. Madison, because if so the President and Mrs. Washington most heartily approved—a point which may or may not have been keeping Dolly awake nights. But Dolly was not sure. In August she wrote to her lawyer, Mr. William Wilkins, and asked him what he thought, and Mr. Wilkins replied:

"Mr. M——n is a man whom I admire. I know his attachment to you and did not therefore content myself with taking his character from the breath of popular applause, but consulted those who knew him intimately in private life. His private character therefore I have every reason to believe is good and amiable. He unites to the great talents which have secured his public approbation those engaging qualities that contribute so highly to domestic felicity. . . . You have my fullest and freest approbation of the step you are about to take . . ."

And so they were married on September 15, 1794, at Harewood, her sister's residence. A very fine wedding, with dancing and feasting this time, during which the bridesmaids cut up Mr. Madison's ruffles of Mechlin lace as keepsakes.

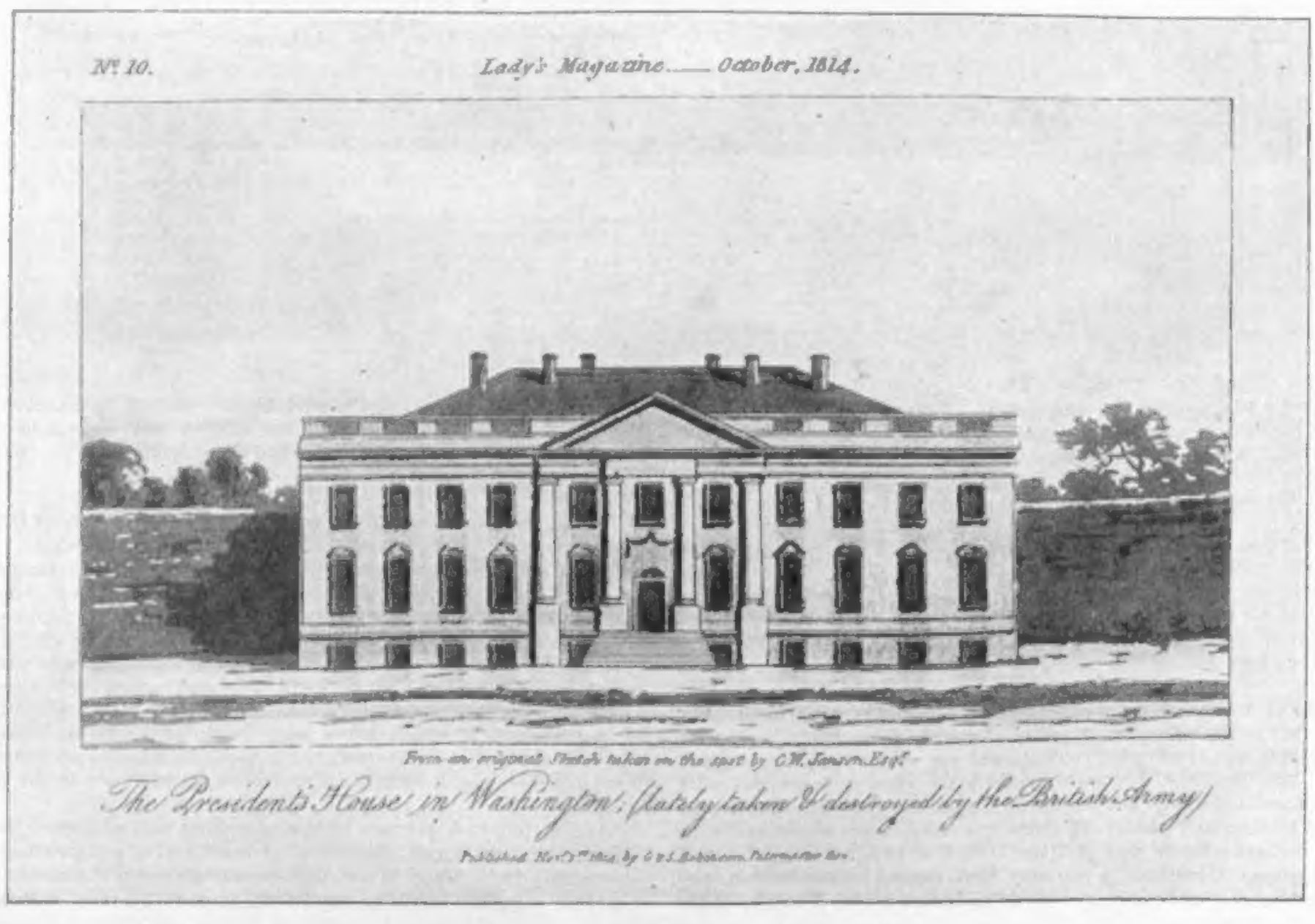
John Todd had not been dead a year.

IV

THEY drove in their coach to Montpelier, the Madison home in Orange County, Virginia, to see Father and Mother Madison, and then they were back in Philadelphia, on Spruce Street, for the session of Congress.

And now there was a new Philadelphia for Quaker Dolly, the Philadelphia that she had always longed for. The fashionable promenade on Chestnut Street—or rather on the north side of Market now, between Third and Fifth—was hers on which to display the feathered finery which even a Quaker lady might indulge in when she was the wife of the great little Madison. In her house she had furniture of maple, no doubt, and chairs with horsehair seats, English carpets, and a profusion of silver on the sideboards. She breakfasted elegantly at nine of the morning, on ham, salt fish, bread and butter

(Continued on Page 74)


No 10. Lady's Magazine.—— October, 1814.
From an original Sketch taken on the spot by C.W. Janson Esqr.
The President's House in Washington: (lately taken & destroyed by the British Army)

The Custody of the Pumpkin

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE pleasant morning sunshine descended like an amber shower bath on Blandings Castle, that stately home of England which so adorns the county of Shropshire, lighting up with a heartening glow its ivied walls, its rolling parks, its gardens, outhouses and messuages and such of its inhabitants as chanced at the moment to be taking the air. It fell on green lawns and wide terraces, on noble trees and bright flower beds. It fell on the baggy trousers seat of Angus McAllister, head gardener to the Earl of Emsworth, as he bent with dour Scottish determination to pluck a coy snail from its reverie beneath the leaf of a lettuce. It fell on the white flannels of the Hon. Freddie Threepwood, Lord Emsworth's second son, hurrying across the water meadows. It also fell on Lord Emsworth himself, for the proprietor of this fair domain was standing on the turret above the west wing, placidly surveying his possessions through a powerful telescope.

The Earl of Emsworth was a fluffy-minded and amiable old gentleman with a fondness for new toys. Although the main interest of his life was his garden, he was always ready to try a side line; and the latest of these side lines was this telescope of his—the outcome of a passion for astronomy which had lasted some two weeks.

For some minutes Lord Emsworth remained gazing with a pleased eye at a cow down in the meadows. It was a fine cow, as cows go, but, like so many cows, it lacked sustained dramatic interest; and his lordship, surfeited after a while by the spectacle of it chewing the cud and staring glassily at nothing, was about to swivel the apparatus round in the hope of picking up something a trifle more sensational, when into the range of his vision there came the Honorable Freddie. White and shining, he tripped along over the turf like a Theocritean shepherd hastening to keep an appointment with a nymph; and for the first time that morning a frown came to mar the serenity of Lord Emsworth's brow. He generally frowned when he saw Freddie, for with the passage of the years that youth had become more and more of a problem to an anxious father.

The Earl of Emsworth, like so many of Britain's aristocracy, had but little use for the Younger Son. And Freddie Threepwood was a particularly trying younger son. There seemed, in the opinion of his nearest and dearest, to be no way of coping with the boy. If he was allowed to live in London he piled up debts and got into mischief; and when hauled back home to Blandings he moped broodingly. It was possibly the fact that his demeanor at this moment was so mysteriously jaunty, his bearing so inexplicably free from the crushed misery with which he usually mooned about the place that induced Lord Emsworth to keep a telescopic eye on him. Some inner voice whispered to him that Freddie was up to no good and would bear watching.

The inner voice was absolutely correct. Within thirty seconds its case had been proved up to the hilt. Scarcely had his lordship had time to wish, as he invariably wished on seeing his offspring, that Freddie had been something entirely different in manners, morals and appearance and had been the son of somebody else living a considerable distance away, when out of a small spinney near the end of the meadow there bounded a girl. And Freddie, after a cautious glance over his shoulder, immediately proceeded to fold this female in a warm embrace.

"Girl?" He Quavered. "Girl? Girl, Guv'nor?"

Lord Emsworth had seen enough. He tottered away from the telescope, a shattered man. One of his favorite dreams was of some nice eligible girl, belonging to a good family and possessing a bit of money of her own, coming along some day and taking Freddie off his hands; but that inner voice, more confident now than ever, told him that this was not she. Freddie would not sneak off in this furtive fashion to meet eligible girls; nor could he imagine any eligible girl in her right senses rushing into Freddie's arms in that enthusiastic way. No, there was only one explanation. In the cloistral seclusion of Blandings, far from the metropolis with all its conveniences for that sort of thing, Freddie had managed to get himself entangled. Seething with anguish and fury, Lord Emsworth hurried down the stairs and out onto the terrace. Here he prowled like an elderly leopard waiting for feeding time, until in due season there was a flicker of white among the trees that flanked the drive and a cheerful whistling announced the culprit's approach.

It was with a sour and hostile eye that Lord Emsworth watched his son draw near. He adjusted his pince-nez, and with their assistance was able to perceive that a fatuous smile of self-satisfaction illuminated the young man's face, giving him the appearance of a beaming sheep. In the young man's buttonhole there shone a nosegay of simple meadow flowers, which, as he walked, he patted from time to time with a loving hand.

"Frederick!" bellowed his lordship.

The villain of the piece halted abruptly Sunk in a roseate trance, he had not observed his father. But such was the sunniness of his mood that even this encounter could not damp him. He gamboled happily up.

"Hullo, guv'nor," said Freddie. He searched in his mind for a pleasant topic of conversation, always a matter of some little difficulty on these occasions. "Lovely day, what?"

His lordship was not to be diverted into a discussion of the weather. He drew a step nearer, looking like the man who smothered the young princes in the Tower.

"Frederick," he demanded, "who was that girl?"

The Honorable Freddie started convulsively. He appeared to be swallowing with difficulty something large and jagged.

"Girl?" he quavered. "Girl? Girl, guv'nor?"

"That girl I saw you kissing ten minutes ago down in the water meadows."

"Oh!" said the Honorable Freddie. He paused. "Oh, ah!" He paused again. "Oh, ah, yes! I've been meaning to tell you about that, guv'nor."

"You have, have you?"

"All perfectly correct, you know. Oh, yes, indeed! All most absolutely correct-o! Nothing fishy, I mean to say, or anything like that. She's my fiancée."

A sharp howl escaped Lord Emsworth, as if one of the bees humming in the lavender beds had taken time off to sting him in the neck.

"Who is she?" he boomed. "Who is this woman?"

"Her name's Donaldson."

"Who is she?"

"Aggie Donaldson. Aggie's short for Niagara. Her people spent their honeymoon at the Falls, she tells me. She's American, and all that. Rummy names they give kids in America," proceeded Freddie with hollow chattiness. "I mean to say! Niagara! I ask you!"

"Who is she?"

"She's most awfully bright, you know. Full of beans. You'll love her."

"Who is she?"

"And can play the saxophone."

"Who," demanded Lord Emsworth for the sixth time, "is she? And where did you meet her?"

Freddie coughed. The information, he perceived, could no longer be withheld, and he was keenly alive to the fact that it scarcely fell into the class of tidings of great joy.

"Well, as a matter of fact, guv'nor, she's a sort of cousin of Angus McAllister's. She's come over to England for a visit, don't you know, and is staying with the old boy. That's how I happened to run across her."

Lord Emsworth's eyes bulged and he gargled faintly. He had had many unpleasant visions of his son's future, but they had never included one of him walking down the aisle with a sort of cousin of his head gardener.

"Oh!" he said. "Oh, indeed?"

Lord Emsworth threw his arms up as if calling on heaven to witness a good man's persecution, and shot off along the terrace at a rapid trot. Having ranged the grounds for some minutes, he ran his quarry to earth at the entrance of the yew alley.

The head gardener turned at the sound of his footsteps. He was a sturdy man of medium height with eyebrows that would have fitted better a bigger forehead. These, added to a red and wiry beard, gave him a formidable and uncompromising expression. Honesty Angus McAllister's face had in full measure, and also intelligence; but it was a bit short on sweetness and light.

"McAllister," said his lordship, plunging without preamble into the matter of his discourse. "That girl. You must send her away." A look of bewilderment clouded such of Mr. McAllister's features as were not concealed behind his beard and eyebrows.

"Gurrul?"

"That girl who is staying with you. She must go!"

"Gae where?"

Lord Emsworth was not in the mood to be finicky about details.

"Anywhere," he said. "I won't have her here a day longer."

"Why?" inquired Mr. McAllister, who liked to thresh these things out.

"Never mind why. You must send her away immediately."

Mr. McAllister mentioned an insuperable objection.

"She's payin' me twa poon' a week," he said simply.

Lord Emsworth did not grind his teeth, for he was not given to that form of displaying emotion; but he leaped some ten inches into the air and dropped his pince-nez. And, though normally a fair-minded and reasonable man, well aware that modern earls must think twice before pulling the feudal stuff on their employes, he took on the forthright truculence of a large landowner of the early Norman period ticking off a serf.

"Listen, McAllister! Listen to me! Either you send that girl away today or you can go yourself."

A curious expression came into Angus McAllister's face—always excepting the occupied territories. It was the look of a man who has not forgotten Bannockburn, a man conscious of belonging to the country of William Wallace and Robert the Bruce. He made Scotch noises at the back of his throat.

"Y'r lorrudsheep will accept ma notis," he said with formal dignity.

"I'll pay you a month's wages in lieu of notice and you will leave this afternoon," retorted Lord Emsworth with spirit.

"Mphm!" said Mr. McAllister.

Lord Emsworth left the battlefield with a feeling of pure exhilaration, still in the grip of the animal fury of conflict. No twinge of remorse did he feel at the thought that Angus McAllister had served him faithfully for ten years. Nor did it cross his mind that he might miss McAllister.

But that night, as he sat smoking his after-dinner cigarette, Reason, so violently expelled, came stealing timidly back to her throne, and a cold hand seemed suddenly placed upon his heart.

With Angus McAllister gone, how would the pumpkin fare?

The importance of this pumpkin in the Earl of Emsworth's life requires, perhaps, a word of explanation. Every ancient family in England has some little gap in its scroll of honor, and that of Lord Emsworth was no exception. For generations back his ancestors had been doing notable deeds; they had sent out from Blandings Castle statesmen and warriors, governors and leaders of the people; but they had not—in the opinion of the present holder of the title—achieved a full hand. However splendid the family record might appear at first sight, the fact remained that no Earl of Emsworth had ever won a first prize for pumpkins at the Shrewsbury Flower and Vegetable Show. For roses, yes. For tulips, true. For spring onions, granted. But not for pumpkins; and Lord Emsworth, who lived for his garden, felt it deeply.

For many a summer past he had been striving indefatigably to remove this blot on the family escutcheon, only to see his hopes go tumbling down. But this year at last victory had seemed in sight, for there had been vouchsafed to Blandings a competitor of such amazing parts that his lordship, who had watched it grow practically from a pip, could not envisage failure. Surely, he told himself as he gazed on its golden roundness, even Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe of Badgwick Hall, winner for three successive years, would never be able to produce anything to challenge this superb vegetable.

And it was this supreme pumpkin whose welfare he feared he had jeopardized by dismissing Angus McAllister. For Angus was its official trainer. He understood the pumpkin. Indeed, in his reserved Scottish way he even seemed to love it. With Angus gone, what would the harvest be?

Such were the meditations of Lord Emsworth as he reviewed the position of affairs. And though, as the days went by, he tried to tell himself that Angus McAllister was not the only man in the world who understood pumpkins and that he had every confidence, the most complete and unswerving confidence, in Robert Barker, recently Angus' second in command, now promoted to the post of head gardener and custodian of the Blandings Hope, he knew that this was but shallow bravado. When you are a pumpkin owner with a big winner in your stable, you judge men by hard standards, and every day it became plainer that Robert Barker was only a makeshift. Within a week Lord Emsworth was pining for Angus McAllister.

It might be purely imagination, but to his excited fancy the pumpkin seemed to be pining for Angus too. It appeared to be dropping and losing weight. Lord Emsworth could not rid himself of the horrible idea that it was shrinking. And on the tenth night after McAllister's departure he dreamed a strange dream. He had gone with King George to show his gracious majesty the pumpkin, promising him the treat of a lifetime; and, when they arrived, there in the corner of the frame was a shriveled thing the size of a pea. He woke, sweating, with his sovereign's disappointed screams ringing in his ears; and Pride gave its last quiver and collapsed. To reinstate Angus would be a surrender, but it must be done.

"Beach," he said that morning at breakfast, "do you happen to—er—to have McAllister's address?"

It Was Possibly the Fact That Freddie's Demeanor at This Moment Was So Mysteriously Jaunty That Induced Lord Emsworth to Keep a Telescopic Eye on Him

"Yes, your lordship," replied the butler. "He is in London, residing at Number 11 Buxton Crescent."

"Buxton Crescent? Never heard of it."

"It is, I fancy, your lordship, a boarding house or some such establishment off the Cromwell Road. McAllister was accustomed to make it his headquarters whenever he visited the metropolis on account of its handiness for Kensington Gardens. He liked," said Beach with respectful reproach, for Angus had been a friend of his for nine years, "to be near the flowers, your lor'ship."

Two telegrams, passing through it in the course of the next twelve hours, caused some gossip at the post office of the little town of Market Blandings.

The first ran: "McAllister, 11 Buxton Crescent, Cromwell Road, London. Return immediately. Emsworth."

The second: "Lord Emsworth, Blandings Castle, Shropshire. I will not. McAllister."

Lord Emsworth had one of those minds capable of accommodating but one thought at a time—if that; and the possibility that Angus McAllister might decline to return had not occurred to him. It was difficult to adjust himself to this new problem, but he managed it at last. Before nightfall he had made up his mind. Robert Barker, that broken reed, could remain in charge for another day or so, and meanwhile he would go up to London and engage a real head gardener, the finest head gardener that money could buy.

It was the opinion of Doctor Johnson that there is in London all that life can afford. A man, he held, who is tired of London is tired of life itself. Lord Emsworth, had he been aware of this statement, would have contested it warmly. He hated London. He loathed its crowds, its smells, its noises; its omnibuses, its taxis and its hard pavements. And, in addition to all its other defects, the miserable town did not seem able to produce a single decent head gardener. He went from agency to agency, interviewing candidates, and not one of them came within a mile of meeting his requirements. He disliked their faces, he distrusted their references. It was a harsh thing to say of any man, but he was dashed if the best of them was even as good as Robert Barker.

It was, therefore, in a black and soured mood that his lordship, having lunched frugally at the Senior Conservative Club on the third day of his visit, stood on the steps in the sunshine, wondering how on earth he was to get through the afternoon. He had spent the morning rejecting head gardeners, and the next batch was not due until the morrow. And what—besides rejecting head gardeners—was there for a man of reasonable tastes to do with his time in this hopeless town?

And then there came into his mind a remark which Beach the butler had made at the breakfast table about flowers in Kensington Gardens. He could go to Kensington Gardens and look at the flowers.

He was about to hail a taxicab from the rank down the street when there suddenly emerged from the Hotel Magnificent, over the way, a young man. This young man proceeded to cross the road, and as he drew near it seemed to Lord Emsworth that there was about his appearance something oddly familiar. He stared for a long instant before he could believe his eyes, then with a wordless cry bounded down the steps just as the other started to mount them.

"Oh, hullo, guv'nor!" ejaculated the Honorable Freddie, plainly startled.

"What—what are you doing here?" demanded Lord Emsworth.

He spoke with heat, and justly so. London, as the result of several spirited escapades which still rankled in the mind of a father who had had to foot the bills, was forbidden ground to Freddie.

The young man was plainly not at his ease. He had the air of one who is being pushed toward dangerous machinery in which he is loath to become entangled. He shuffled his feet for a moment, then raised his left shoe and rubbed the back of his right calf with it. "The fact is, guv'nor ——"

"You know you are forbidden to come to London."

"Absolutely, guv'nor, but the fact is ——"

"And why anybody but an imbecile should want to come to London when he could be at Blandings ——"

"I know, guv'nor, but the fact is ——" Here Freddie, having replaced his wandering foot on the pavement, raised the other and rubbed the back of his left calf. "I wanted to see you," he said. "Yes. Particularly wanted to see you."

This was not strictly accurate. The last thing in the world which the Honorable Freddie wanted was to see his parent. He had come to the Senior Conservative Club to leave a carefully written note. Having delivered which, it had been his intention to bolt like a rabbit. This unforeseen meeting had upset his plans.

"To see me?" said Lord Emsworth. "Why?"

"Got—er—got something to tell you. Bit of news."

"I trust it is of sufficient importance to justify your coming to London against my express wishes."

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes, yes, yes. Oh, rather. It's dashed important. Yes—not to put too fine a point upon it—most dashed important. I say, guv'nor, are you in fairly good form to stand a bit of a shock?"

A ghastly thought rushed into Lord Emsworth's mind. Freddie's mysterious arrival—his strange manner—his odd hesitation and uneasiness —— Could it mean? He clutched the young man's arm feverishly.

"Frederick! Speak! Tell me! Have the cats got at it?"

It was a fixed idea of Lord Emsworth, which no argument would have induced him to abandon, that cats had the power to work some dreadful mischief on his pumpkin and were continually lying in wait for the opportunity of doing so; and his behavior on the occasion when one of the fast sporting set from the stables, wandering into the kitchen garden and, finding him gazing at the Blandings Hope, had rubbed itself sociably against his leg, lingered long in that animal's memory.

Freddie stared.

"Cats? Why? Where? Which? What cats?"

"Frederick! Is anything wrong with the pumpkin?"

In a crass and materialistic world there must inevitably be a scattered few here and there in whom pumpkins touch no chord. The Hon. Freddie Threepwood was one of these. He was accustomed to speak in mockery of all pumpkins, and had even gone so far as to allude to the Hope of Blandings as Percy. His father's anxiety, therefore, merely caused him to giggle.

"Not that I know of," he said.

"Then what do you mean," thundered Lord Emsworth, stung by the giggle—"what do you mean, sir, by coming here and alarming me—scaring me out of my wits, by gad!—with your nonsense about giving me shocks?"

The Honorable Freddie looked carefully at his fermenting parent. His fingers, sliding into his pocket, closed on the note which nestled there. He drew it forth.

"Look here, guv'nor," he said nervously, "I think the best thing would be for you to read this. Meant to leave it for you with the hall porter. It's—well, you just cast your eyes over it. Good-by, guv'nor. Got to see a man."

And thrusting the note into his father's hand the Honorable Freddie turned and was gone. Lord Emsworth, perplexed and annoyed, watched him skim up the road and leap into a cab. He seethed impotently. Practically any behavior on the part of his son Frederick had the power to irritate him, but it was when he was vague and mysterious and incoherent that the young man irritated him most.

He looked at the letter in his hand, turned it over, felt it and even smelt it. Then, for it had suddenly occurred to him that if he wished to ascertain its contents he had better read it, he tore open the envelope.

The note was brief, but full of good reading matter.

"*Dear Gus'nor:* Awfully sorry, and all that, but couldn't hold out any longer. I've popped up to London in the two-seater, and Aggie and I were spliced this morning. There looked like being a bit of a hitch at one time, but Aggie's guv'nor, who has come over from America, managed to wangle it all right by getting a special license or something of that order. A most capable Johnny. He's coming to see you. He wants to have a good long talk with you about the whole binge. Lush him up hospitably, and all that, would you mind, because he's a really sound egg and you'll like him. "Well, cheerio!

"Your affectionate son, "FREDDIE.

"P.S. You won't mind if I freeze onto the two-seater for the nonce, what? It may come in useful for the honeymoon."

The Senior Conservative Club is a solid and massive building, but, as Lord Emsworth raised his eyes dumbly from the perusal of this letter, it seemed to him that it was performing a kind of whirling dance. The whole of the immediate neighborhood, indeed, appeared to be shimmying in the middle of a thick mist. He was profoundly stirred. It is not too much to say that he was shaken to the core of his being. No father enjoys being flouted and defied by his own son; nor is it reasonable to expect a man to take a cheery view of life who is faced with the prospect of supporting for the remainder of his years a younger son, a younger son's wife and possibly younger grandchildren.

For an appreciable space of time he stood in the middle of the pavement, rooted to the spot. Passers-by bumped into him or grumblingly made detours to avoid a collision. Dogs sniffed at his ankles. Seedy-looking individuals tried to arrest his attention in order to speak of their financial affairs. Lord Emsworth heeded none of them. He remained where he was, gaping like a fish, until suddenly his faculties seemed to return to him.

An imperative need for flowers and green trees swept upon Lord Emsworth. The noise of the traffic and the heat of the sun on the stone pavement were afflicting him like a nightmare. He signaled energetically to a passing cab.

"Kensington Gardens," he said, and sank back on the cushioned seat.

Something dimly resembling peace crept into his lordship's soul as he paid off his cab and entered the cool shade of the gardens. Even from the road he had caught a glimpse of stimulating reds and yellows; and as he ambled up the asphalt path and plunged round the corner the flower beds burst upon his sight in all their consoling glory.

"Ah!" breathed Lord Emsworth rapturously, and came to a halt before a glowing carpet of tulips. A man of official aspect, wearing a peaked cap and a uniform, stopped as he heard the exclamation and looked at him with approval and even affection.

"Nice weather we're 'avin'," he observed.

Lord Emsworth did not reply. He had not heard. There is that about a well-set-out bed of flowers which acts on men who love their gardens, like a drug, and he was in a sort of trance. Already he had completely forgotten where he was, and seemed to himself to be back in his paradise of Blandings. He drew a step nearer to the flower bed, pointing like a setter.

The official-looking man's approval deepened. This man with the peaked cap was the park keeper, who held the rights of the high, the low and the middle justice over that section of the gardens. He, too, loved these flower beds, and he seemed to see in Lord Emsworth a kindred soul. The general public was too apt to pass by, engrossed in its own affairs, and this often wounded the park keeper. In Lord Emsworth he thought that he recognized one of the right sort.

"Nice ——" he began.

He broke off with a sharp cry. If he had not seen it with his own eyes he would not have believed it. But, alas, there was no possibility of a mistake. With a ghastly shock he realized that he had been deceived in this attractive stranger. Decently if untidily dressed, clean, respectable to the outward eye, the stranger was in reality a dangerous criminal, the blackest type of evildoer on the park keeper's index. He was a Kensington Gardens flower picker.

For, even as he uttered the word "nice," the man had stepped lightly over the low railing, had shambled across the strip of turf, and before you could say "knife" was busy on his dark work. In the brief instant in which the park keeper's vocal cords refused to obey him, he was two tulips ahead of the game and reaching out to scoop in a third.

"Hi!" roared the park keeper, suddenly finding speech. "'I there!"

Lord Emsworth turned with a start.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured reproachfully.

He was in full possession of his senses now, such as they were, and understood the enormity of his conduct. He shuffled back onto the asphalt, contrite.

"My dear fellow ——" he began remorsefully.

The park keeper began to speak rapidly and at length. From time to time Lord Emsworth moved his lips and made deprecating gestures, but he could not stem the flood. Louder and more rhetorical grew the park keeper, and denser and more interested the rapidly assembling crowd of spectators. And then through the stream of words another voice spoke.

"Wot's all this?"

The force had materialized in the shape of a large, solid constable.

The park keeper seemed to understand that he had been superseded. He still spoke, but no longer like a father rebuking an erring son. His attitude now was more that of an elder brother appealing for justice against a delinquent junior. In a moving passage he stated his case.

"'E Says," observed the constable judicially, speaking slowly and in capitals as if addressing an untutored foreigner—"'E Says You Was Pickin' The Flowers."

"I saw 'im. I was standin' as close as I am to you."

"'E Saw You," interpreted the constable.

Lord Emsworth was feeling weak and bewildered. Without a thought of annoying or doing harm to anybody, he seemed to have unchained the fearful passions of a French Revolution; and there came over him a sense of how unjust it was that this sort of thing should be happening to him, of all people—a man already staggering beneath the troubles of a Job.

"I'll 'ave to ask you for your name and address," said the constable more briskly. A stubby pencil popped for an instant into his stern mouth and hovered, well and truly moistened, over the virgin page of his notebook—that dreadful notebook before which taxi drivers shrink and hardened bus conductors quail.

"I—I, why, my dear fellow—I mean, officer—I am the Earl of Emsworth."

Much has been written of the psychology of crowds, designed to show how extraordinary and inexplicable it is, but most of such writing is exaggeration. A crowd generally behaves in a perfectly natural and intelligible fashion. When, for instance, it sees a man in a badly fitting tweed suit and a hat he ought to be ashamed of getting put through it for pinching flowers in the park and the man says he is an earl, it laughs. This crowd laughed.

"Ho?" The constable did not stoop to join in the merriment of the rabble, but his lip twitched sardonically. "Have you a card, your lordship?"

Nobody intimate with Lord Emsworth would have asked such a foolish question. His cardcase was the thing he always lost second when visiting London—immediately after losing his umbrella.

"I—er—I'm afraid ——"

"R!" said the constable. And the crowd uttered another happy, hyenalike laugh, so intensely galling that his lordship raised his bowed head and found enough spirit to cast an indignant glance. And as he did so the hunted look faded from his eyes.

"McAllister!" he cried. "McAllister, my dear fellow, do please tell this man who I am."

Two new arrivals had just joined the throng, and, being of rugged and nobbly physique, had already shoved themselves through to the ringside seats. One was a tall, handsome, smooth-faced gentleman of authoritative appearance, who, if he had not worn rimless glasses, would have looked like a Roman emperor. The other was a shorter, sturdier man with a bristly red beard.

"McAllister!" moaned his lordship piteously.

After what had passed between himself and his late employer a lesser man than Angus McAllister might have seen in Lord Emsworth's predicament merely a judgment. A man of little magnanimity would have felt that here was where he got a bit of his own back. Not so this splendid Glaswegian.

"Aye," he said. "Yon's Lorrud Emsworruth."

"Who are you?" inquired the constable searchingly.

"I used to be head gardener at the cassel."

"Exactly," bleated Lord Emsworth. "Precisely. My head gardener."

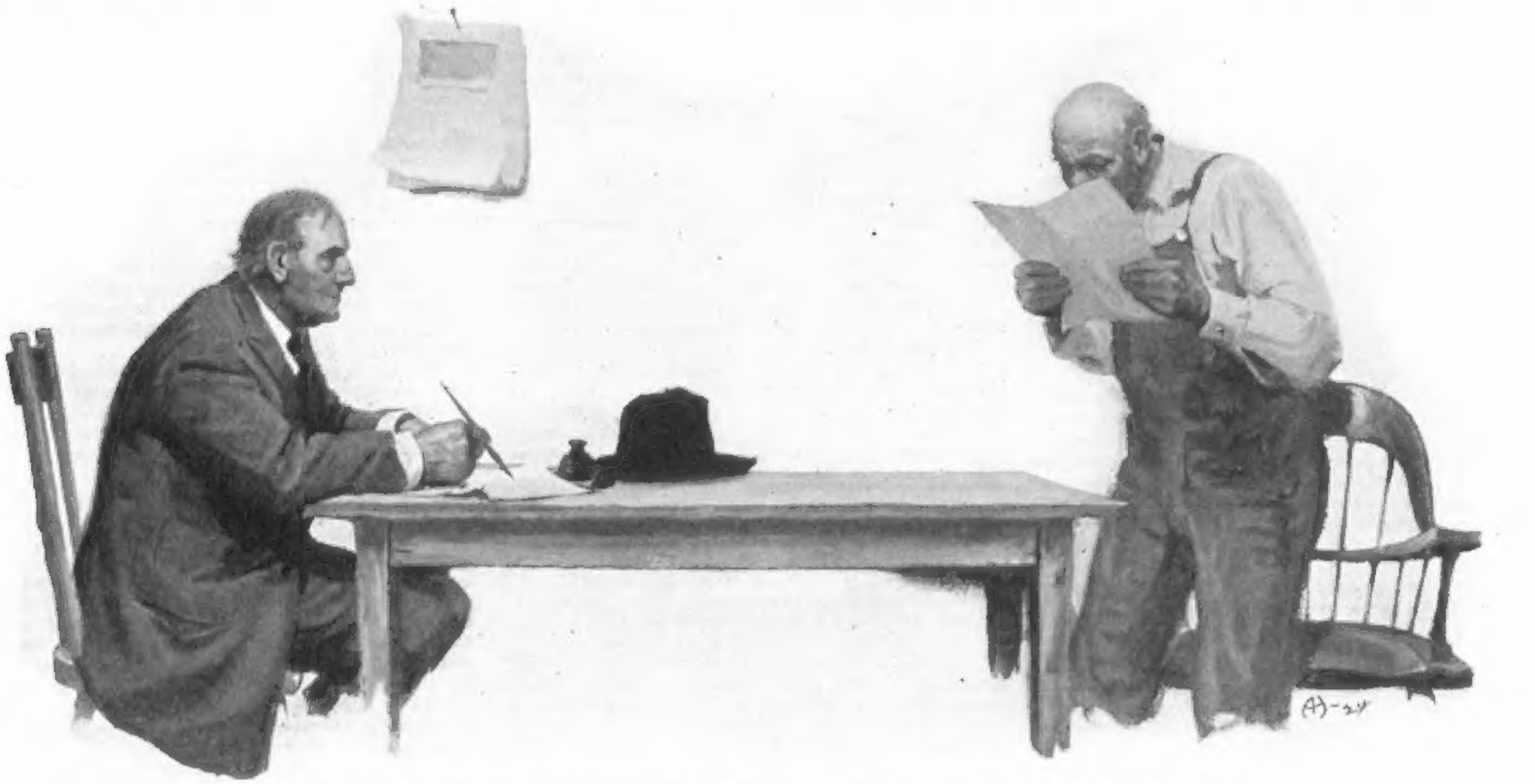
The constable was shaken. Lord Emsworth might not look like an earl, but there was no getting away from the fact that Angus McAllister was supremely head-gardeneresque. A staunch admirer of the aristocracy, the constable perceived that zeal had caused him to make a bit of a bloomer. Yes, he had dropped a brick.

In this crisis, however, he comported himself with a masterly tact. He scowled blackly upon the interested throng.

(Continued on Page 66)

And Freddie, After a Cautious Glance Over His Shoulder, Immediately Proceeded to Fold This Female in a Warm Embrace

THIRTY DAYS AFTER DEATH



"Ye Write an Awful Hand, Eely. That 'Date' Looks More Like 'Cleaver,' or Sumpthin'. What Did I Do With Them Specs?"

By Arthur O. Friel

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

HIS mother, gazing wanly at the red-faced mite whose advent had compelled a brief surcease from her hard duties, had named him Elias. But among the shrewd-eyed though slow-moving folk of the Shawangunk uplands, and especially among the hillmen inhabiting the cliff-girt bowl known as The Traps, it is one thing to name a youngster and another to make that prenomen endure. And long before the woman who bore Elias Skinner had gone the usual way of the mountain women and found her first real rest in the arms of death, she had heard that name slurred into another which clung like a burdock. For now, throughout his own rugged Traps country, and even out beyond—from Port to Paltz, in fact—her florid fat son was known as Eely.

There was only one reason for the change. That reason was the man himself—a slippery creature whose appetite for meat and money was ever voracious, and whose ability for squirming out of trouble was remarkable. Gifted with an oily tongue and a smooth cunning carefully hidden under a jovial exterior, he could, and did, slip more than one hill farm out of the hands of its possessors and into his own tight grip. And when the former owners became displeased with the proceedings and thought of expressing disapproval by means of their ancient but still serviceable muzzle-loaders, somehow the protest was likely to hang fire or miss its mark altogether. Sometimes it even damaged the man behind the gun.

For instance, there was the little matter of Mandy Boggs and her son Tobe. For those parts, Tobe was a traveled youth. He had even been as far away as Poughkeepsie, where he had worked one whole winter in a factory, making a scandalous amount of money, before the warm days of spring suddenly soured the taste of town life and sent him tramping back to his hills. So, having been out in the great world, he did the natural thing when the call of the Spanish War drifted in through the craggy jaws of The Traps—he enlisted and went away to annihilate the dons. Then he was reported dead from fever.

Mandy was left very much alone. Since her man had inconsiderately fallen off a ledge some years previously, while attempting to carry home too large a cargo of liquid cheer, Tobe had been her sole reliance. Now, with the stubborn stoicism of her kind, she fought on single-handed to wring an existence from the rocky fields around her weatherbeaten home. She might have succeeded; but a sudden kick from a fly-tortured cow broke her kneecap and her courage at the same time.

Then came Eely. He, of course, had not felt impelled to go forth and fight the Spaniard. If them dagoes ever should come up the Hudson, by mighty, he'd make 'em wisht they never left Spain; but this idee of going away down into them tropical countries to fight alongside of them Cubyans was all foolishness. Of course, if young fellers like Tobe wanted to go they could; but Tobe would have done better to stay home and look out for his mom. Now that Tobe was dead in a swamp, Eely would see what he could do for poor old Mandy. He did for her by getting her to sell him the old homestead for a tenth of its value.

That is, he said she sold it. He had a paper to prove it. True, Mandy asserted that he had only made her a loan, and that she had signed a receipt. But the fact remained that her laboriously scrawled signature was attached to a writin' conveying the place and everything on it to Elias Skinner. When she recovered the use of her stiff leg she was requested to move out. After vain protests she went.

Homeless, penniless, aged and crippled, she found a bed and meager board in the house of a sharp-tongued female relative of her dead husband. There she was found by Tobe. That bronzed young veteran happened to be very far from dead. Indeed, he was alive, alert, active and fit; and, withal, the master of a brain-jarring straight left and a wicked right hook acquired during his training-camp days. The report of his death was merely another blunder by the War Department.

Very soon after his reunion with his mother Tobe betook himself to the abode of Eely. That prosperous-paunched financier was vastly astounded and somewhat perturbed by the apparition; for nobody had been so thoughtful as to inform him of the soldier's return. When one reflects that the young fool was supposed to be safely buried and his home was in Eely's hands and his mother unable to take any effective measures, one may perhaps understand the sudden sinking sensation caused by the impact on the Skinner soul of an eye cold as a bayonet and words pointed and hard as bullets. Eely, with his usual sagacity, felt that something unpleasant might come about. Nor was he mistaken.

Yet he had several wriggles at hand. By the time Tobe had finished telling him what was likely to take place he was ready with the first countermove. This was to call the youngster's attention to the fact that in the next room were two witnesses who had heard every threat uttered and could testify to them in court. In his smooth way he also recalled other matters which might prove embarrassing to the youth if brought to the notice of the authorities outside—such as past laxity in observing the game laws and the revenue acts.

To be sure, these little lapses had taken place years before, and in The Traps they were not regarded even as misdemeanors. Almost any citizen of that section—including Eely himself—might kill a little venison or distill a few jugs of stimulant whenever the spirit moved; and if there were folks willing to buy the meat or drink thus obtained—why, that was a private transaction which need not concern the lawmakers. But, at that moment, Eely felt that such goings-on were downright felonies, and in this virtuous frame of mind he did not at all understate their heinousness or the severity of the penalties attached thereto. His altruistic efforts, however, went for worse than naught.

Something hard and bony-knuckled, moving with terrific velocity, smote him full on the mouth. Something else, moving upward almost simultaneously, crashed under his left jowl. Immediately thereafter he floated away through a nebulous realm of shadows and silence, totally unaware of the facts that his body was reposing supine on the rough floor of his home and that his face was not quite what it used to be; oblivious, also, of the weight of Tobe on his midriff, where that young gentleman had seated himself preparatory to expeditious and efficient completion of the promised maulin'.

The thoroughgoing chastisement customary under such circumstances failed, however, to go forward in this instance. At the crash of Eely's downfall and the resultant shudder of the entire house the two listeners in the next room had sprung from their chairs. And now, just as the avenger was about to loose his first downward swing, his blow was halted by imperative voices.

"You leave my cousin be!"

"Git offen him, Tobe!"

Tobe, uplifted arm rigid, stared. Through the doorway had darted a blue-ginghamed, blue-eyed girl who now confronted him in righteous wrath, and whom he never before had seen. Behind her lumbered a lean, craggy-faced old man whose bushy white hair and walrus mustache bristled with command—Abe Billings, owner of half the countryside, known and respected by all. Somewhat of an autocrat, was old Abe; and now he barked out his orders as if to a son.

"Git offen him, I tell ye! Gorry mighty, ain't ye got no sense? Ye'll be a-killin' him if ye maul him now; he looks 'most dead already. An' then ye'll git hung. Leave him be! Git up onto yer feet!"

From force of training the youth started to comply; for he had been a good soldier, and the habit of obedience to sharp commands still was strong. Before he could recall himself and resume his straddle squat on the rotund stomach, both seized him and dragged him off.

"Ye big bully!" rebuked the girl, cheeks aflame. "Git outen here an' stay out! Ain't ye 'shamed o' yourself, hittin' a sick man?"

For a moment Tobe said nothing. He stood looking her straight in the face. Mingling with the rage in his own bronzed countenance grew a touch of admiration; for she

was very good to look upon. Then his glance darted again to the somnolent form on the floor.

"Sick? Him?" he jeered.

"Yes, him! He's got spells with his heart—he's li'ble to die 'most any time."

"Spells with his stummick, ye mean," contradicted Tobe. "He ain't got no heart. All that ails him is, he gobbles too much." A diagnosis which, incidentally, was quite accurate, for Eely's only ailment was indigestion. "An' he's a-goin' to git a darn sight sicker, 'less'n he coughs up my mom's farm."

Old Abe's frosty eyes twinkled.

"Hum! Wal, s'posin' we wake up Eely," he proposed, "an' then git to the bottom o' that farm business. I'm kind o' curious 'bout that, my own self. Mercy, gal, jest dump some water onto him an' bring him round."

The girl vanished into the kitchen. Tobe demanded, *sotto voce:* "Who's she?"

"Mercy Davis. Kind of a second cousin to Eely. Her folks is dead, an' she come here to keep house for him. Comes from over Long Pond way. Awful nice gal."

Mercy, returning with a dipper of water and a towel, sank beside her sole surviving relative and laved his damaged face. Abe, snorting at such gentle measures, clumped out and brought back a whole pailful, which he forthwith dumped.

Eely gasped, snorted, and sat up. Thereupon Tobe informed him, in no mild voice, that unless he immediately produced for inspection the papers in the Boggs transaction he would suffer exceedingly. And after a few more squirms the still dazed financier wabbled to an ancient walnut box and extracted the document bearing Mandy's signature. This he handed to Abe.

"There 'tis," he wheezed. "A straight-out an' honest deed, an' ye can't git behind it. An' if there's a law into the land I'll ——"

"I'm a-makin' my own laws today," cut in Tobe. "Shut up! What's it say, Abe?"

Abe felt for his specs, and found them not; squinted hard, knotted his brow, and pored over the words blurring before his eyes.

"'Pears like it's all right," he cautiously judged, at length. "I can't see it all plain, but as near's I can make out ——"

At that juncture one of Tobe's hands shot out and snatched the paper. Eely emitted a squall and started forward; then, plumbing the hard grin on the young veteran's face and glimpsing the fist hanging low and ready, backed off. His vociferations were cut short by another adjuration to shut up. Whereafter Tobe added: "I'll jest take this home, an' me an' mom'll read it together. If it says what ye told her it did, Eely, I'll fetch it back. If it don't I'll burn it up, an' we'll move right back onto our place. An' then, soon as I can git to it, I'll pay ye jest exackly what ye lent mom, without no int'rest. An' that'll have to do ye."

One more hard glare, and he stalked out. Thereafter Eely sat him down and spoke many harsh words, to which Abe listened with twitching lips. Presently Abe, too, betook himself homeward, chuckling as he went. And Mercy—who did not yet know her kinsman very well—condoled with him and shared his virtuous indignation against the Boggses.

The paper never came back. The Boggses resumed living on their stony little homestead. Eely writhed mentally, squealed vocally, but took no action legally or physically. Court proceedings were out of the question, since he could produce no proof that he had ever owned the Boggs place; the signing of the deed had never been witnessed, the paper had now disappeared, and Abe's defective vision precluded his taking oath to the wording of the document. As for physical retaliation—Eely's knees weakened at the mere thought of it, and he knew they would collapse under him if he should attempt to outface the Tobe Boggs eye and the Tobe Boggs fists. Thus he was left literally without a leg to stand on.

Worse yet, his egotism—founded on his reputation for sharp trading—suffered a jolt.

Mandy Boggs talked; the tale of Eely's humbling spread all about The Traps; and for many a day hilarious hillmen greeted him with "Hi, Eely! Lendin' any money on farms today?"

To which, his jovial mask cracking for the nonce, he replied darkly, "Jest you wait an' see!"

They waited, and presently they saw.

Two strangers appeared—cold-eyed, hard-lipped men, who, working with a speed and precision indicating exact foreknowledge, caught and arrested young Tobe in a little cave where he was minding his own business. Before The Traps was fully aware of their arrival they had departed, taking with them Tobe, and leaving behind them a smashed still. Whether the youth had actually been engaged in the manufacture of moonshine, or whether, as he asserted, he had merely been fooling around the illegal apparatus, never was conclusively established; but the outcome was virtually the same. Although a patriotic court, taking into account his youth and his excellent army record, gave him the benefit of the doubt and acquitted him, he had been held so long for trial that he might almost as well have served a prison sentence. And, although Eely volubly denied having been instrumental in causing the arrival of the revenue officers, it was noticeable that he recovered his aplomb and that the hill folk ceased twitting him. For a time, indeed, they exhibited marked distaste for his company; and for a longer period they spoke shortly and warily in his presence.

Thus it was once more made manifest that trying to outsmart Eely was a hazardous experiment. Even Tobe, though vengefully bitter, refrained from further violence on his return—although it must be admitted that this forbearance was due neither to caution nor to magnanimity, but to the exhortations of his mother not to git into no more trouble; also, perhaps, to the fact that the face of Mercy Davis had been much in his mind during the endless weeks of incarceration.

After pungently and fluently expressing his opinion of the gentleman presumably responsible for his unpremeditated excursion he went to work at the first job available, with the double object of easing things for his mother and repaying his enemy's loan. The Boggs pride was too stiff to take advantage of the fact that the debt could be utterly repudiated. The Boggses had always paid up what they owed.

(Continued on Page 43)

"By Gorry! He Told Ye Into His Will to Mend 'Em Up. Le's See 'Em!"

A SUNKEN GARDEN

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

FROM where she stood at the back of Robert's official study Miriam could distinctly hear the murmurs of admiration made by the retreating group of visiting ladies as Robert convoyed them to the hall and turned them over to Ellie. Little respiratory gasps, excited spiralings of feminine laughter, low cries of pleasure and farewell gratitude—and dominating them, like a heavy gold cord sewn into a pattern of paler silks, Robert's deep, bored barytone. Which showed exactly how successful the call had been. For in proportion as a visiting group touched the right chord, in proportion as they made Robert feel excited and happy, his voice grew bored and his manner deprecating.

Which wicked thought recalled to Miriam the perverse and impish mood that had possessed her all of this last hour.

These ladies—they were part of a visiting federation of club women—coming out to the house as visitors so often did, had done only the usual and canonical things.

Just outside the study door, for instance, one of them had advanced a little ahead of the rest, raising both hands and a pair of fine, rather rolling eyes, and had said, "And this is where he writes!" But there was nothing surprising in that.

She had heard once that patients approaching a dental chair invariably make some remark about going to execution—or words to that effect, with the idea, no doubt, of being original. So, too, the friendly enthusiasts who assailed Robert's stronghold no doubt little dreamed of the hundred and one times Miriam had listened to that little cry uttered at the door of his study, evoked probably by the clinging flavor of Robert's cerebration—the astral presences of those popular heroines of his, Mrs. Millington, Joan Hesper, Thyra Chree.

Not that the study didn't deserve attention. It was extremely handsome. Robert had good taste and, now that his checks were so large and Felix Cheespire, the movie magnate, was buying all the rights to his works, could freely gratify it.

"Oh, Yes—You Said You Had a Lodger." "Yes'm. He's From New York—B'en Here on a Vacation. B'en Here a Week. He's Went Fishin' This Aft'noon"

He had some splendid Americana, some excellent Colony walnut. In particular, the Bradford chair at his desk, the thousand-legged table, and, of course, the secretary, which was especially fine. Of course the exigencies of its use had required a certain modification of period in the room. For one thing, Robert's filing cases, done also in walnut, reaching from floor to ceiling, one holding carbon copies and the copious notebooks of local color she had kept for Robert over a period of years; the other, Robert's clippings and press notices, which she had arranged in alphabetical and chronological order.

There were also low open shelves of books, and the chaste spirits of Bradford and Winthrop must have quailed a little before the rich Saruk on the floor and the condition of the wall. Holding, as this last did, the twelve originals of illustrations from Robert's novels, a piece of Java batik, Robert's collection of weapons, many signed notables, some modern dry-point French etchings and the seven art portraits of Robert. Beginning with the first one by Fisher, a small local person—a modest affair of Robert looking down at a bound copy of his first book—and ending with last year's by Teckla, the international artist—who asked a hundred dollars for a mere sitting—which looked at first rather like a dark cumulus cloud, but which, on stepping back, developed into Robert resting a temple on one finger. To say nothing of other oddments. Her own picture, done in expensive fog, framed in silver, standing on the desk; the bowls of cloisonné filled with phlox and roses from the garden; the big brass paper cutter with the dragon's head, Robert's humidor, pens, pads, inkwell, ash tray. On a small otherwise empty stand was a brass rack filled with exactly eight books—Robert's produced works in twelve years—with an additional limp-leather autographed copy of his latest—Harvest of Desire, limited to an edition of three hundred, on hand-laid vellum.

The female horde had fallen like a plague of locusts on the room, and Miriam standing patiently by the desk had used the old formula: "Yes, Mr. Jardine writes all his work in long hand.

"No, he is not able to use a typewriter. A stenographer—Miss Pitt at present—comes in in the afternoon and copies the morning's work. I go over it myself first for any errors of spelling or punctuation. I do all of Mr. Jardine's actual secretarial work. He prefers me to a hired helper.

"Yes, Mr. Jardine reads all of his personal mail. I go over it first to weed out what it is unnecessary for him to handle.

"No, Mr. Jardine does not use a fountain pen. A No. 2 King pencil, rather soft—a number of which I sharpen each morning and place on his desk. He uses a small writing pad—like this.

"No, Mr. Jardine does not write at night! I never permit anything to disturb Mr. Jardine at night. He begins work usually an hour after his breakfast—which I prepare specially for him. He works for just three hours and he fills three of the little pads."

"You mean even if, even if—— But suppose, suppose his ideas—stop!"

"Mr. Jardine's ideas wouldn't stop!" an indignant companion cried.

"What I mean is—writing is a habit," Miriam explained. "Habit channels are very important. Mr. Jardine's allotment is three pads—in three hours. If for any reason there's a hitch in the narrative process he fills them just the same. But with little marks like these. Dots and dashes, you see; similar to the Morse code. Usually there is no trouble about it, or the narrative will resume after a pause. The point is that he may pause as often or as long as he pleases in the three hours, but the little pads must be filled at the end of that time."

This was the point always to show the little pad done in the midst of The Arbiters, containing only four lucid sentences, and the rest, Robert's improvised Morse code. On this as on other occasions a little fountain of o-o-oh's had filled the air, and this morning, as so often happened, someone had begged for the privilege of sitting in Robert's chair. "Contact with greatness"; "the seat of inspiration"; "marvelous!" All the ladies had sat in the Bradford chair.

They had looked at the photographs and the illustrations on the wall, fingered the inkwell, the paper cutter, the books on the table—especially the limp-leather one.

"My dear—this is the limited edition! It sells for twelve dollars."

"I know. I've read it. I love it. But I like Fool's Feather better."

"Tell me, does Mr. Jardine walk about when he writes? I mean, of course, when he composes. I read that somewhere."

"Yes," said Miriam, "he often reaches a place where physical movement is helpful. Then he will rise and walk up and down—in a little path between his chair and the wall." In spite of herself she indicated the wall opposite the Bradford chair, and instantly all the ladies had stared down at the Saruk, no doubt expecting to see a visible track. It was here that the devil of perversity had seized her.

"But not here!" she wanted to cry. "This is where he does only the final writing. He works over a series of drafts first—each one fuller and fuller. And he does all that—his real constructing—in a little room the public never sees. Quite a dreadful little room up in the garret, full of shabby old things—because that's the way he learned to work when we were very poor. There's a piece of Brussels on the floor up there, and that's where he walks. It's worn down white to the nap. And it's all full of tobacco ash and match heads. And he wears an old bath robe that's simply indescribable, because he's attached to it; you'd call it 'the toga of greatness.' And there's always a bowl of apples on the desk. He eats the apples as he walks up and down. And he throws the cores on the floor—along with the match heads and the ashes and all the drafts he makes as they are finished. I sneak up afterward and pick everything up—including the bath robe, which he throws on the floor, too, when he's finished. But that's where he does the actual work—only it's not pictorial nor arty."

"I think Mr. Jardine is coming in now," she said aloud composedly.

It was true. The ladies faced toward the door, and in a little reverent hush that almost at once swelled into a tide of rising murmurs, Robert Jardine entered. Very distinguished

looking too. Tall, getting a shade stout, and with flakes of gray in his hair, but good to look at in smartly cut gray flannels, the inevitable lilac tie, and that little air of modest deprecation, of whimsical boredom.

He shook hands—smiled across at Miriam—and the tide burst into a full-sized sea of compliment and adulation. What ailed her, Miriam wondered, watching it all, observing Robert's deft acceptance, his gracious quiet ease of manner, his mode of handling the besiegers. It was an old bit of drama. Ever since—seven years before—he had forged into public notice, materializing from a coming man into a leading spirit in American letters, with an admiring press and public all over the English-speaking world, little deputations of this sort had waited on him in his home town. No visitor of importance, no club body appeared locally, without a request for the honor of a call on Robert Jardine. Robert had made himself a leading place nationally in the field of his art; he held the leading place in his own town. And this was all just as it should be. After grueling years—and she could testify to this, who had suffered and grueled with him—he had only come into his own, and she would be the first to deplore any alteration. She was inordinately proud of Robert and his triumph of Robert's work, honorable and artistic and so justly praised. Nothing that was said of it was too much

Why, then, this terrible disaffection on her part? Why had she stood here this morning apparently handling his admirers as usual, but filled with secret perverse longings. Why to all those queries—"Oh, is this his chair?" "Oh, he uses a leather wastebasket!" "Oh, let me look at that blotter!"—had she wanted to suggest, "Perhaps you'd like to see his bath sponge. Or his new violet socks. Or even his box of liver tablets!" Robert's liver was a great family consideration. But ribaldry of this sort had boiled under Miriam's surface. She was like that wretched young minister, Mr. Dimmesdale of The Scarlet Letter, who, returning from a night in the forest and sold to the devil, offered only blasphemies to his questioners. But she felt so queerly stale this morning—so bored by this group of normally intelligent women so keenly bent now on totem rubbing and worshiping.

She gave no sign in her appearance. A mirror opposite reflected a very pleasing image. A woman of thirty-eight, graceful and very pretty—Robert wouldn't have had a wife who wasn't pretty—dressed in palest gray crêpe with a line of white coral at her throat.

The reflection dissolved as a curve of sapphire crossed it. A young thing in powder blue, with a blue hat pulled down over yellow baby curls, had flashed back to her. She extended a paper book.

"Oh, Mrs. Jardine, do you think Mr. Jardine would write in my personality book? Every page is a different person, and I've got the loveliest ones. Margot, and William Jennings Bryan, and Sir Thomas Lipton. I'm crazy to have Mr. Jardine. It's only answering twenty questions, you know; your favorite name, and book, and all that. I don't dare ask him myself, but people always help me."

"You might mail him a check—at forty cents a word, his usual rate," Arthur Dimmesdale suggested deep in Miriam's soul, but she took the book from the naïve creature and said aloud, "I'll see what I can do."

"Oh, Mrs. Jardine—you're so good! You've been so patient. And you're so—good-looking. I wondered the whole way coming out—'Is his wife pretty—or plain?' You were such a surprise. But I'm crazy about Robert Jardine—and everything he writes. And when I saw you! All the rest looked at the furniture, but I looked at you It must be wonderful to be his wife! Simply wonderful."

There were tears actually in the powder-blue eyes that matched the sports dress. If Robert could see them, there would be no difficulty about the twenty questions. Feminine tears—pretty ones—always had an appeal for Robert. But what would the little powder-blue girl say if she told her the truth? That it wasn't wonderful at all to be Robert Jardine's wife—that is, it hadn't been for a long time. It was a good stiff job of work. She ought to know, who had been at it for eighteen years.

It was a job that implied more things than Robert's public ever dreamed of. These implications might be suggested by certain symbols. The violet socks, for instance, which stood for her entire range of ordinary domesticity—from their actual mending to Robert's personally cooked breakfasts; the liver tablets, symbol of Robert's temperament, moods, malaises, the numerous unpredictable minor illnesses that fell on him—through which she nursed him—and Robert was a hard patient—as a mariner sails his cautious bark through tempestuous uncharted seas; the apple cores and the old bath robe, which stood for the driving gales of genuine creative energy that possessed Robert, before which all else must give way, to which she had made herself utterly subservient; this rich public study, symbol of Robert's art and public legend, in which she was at once showman, collaborator and faithful fan: and finally, little powder-blue flappers with teary eyes, symbol of what gave her more concern than all else put together—women, and Robert's relation to them. Robert—and women. You couldn't expect Robert Jardine with his prestige and charm of manner, his special handling of sex problems in his novels, not to be meat for the ladies. Which meant a variety of things, to Robert's wife. Sometimes quite peculiar things, calling on all her powers of adroitness and finesse.

Miriam's mind raced back to an interview months ago during Lent—with little Lucie Wilder, little painted Lucie, who had been goggling at Robert for more than a year. Lucie had had her to luncheon and, pretending it was pressure of conscience—Lucie was an Episcopalian from mi-careme to Easter Monday every year—had shriven herself frankly. With tears—or a good imitation.

"Oh, Mrs. Jardine, it's because I admire you so much that I want to ask your forgiveness, that's all. Because it's troubled me so terribly, you know "

What troubled Lucie was that Mr. Jardine had kissed her behind the cedar hedge on the Wilder place after putting on her skates during the Christmas-week ice carnival.

"We were talking about emotion—and his new book, Harvest of Desire—and I said some things —— Well, it was moonlight, and I suppose that sort of thing goes to your head. Anyhow we both lost ours—a little—and it happened. I—I let him kiss me."

"Why not?" asked Miriam boredly. "Why, you're just a child. Seventeen!"

"Well, it wasn't his fault anyhow, Mrs. Jardine. It was mine. There's something about me that men simply I—I suppose without realizing it, I—vampired him."

"Nonsense! You're not a vampire! You're a spoiled baby. Everybody kisses babies. I'm going to kiss you myself "

Miriam had forced herself at the close of the luncheon to one of those tender feminine gestures that mean, usually,

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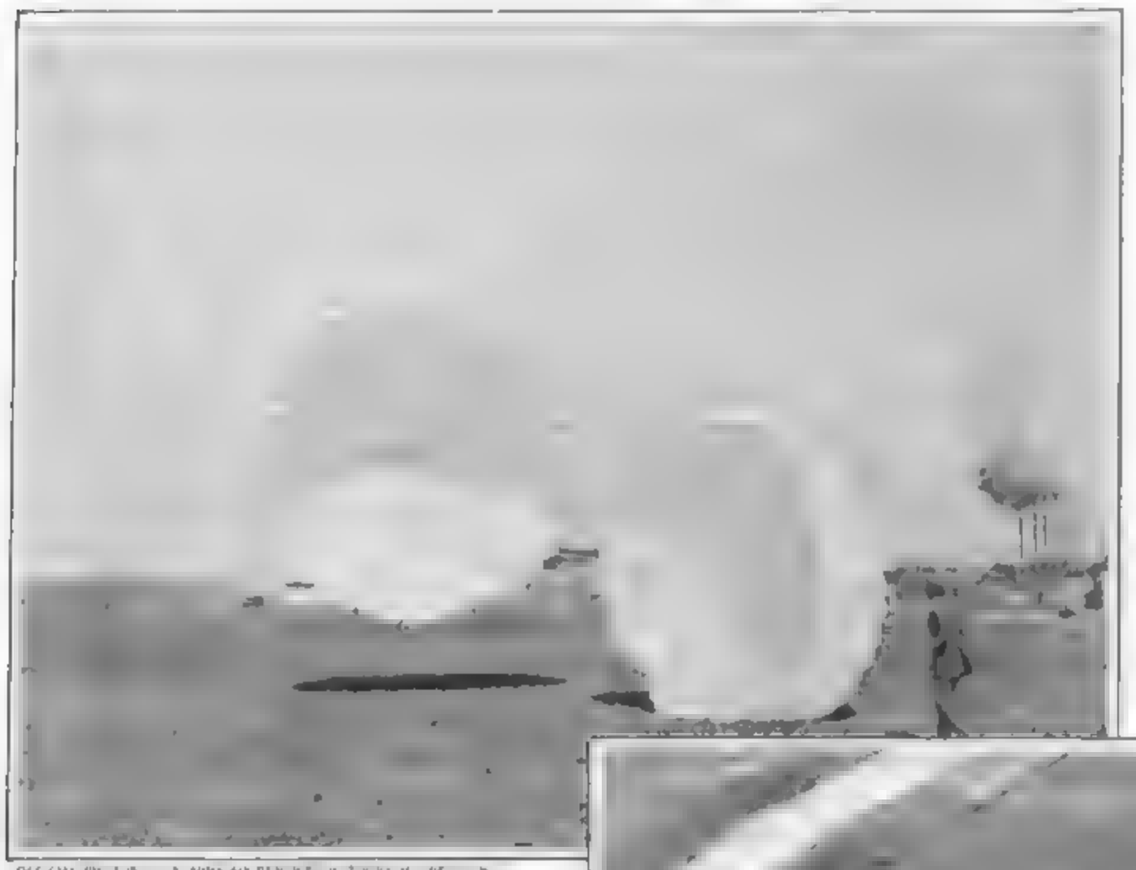
"This," He Said, "is a Very Wonderful Moment; I Hope You Realize It"

STEPPING OUT INTO SPACE

By Corley McDarment

ABOUT eleven o'clock on the night of June eighteenth last, people in the suburbs of Dayton, Ohio, heard a strange noise in the sky. First came a low hiss which rose in crescendo to wild musical notes, then came a screech followed by a crash. The earth shook, windowpanes rattled, and immediately a column of blue-white flame shot upward, lighting the country for several miles around. A giant DeHaviland airplane flown on the midnight airways between Dayton and Columbus, Ohio, had fallen and the gasoline tank had burst.



Testing Parachutes in the Wind Before They are Folded for Use in the Air

A large crowd soon gathered around the spot where the 100 gallons of blazing high-test gasoline was consuming the $20,000 government airplane. The people, seeing what had happened, approached as close as the fire would allow, hoping to rescue the body of the pilot, which was presumably beneath the wreck. The word spread that the pilot of the plane was Lieut. John A. Macready, popular hero of altitude records and the first nonstop transcontinental flight, for he was supposed to have been flying the airways on that particular night.

As the crowd stood by in silent awe, another weird sound, more like a human cry, came from somewhere in the dark void of the sky. This sound trailed away in a groan. People looked questions at one another; but nothing was said, each disbelieving his ears. A few seconds later the cry was repeated, this time a little closer, more distinct and certainly overhead. Faces around the fire went chalky and mouths hung open. To the watchers around that blazing pyre there could be but one conclusion. The spirit of the dead aviator was circling overhead and moaning a fond farewell to the earth it loved so well.

Again came the cry. This time the words could be heard:

"Hello, below!"

Someone on the ground had the courage to answer:

"H-hello! Wh-wh-where are you?"

"I'm up in the air!"

A Man From the Clouds

THIS answer did not mean anything, but only deepened the mystery. Spectators began to shift uneasily and three colored men hastily wriggled from the crowd and vanished. And again the voice from on high spoke:

"Look out!" This sounded more human than spectral. Then: "I'm coming down in a parachute!"

"Ah!" breathed the crowd.

The strange conversation was taken up and continued until Lieutenant Macready finally landed unscratched in a tree top near the burning airplane.

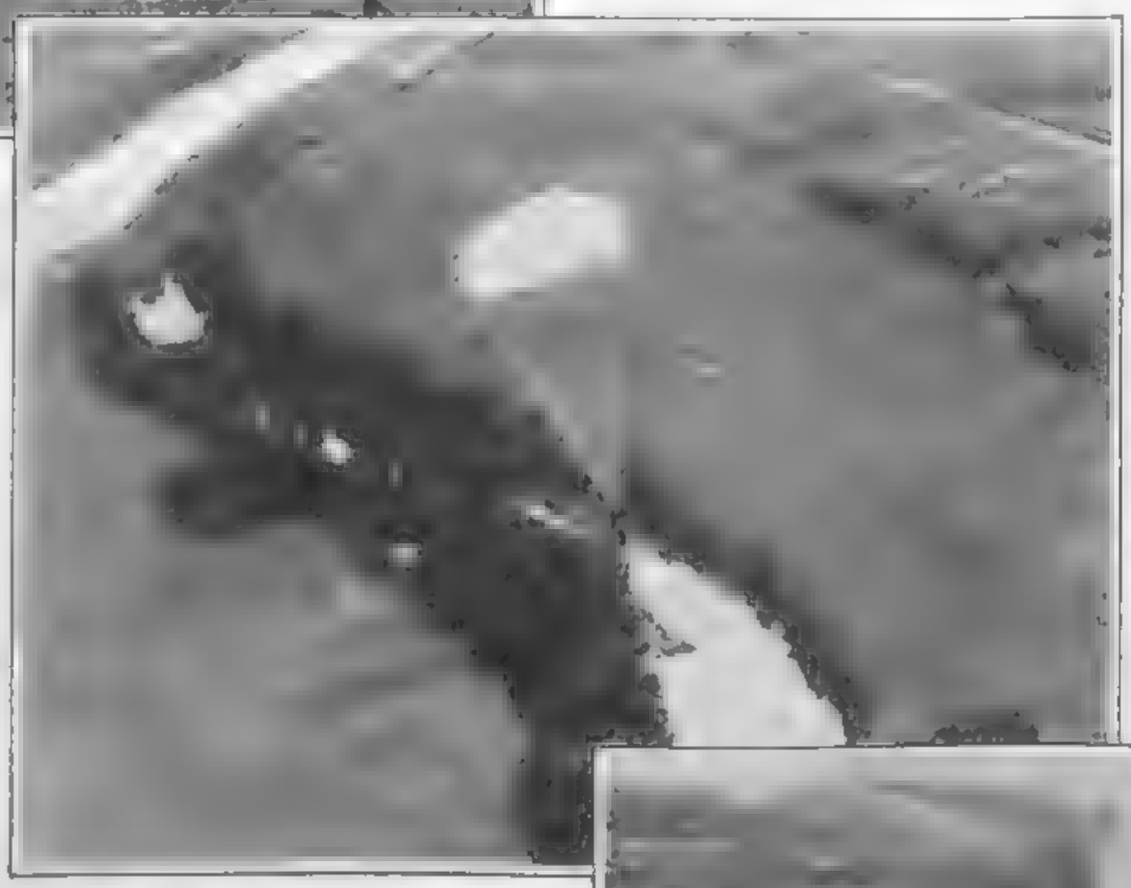
Thus was added a little more local color to the already vivid chapters of the brief history of American aviation. Local color and atmosphere it was to the news reporters, the special writers and others who go in for the spectacular and feed the public what they think it craves. But there is not much local color or atmosphere in this feat for the little band of Army and Navy aviators whose ranks grow thinner each year with their heroic attempts to make aviation safe for humanity. The comment around air-service headquarters at Washington when the news came in that Macready had stepped out of a disabled airplane over Dayton, Ohio, at night was like this:

"Our judgment in requiring all pilots to wear parachutes in flight seems entirely justified."

Out at the government flying fields the sentiment was summed up in the words of a certain pilot who slapped Macready on the back the next morning:

"Good bean on you, Mac. You had the guts to do it all right."

This latter statement contains much, especially the last part. All cold-blooded systems of logic fail when the time comes for an individual to leap like a gazelle from an airplane and dive into thin air, hoping his parachute will do the kindness to open within the prescribed five seconds. The courage to jump is always worked up by aviators before the time comes. It is a deed that requires forethought, based on long undisturbed meditation under a vine or fig tree. Aviators think the whole jumping process through and make up their minds so that when the time comes they mechanically step out.



Headed for a River. An Experienced Jumper Can Manipulate His Parachute During the Descent in Such a Way as to Avoid Trees and Water, Provided He Has Enough Altitude

Nobody but an aviator can appreciate to the fullest extent just what was going on in Macready's mind the night he climbed over the side of his airplane and pulled the parachute release cord. Macready described his side of the spectacular leap in an official report to the chief of air service, and it is typical of what many other jumps in the future may be like when, according to aviation enthusiasts, this parachute-jumping business will become quite popular.

According to Macready's story, he was approaching Dayton, Ohio, on the night mentioned at an altitude of 5000 feet. His motor was ticking like an eight-day clock as he turned the nose of the airplane toward the landing lights of McCook Field. Then, without warning, the motor spat a time or two, sputtered, wheezed and then died down until the propeller was barely turning. He promptly switched to the gravity gasoline tank, a usual remedy, thinking the fuel line of the main tank had become clogged, and made a steep dive, hoping to start the propeller whenever the gasoline should trickle down into the carburetor. Nothing happened. The engine did not take.

A Mile Up With a Stalled Engine

BY THE light of a full moon Macready caught a glimpse of his propeller standing still and rigid as a monument in a country churchyard. An attempt to turn over a stone-dead Liberty-motor propeller by diving was useless, and from long flying experience Macready saw that if he continued to volplane in the direction the machine was headed he would land in the city of Dayton. He made a spiral and glided toward the open country in the vicinity of the Community Country Club.

At about 3500 feet he tried to release a landing flare, which was supposed to light up the entire country for about ten miles around. But the flares were on a sympathy strike with the motor; they also refused to work at that hour of the night. A landing without flares was serious, and by the light of the moon Macready could see the outline of trees and hills ahead where an airplane could not land safely even in broad daylight. A crash in a DeHaviland is too often fatal, and nobody knew this better than Macready. Only one thing was left to do—jump with the parachute

Fortunately, on this night Macready had no passenger. If he had been required to worry with a passenger who might have required persuasion and argument to see that the most sublime thing to do was to dive overboard, a fatal accident probably would have resulted, for no pilot jumps before his passenger. Macready first got the idea of night jumping when, with Lieutenant Kelly, he made the non-stop flight from New York to San Diego in May, 1923. He and Kelly had

A Parachute Magnesium Flare Which Can be Released From an Airplane at Night Lights the Country for Many Miles, Showing the Possible Landing Fields for Emergency

made up their minds that if the engine, pulling the giant monoplane with its 700 gallons of gasoline, should go dead at night over strange country, they would leap with their parachutes. This former determination undoubtedly aided his decision while gliding over Dayton in a dead airplane. At any rate, he decided and acted in a remarkably short time. When the airplane had come down to 2000 feet, Macready was ready to leave it. He unbuckled the safety belt and stood up in the cockpit; with one hand guiding the machine, he pulled himself forward against the eighty-mile wind caused by the glide of the plane and managed to get one leg outside the fuselage. Gathering strength for the leap, he was just about to let go when his harness fouled on something inside the cockpit. He tugged to get free as the machine made a wild lurch to one side.

Unable to loosen the parachute harness, he pulled desperately at the leather upholstering of the pilot's seat in an effort to get back into the airplane. He succeeded, unhooked his entangled harness and also managed to right the machine for a moment. Then quickly but cautiously he climbed out upon the left wing and with one hand held the airplane control stick as near in neutral as possible. When ready, he pulled the controls back as far as they would go under the circumstances and allowed the machine to lose speed in a stall, then turned loose and made ready to quit the plane. The nose went up, the speed slackened and the big airplane rolled over into a tail spin.

Qualifying for the Caterpillar Club

AT THAT moment Macready leaped far out into the black Ohio night. He counted "One, two," as his hand sought the little release ring just below the belt line. Giving the ring a vigorous pull, he waited and listened for the snap of the silk; and after three long, wearisome years that a stop watch would have called three seconds, the parachute caught the air with a report like a rifle shot, and a heavy jerk upon the shoulders told Macready he was falling head downward when the 'chute opened.

The sickening fall was checked, but at the same moment the huge DeHaviland, without a master and its dark, sinister wings whipping the air, dashed by on the way to the ground and its doom. Macready heard, as did the people on the ground, the wings hiss and the wires start humming a dirge as the airplane gathered momentum, and while still descending easily in mid-air he saw the crash. And as the white flames shot up he reverently thanked his Maker—and also the man who had folded his parachute.

When Macready made this jump he became a member of the Caterpillar Club. This club, the Most Youthful and Independent Order of Human Caterpillars, is an exclusive organization composed of Army, Navy and Marine Corps aviators who have saved their lives by jumping from airplanes with parachutes. The aviator, with his silken parachute, emulates the lowly caterpillar, which floats from tree tops on strands of web which it weaves. That is the significance of the order. Most High Order of Ancient Spiders would have been as appropriate as the other title, for spiders also float through the air on webs; but caterpillars, being larger, have been more often observed by aviators, hence the Caterpillar Club.

Very few aviators are eligible to membership. At present only seven names are recorded. A person must have jumped strictly to save his life in order to attain membership. Jumps made for fun, mere pleasure, pastime, for curiosity, or to get a thrill do not count. There are no dues in the club, and one unique thing is that a man becomes a member if he jumps and floats down alive, whether he desires such affiliation or not. The only way for a flyer to escape becoming a Brother Caterpillar and vested with such high signs and notoriety as go therewith is to fall and die with his disabled airplane.

According to the law of averages, every aviator in the government service will finally become a Caterpillar, for at some time or other his engine will stop where no safe landing can be made and the wise thing will be to jump with his parachute and thus automatically enter the fold of the Caterpillar Club.

Civilians are not barred from the portals of the club, and in time a fair sprinkle of nonflying members may be expected, because the service pilots take many people up as passengers. More civilians are carried aloft at Bolling Field, Washington, District of Columbia, than any other place, as here, under the guns, it is easier to get authority from headquarters. Most of these passengers are friends or relatives of members of Congress.

The Yard in Which Lieutenant Harris Landed When He Made His Spectacular Jump

Aviators Find It Easier to Step From an Airplane Above Clouds That Look Solid, Knowing the Descent Will be as Rapid as in Clear Atmosphere Until the Parachute Opens

A "Pull Off" Parachute Jump. The Jumper Climbs Out Upon the Wing of an Airplane, Pulls the Release and Lets Go His Hold as the Parachute Swings Him Out

The prospective passenger, upon arrival at the flying field, is sent to the operations office. Here he is asked the name and address of nearest relatives or the person to whom his dead body shall be sent. He also is required to sign an agreement releasing the Government from charges of manslaughter. No matter how gay a would-be passenger is when he arrives for his first flight, this preliminary paper work always calms him down. The next step is fitting on a parachute. The aviator who is to pilot the passenger explains the operation of the 'chute and gives general instructions: "Now if I tell you to jump out you must jump. Don't get excited, but just climb calmly out of the seat and jump as far as you can. Count three, then pull this little ring."

The aviator will place the novice's hand on the release ring

"We do not expect anything to happen, but—well, if it does, we can float down safely with the parachutes and become members of the Caterpillar Club."

After this the candidate is led in a slow march toward a warmed-up airplane, while an idea creeps over him that he would be cheating if he traded lives at that moment with a healthy caterpillar just starting its career. But with the hundreds of civilian passengers carried at this station, none has had to jump out, count three and pull the string.

The first clear historical record of any parachute jump dates from 1783, when a Frenchman built an umbrella affair and jumped from the roof of a house—and got away with it. It was thought at the time that the public would take up this housetop jumping as a sport, but for some reason people did not get the craze, and down to the present very few persons—practically all regular aviators—can claim a parachute jump as a part of their life experience.

Foolproof Parachutes

WHEN flying became general, during and after the late war, interest in parachutes took a great rise, and efforts were started to refine and make them fool-proof. The parachutes that county-fair balloonists had used for many years with thrilling effect were not suited to airplanes. The balloon parachutes hung in a position ready to open on an instant, and the daring performer usually sat upon a trapeze at the lower end; but airplanes had no place from which such parachutes could hang, and an aviator could not fly his machine from the trapeze end.

In 1918, after considerable testing, a parachute that would open quite often was developed for airplane operators. Near the close of the war, after hundreds of unwounded aviators had fallen to death in burning or shot-riddled airplanes, the idea dawned upon the military authorities of all the warring countries that many lives could be saved if the aviators wore parachutes. The Germans adopted parachutes the last year of the war, and near the Armistice the Allies were conferring on the matter.

Various kinds of patent parachutes have come into being since the war, but the ones in use by the United States Army and Navy air services are considered the safest and most practical type. These parachutes were worked out along scientific lines, and series of tests were conducted by throwing them from airplanes with dummy weights before any live jumps were made. They are folded in packs and worn by the aviators as part of their flying clothes. The pack forms a seat or cushion in the cockpit of the airplane when the aviator sits therein.

Scores of parachute patents have been applied for and many allowed, but few are of any value. Too many

(Continued on Page 118)

BROWNIE

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Waldo Crowed Vehemently and the Gag Scene Was Taken in Triumph

IT WAS unquestionably a three-pound rooster that ruined Van Hoven, the gag man; a dark, dispirited Rhode Island Red, with tan legs and a silly expression. He was the property of a Hollywood chicken fancier, who vouched for his integrity and charged ten dollars a day for his hire. He had a faded, weather-beaten topknot and bright blue eyes; but in spite of a deceptively cheerful manner and friendly disposition, he was a born trouble maker, a studio disturber and a menace to the peace and dignity of the corporation.

He demoralized the entire studio and caused Eugene Van Hoven to lose his job, and Van Hoven was one of the brightest gag men that ever suggested putting balloon tires on a baby carriage or golf pants on a horse.

The rooster episode occurred during the third month of my novitiate at Hollywood, while they were still teaching me the tricks of the new trade and trying to transform a serious-minded novelist from Washington Court House, Ohio, into a casual writer of two-reel comedies. It began with the disagreement over the opening scene in a new Gil and Shorty comedy, which was named Hunting for Trouble, and I inform the world that there was slight need to search for that commodity, for we had it in volume from the opening gun.

Mr. Walter Wesley Gilfillan was again acting as his own director, having previously tried an outside megaphone man and retaining only sadd ned memories thereof. I was once more the novelist who wrote the story in a distinctly literary way, assisted by Horace Rascoe, the demon scenario writer, and Shorty Hamp, who played second fiddle to Gil. The comedy, as originally spread out by Rascoe and myself, opened with an ordinary subtitle, Dawn, which informed the cash customers that another day was breaking as our little opera began.

As is his custom, Mr. Van Hoven stirred up his pot of gags and drew forth a suggestion.

"Don't have a subtitle at all," he said to Gil. "Pictures always open up with a subtitle and it makes me tired. They're hackneyed. Why don't you use a good gag?"

He paused in thought and Gil naturally asked what sort of gag he had in mind.

"Have a rooster fly smack up to the top of a fence," he suggested brightly, "and crow. Everyone knows that a crowing rooster means morning."

"Good!" said Gil.

Having fastened his poultry gag upon the comedy, Van Hoven suddenly packed his bag, in answer to a telegram, and departed for Warsaw Landing, where his father had fallen downstairs, breaking everything above the third rib.

"Now," said Gil heartily, "have somebody go and get me a good rooster."

The fowl was procured that very afternoon, and Gil commanded Willie Zeidman, his experienced cameraman, to step outside and take a scene of the rooster flying to the top of a fence and crowing in the break of a new day. Complications instantly gathered. What at first flush appeared to be a simple poultry gag became, as time passed, more or less a studio scandal.

In the first place, the obtained rooster defiantly refused to fly up to the top of any fence whatsoever. Willie Zeidman and Gil proffered him a fairly high fence at first, later compromising with a medium fence and ending finally with a fence which, under normal circumstances, an ordinary agile angleworm could fly up to and crow from. It was of no avail. To make it more complex, the rooster declined to crow, either on or off the fence, and in spite of coaxings, pleadings and being hit with a shingle by the annoyed Gil.

The star and his cameraman concluded, after many trials, that this particular rooster had been born without the usual noise glands and his owner was indignantly called in and asked what he meant by charging ten dollars a day for a bird that couldn't crow. The man swore that his rooster always had crowed as far back as he could remember.

Presently the flight to the top of the fence was accomplished by trickery and to the extreme discomfiture of the rooster. They attached a fine wire to his left leg, held him with human hands on the fence and suddenly pulled him down. By back cranking upon this scene, Willie Zeidman obtained the first section of Van Hoven's gag, but the part where the rooster crowed remained unfinished.

"Let's try putting him in a dark room," said Zeidman, scratching his head

They did so, waiting for several hours and turning on a flood of light, hoping to delude the bird into believing another day was at hand. This failed. The rooster merely stared at Gil and Zeidman, as though mildly entertained by what they were doing, but entirely without personal interest.

"You can't fool a rooster," Gil said eventually. "They know when it's time to crow."

"Well," asked Zeidman, "when is it time to crow?"

"Early in the morning," declared Gil.

Mr. Zeidman, being a willing soul and truly anxious to serve his art, took his nightshirt to the studio of an evening, set his alarm clock for three in the morning and at four he was crouching behind his camera, ready for Waldo the Rooster. For a week he waylaid the obstinate bird. Waldo arose at his usual hour and stretched himself, but paid no attention to Zeidman, and certainly showed not the slightest desire to burst into the typical outcry of his breed.

"This," declared President John O'Day, of the O'Day & Grogan Pictures Corporation, after eleven days and nights of rooster stalking, "will have to stop. Van Hoven is fired. Wire him about it and start your picture, because at the present speed this comedy will cost us eight hundred thousand dollars and require three years."

Van was notified that he was no longer connected. The crowing-rooster problem was casually solved by an Italian studio shoe shiner named Ettore Marsino, who heard of the delay and claimed he could make a rooster crow, a burro bray, a lion roar, a goose hiss and a dog bark.

"How?" demanded Gil querulously.

"You git a piece of gum," said Ettore, "and you make it nice and soft by chewing, and you stick it on the roof of the rooster's mouth. He crow for you."

They tried it. It worked. Waldo crowed vehemently and the gag scene was taken in triumph. The picture rolled onward minus one first-class gag man.

It was my second assignment with the O'Day & Grogan Corporation. They had previously employed me to help elevate the standard of films in general and the Gil and Shorty comedies in particular, and though my maiden effort was not a howling success, I was continued in the hope that I would presently learn the business.

This was seven years ago, and I can see quite plainly, glancing back, that I should have been released along with Mr. Van Hoven, or even before. I did not seem to fit in

anywhere, and without a doubt I would have been shipped back East with the other returning novelists except for an accident. There arose a knotty point in a comedy which happened to be in the making.

This picture had nothing to do with the Gil and Shorty unit to which I was attached. It was a studio stray and its opening section was laid in Egypt, with pyramids frowning in the background, dahabeahs prowling down the River Nile and sandstorms fogging the landscape. The hero, mounted upon a Hollywood camel, was apparently a sheik going about his usual business. Owing to unexplained directorial eccentricity, the hero was suddenly shifted, and you next saw him, without any break in the thread of narrative, shooting moose in the wilds of Northern Canada.

"How are you going to hook those things together?" inquired Mr. O'Day, looking at the unfinished picture in the projection room.

No one could tell him. No one had the faintest notion of how to transfer a hero wearing an Egyptian helmet and knee trousers from the arid dunes of the desert to Upper Canada, and the director could not be questioned, because he had long since been discharged and was running a rug store in Buffalo. I strolled home that night thinking it over, wondering how to shift a main character from one continent to another without using caravans, boats, trains, and so forth, and in the watches of the night I wrote six lines of strong poetry, the kind of poetry that means very little but that looks nice. This I submitted. They chucked it into the picture as a subtitle between Egypt and Canada and it apparently did the trick. My job was good for one more picture at least.

The history of that second Gil and Shorty masterpiece was a long tale of woe, beginning with the defective rooster and Van's loss of his job. The New York office had been howling for better movies and sending out acrimonious letters from fans, letters that bitterly assailed Gil and Shorty. These criticisms complained that Gil indulged in needless vulgarities and that Shorty was a coarse little buffoon whose effect upon growing children was none too good. There was a general air of raw crudeness about the comedies, said New York, and why could not this be removed? It could be. In fact it was.

There arrived unannounced at Hollywood, fresh from New York, and soon after Gil began work upon Hunting for Trouble, a strange gentleman, who walked into the studio one afternoon, accompanied by his secretary and one assistant, and declared himself to be Mr. Desmond Claybourne, formerly literary editor of a Boston newspaper. He added that he was on the pay roll at two hundred a week and desired to know which office or offices he should occupy.

To Begin With, Mr. Claybourne Was Impressive

"Oh," said O'Day. "So you're the man they've been wiring about?"

"I am," admitted Mr. Claybourne in a deep bass voice. "I am to be the supervisor of the Gil and Shorty comedies."

"Oh," repeated the president.

It was the year 1917 and I remember it was the first time the word "supervisor" ever was used in a movie studio. They now have supervisors scattered generally about, and the modern supervisor is a figure of importance, a man usually wearing tortoise-shell spectacles, who scurries busily from spot to spot in a studio, endeavoring to discover what the real workers are doing, so that later by discussing what they are doing he seems to have had a directing hand in their labor.

"Have you met the new supervisor?" I asked Gil.

"What's a supervisor?" he retorted, and the studio echoed his question.

However, the duties of this functionary were presently explained. Gil, it was announced on the little pink handbills which convey official information to studio employes, was to continue actively in charge of the comedies, but his was no longer to be the final authority.

That was now to rest solely in the hands of Mr. Desmond Claybourne. Gil was to direct his picture and turn it over to the new man, who would proceed to cut it down to suitable footage, write the subtitles, eliminate vulgarities and remove scenes of questionable taste.

Mr. Claybourne would likewise see to the provision of decorative main title and subtitle cards, correct punctuation and grammar and generally round the picture out into a finished product. If a dispute arose between Gil and Mr. Claybourne, it was to be assumed that the supervisor was right and the director was wrong, Gil having admittedly no taste and the supervisor being a person from Boston.

"I quit," Gil said when he had digested the handbill.

"Which is foolish," remarked Horace Rascoe, our pessimistic scenario writer. "Like everything else in the movies, this is an experiment. It will last between one and seven weeks."

"They must think I'm a dodo," snorted Gil. "I make these comedies, don't I? I'm the comedian. The people pay to see me and it's me they laugh at. Who is this guy, anyhow?"

We were all mildly interested in the same question. Who was he? What right had he to stroll nonchalantly into a working studio and calmly assume to know more than the hard-working gang that made the pictures?

To begin with, Mr. Claybourne was impressive to behold, a dignified, serious-looking man in his forties, elegantly dressed, wearing a New York bowler hat and carrying a cane and usually a book. His language was the essence of culture and he used words that were large and many of them strange to the studio. His references were to the higher figures in art and literature, and he knew offhand the names of Viennese playwrights, Norwegian poets and Russian novelists, many of whose books are comparatively unknown in Hollywood.

Before coming to California he had compiled either a dictionary or an encyclopedia, requiring four years for the task. He became known immediately as the Professor and was escorted to a handsome suite of rooms, with carved chairs, electric fans, Chinese rugs and purple curtains. There he settled down to his new work, with his secretary and assistant, a pale-faced young man named Chelm, with the discouraged, unhappy expression of a person trying to get through a revolving door with a mattress.

There was, of course, soon after Mr. Claybourne's arrival, a business conference to clarify the air. There is a conference in every movie studio at frequent intervals, whether there is anything to confer about or not. The leading official usually rolls the ball by asking the other officials if they think they had better make the Snook

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"Do I Work in the Next Comedy?" She Inquired

IN PICARDIE

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

INSIDE the studio Francis was singing to himself, so that I had to knock twice. Then he broke off, and I distinctly heard him say "Damn!" But when the door opened and he recognized me, I couldn't complain of the reception. On the contrary, I almost had to complain of a cracked rib, for we hadn't seen each other for twenty-two years, and Francis has the forearms and the biceps of a stonemason.

From that point forward, the conversation rattled like drumfire, but at the end of an hour Francis stood up and motioned toward his easel.

"Sorry," he said, "but I swore I'd deliver this tomorrow, and the light's going. Talking doesn't bother me a bit, though; stay right where you are."

His painting was obviously destined for a firm of manufacturing tailors. Francis will never be represented in the Metropolitan or the Louvre, but when he does a clothing advertisement, people buy the clothes, and when he does a magazine cover, people buy the magazine. And yet I clearly recalled that once he had been determined to cultivate a fan-shaped beard and prove to posterity that Whistler should have stuck to kalsomining.

So I said, "What ever made you switch over to commercialism, Francis? You used to be such a highbrow your forehead was coasting down the back of your neck."

Francis made a face at me. "That's right," he said reproachfully; "taunt an honest laboring man with the follies of his youth!"

He selected a brush and began to sing, abstractedly, under his breath. It was the same tune I had heard when I was waiting in the corridor, and I began to hum the bass.

"Hello!" said Francis, as though startled. "Where'd you ever learn that? Oh—why, of course! You were in the freshman glee club too! Lord! Doesn't it take you back, though?"

"I hadn't thought of it for years," I said. "Not until this afternoon."

"Neither had I," said Francis. "But I just got something in the mail that reminded me of it. Look on top of that pile of letters over there."

"Do you mean this French one? A bid to somebody's twentieth wedding anniversary?"

"That's the one. And you might treat it with profound respect, if you don't mind, because it's worth upward of forty thousand a year to me."

"Oh, Francis! Isn't that just a leetle mite strong?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die," said Francis cheerfully. "Why, if it weren't for that chaste specimen of social stationery, I'd probably be a highbrow yet. Yes, sir, and I'd also be living in a walk-up flat in Morrisania—ring Hennessey's bell—with half a dozen yowling infants, assorted, in the front parlor, and a flying squadron of installment collectors on the front sidewalk. But the gods are certainly kind to fools, and I'll give 'em a testimonial, whether they print my photograph with it or not." And then he was silent.

"Well, get on with it, dearie," I said encouragingly, "or else go into your dance. So far, your act is too involved. What's a wedding invitation got to do with your changing your style? And where does the glee club come in?"

I Was the Average Imbecile of My Age, and She Was Pretty

"It opens the show," said Francis, "and it also ties the scenario together. Keep still and I'll make a speech. You argued me into it."

And so, while he perfected his immaculate beau in evening dress—The Fleischmann Fifty—Fit for the Four Hundred, Fitted to the Four Million—Francis talked to me over his shoulder. But as a prelude he whistled reminiscently the ballad which we had once known so well:

Pale leaves wave and whisper low;
Silver leaves of the poplar tree.
Waters wander and willows blow,
In Picardie.

Imagination—said Francis—is a darned funny thing, and you can put that down as today's pansy. But for instance, when I was seventeen and my uncle agreed that after I was through college I could go to France and study art, I wasn't much more excited than if it had been Fall River. I mean, I was tremendously keen on being a painter, of course; but France just by itself didn't seem to grip my imagination. It was simply the spot on the map where the best schools were, and that was the only reason I cared about going there. But then I made the freshman glee club and we started to rehearse that song.

Right from the beginning I liked the title. I liked the sound of it. And you can take almost anybody, and there's some one place he hasn't seen and he's crazy to see, and he can't tell you why; but the very name of the place is enough to give him a flutter. That's the way Picardie struck me. It sounded so—well, so unspoiled. Sort of fresh and gay and medieval. I used to like to say it to myself, like the old woman who told the minister she'd got such comfort out of that blessed word "Mesopotamia." And then the song mesmerized me, too; but it was bully good harmony, wasn't it? And the verses were like pastels.

But anyway, I acquired a violent hankering to go and see Picardie for myself. And the notion burrowed under my hide as steadily as if it had been a jigger and I'd sat down on its ancestral and rotten log. And it stayed there.

Well, when I graduated, my uncle had to revise his proposition, because unfortunately his business had more or less gone on the rocks. But he said I could still go abroad, and he'd hold the bag for two years, and if by that time I looked like a comer, he'd go on with the subsidy until I could support myself; otherwise I'd have to choose between art and nourishment. So in the fall I sailed for France, with seven hundred dollars to carry me through the first year, and a recommendation to Fernand-Brossier. And Fernand-Brossier said I could join his atelier all right, and if I'd met Ruskin on the street, along about then, I'd have told him to wipe off his chin. What ho! The world was my oyster, and I was reaching for the horse-radish.

Paris was gloriously cheap in those days; but even with seven hundred per annum for two consecutive annums, I wasn't exactly an easy mark for the bond salesmen. And furthermore, I'd set up a sacred fund, to go to Picardie next summer, and I wanted to have enough to do it in style and impress the waiters

Well, I worked like a coal heaver that winter, but Fernand-Brossier was sort of half and half; he praised some of the things I did in life class, but when he saw a couple of landscapes I'd done at St.-Germain, Sundays, he implied that St.-Germain must have altered a good deal since he was last out there. But I hadn't expected to learn all about painting in six months, anyway. I was going to devote two years to it.

Now then, professor, let's have a little shivery music, off right. Scene: A popular groggery in Montparnasse. Discovered: Two students from North Carolina and two dice. Enter the hero, who sits with said compatriots and said capricious cubes and they roll for a bock. Hero wins and volunteers to shake for a package of French cigarettes. Hero wins again, smokes French cigarette, and maddened by the sensuous fumes of chopped hay, offers to shoot a franc. Curtain now falls to denote a lapse of three hours. When curtain rises, hero possesses nothing but the fillings in his teeth and a wholesome awe of North Carolina.

Why was I such an idiot, after saving my pennies all winter? I don't know; I've wondered. The psychology of gambling's very interesting, isn't it?

That was the only time in my life I ever put my foot in the bucket. But maybe it was foreordination. Maybe it was to keep me away from Picardie that year. Anyway, that's what it did.

I hadn't the nerve to tell my uncle and I wasn't due for another remittance until September. But sail ho! I answered a want ad in a Paris paper and spent the summer tutoring a millionaire's pup at Biarritz. I tutored him in English literature and Latin, and when he took his Harvard examinations that autumn he passed everything but Latin and English literature. But I taught his father how to put back spin on a mashie and I did a charcoal portrait of his mother that made her look almost thin, so we said good-by with mutual esteem.

In spare time I'd done some landscapes, too, only when I took them to Fernand-Brossier he pulled his whiskers as though he were rooting them out to transplant.

"Eventually," he said, "you may be able to paint. But when? Ah, that is the question!"

"Master," I said, "it's got to be inside twelve calendar months or you're going to lose a cash customer."

Well, that second season I hooked up with a lad named Delvaille—Jean-Paul Delvaille. He'd also been a pupil of Fernand-Brossier's, two or three years ago, and Fernand-Brossier thought he was going to be an ace. And he happened to be a Picard, so he was immensely pleased at my impatience to know his *pays*. He was terribly poor; his people were farmers. But he was really very much of a gentleman, except when he ate soup, so we got to be great pals, and we planned to tramp through Picardie that next summer, and paint. I was saving up another fund for it

He was a typical Gascon of the North—dark and serious and quite sensitive; but we got along splendidly, and I used to lend him colors and a few francs now and then, and he helped me considerably with my work. And when the gong rang I was pretty well satisfied with myself, and Jean-Paul had actually got three pictures past the jury for the Spring Salon. So we cleared the decks for Picardie.

Just as we were about to shove off, though, Fernand-Brossier showed me the opinion he'd written to my uncle. He said I had a certain amount of facility, but it would need several more years' instruction to decide whether it was worth developing. So I didn't feel like such a very hot potato; I couldn't tell how my uncle was going to take it.

But there was one consolation—nothing could cheat me out of my summer in Picardie, not even if Fernand-Brossier wrote home with a poisoned pen. So we went up to Jean-Paul's farm. We were going to stay there two weeks before we started out on our trip

Francis halted for a moment and scraped his thumb with a palette knife. He also whistled reflectively, and the words of the second verse came back to me:

Mister green of the orchard grass,
Grass-grown ways by the sedge-fringed lea;
Pleasant ways for the feet that pass
Through Picardie

Jean-Paul's father met us at the station—said Francis, indicating the braid on his subject's dress trousers—with a two-wheeled cart that was painted cobalt, and the horse was white and fat, with a high decorated collar and red worsted trimmings on the bridle. And old Delvaille was all dolled up for company, in store clothes with flat brass buttons and six-quart pockets, and a velvet vest embroidered in purple, but he was the most dignified old turnip you ever saw.

The country was fascinating. Poplars lining the road and grain fields both sides, and farms with bouquets of beech trees around them. And, by gosh, there was water wandering, and there were willows blowing too! And a fair haze over everything, to tone it down. And when we'd get up on a ridge and look off through that haze, why, it was like watching a landscape begin to evaporate!

We got to the farm. Trees all around it and high stone walls covered with moss and lichen, with pink and white and yellow rock flowers growing out everywhere. The buildings—they were all hitched together to make a rectangular court in the middle—were roofed with thatch, and on top of the thatch was thick green moss and mold, and the rock flowers grew everywhere out of that! So there were just as many flowers on the roof of the piggery as there were on any other roof. And the court had fruit trees in it, and a tiny brook and a fountain, and doves and turkeys and ducks.

Jean-Paul's mother was a leathery old dear, fairly hopping with welcome. The Delvailles were certainly poor—as a matter of fact, every last cow and cabbage on the place was mortgaged—but they'd guillotined a duck for Mr. the American and we ate it in the kitchen, off nice lumpy crockery from Quimper. And the kitchen floor was red tiled; and there were hand-hewed beams, smoked perfectly black, and copper pots and casseroles on the walls, and a lovely carved *dressoir* with a row of brass candlesticks on it, and a row of brass warming pans hanging near by. Evidently the Delvailles got most of their central heating in the summertime.

After dinner, Jean-Paul and I went over to pay a visit of ceremony to some of his cousins. It was a much larger farm than ours, and more prosperous, and the pigs were pinker. And staying with them they had a distant cousin that Jean-Paul hadn't met before, although he'd heard a lot about her. She'd been in America for ten years, while her father was teaching French in Schenectady, and incidentally—well, of course I was only a kid, so my judgment wasn't formed yet; but I thought she was rather a peach. So did Jean-Paul, although he didn't show it until later. And that's the plot of the play

We went back to the Établissement Delvaille and had supper; and at nine o'clock I was served with a candlestick and led to my room, most of which was taken up by a carved walnut bed with a yellow *duvet* stuffed with feathers—it was June!—and a walnut wardrobe with Biblical scenes carved on the doors with a meat ax. But by a lucky oversight, the window wasn't nailed down, and outside the moon was just coming up over the poplars, so I sat a while and had Picardie all to myself. I was quite silly about it, but you've got to remember I was only a cub.

Well, the next day Jean-Paul had a tummyache, so I rambled around by myself, and accidentally ran across Louise, and we chatted. She told me that her father was lecturing at Grenoble, in the summer school, and didn't know whether he was going back to America or not. And we made a date for the following afternoon; but when I told Jean-Paul about it he was quite upstage. Even so, I didn't suspect anything.

During the week, Jean-Paul and I went over in a body once or twice, and I made two more dates independently. That is, Louise and I strolled around the salt marsh and watched the sheep fattening, and indulged in mild and harmless dialogue.

Then Jean-Paul said to me brusquely, "You ought to know enough about French conventions not to go promenading with Louise alone."

I said, "Why, don't be ridiculous! I'm an American, and so's she—practically—and it signifies less than nothing"

Jean-Paul said, "Excuse me, but it isn't done."

I said, "Do you know what we talk about, chiefly? You and your future. She seems to be interested in it. Is that so immoral that it outrages public decency?"

He blinked.

"I am sincerely complimented, but I repeat that our conventions are not the same as yours"

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"My Friend, I Regret That I am Under the Necessity of Notifying You, Formally, to Discontinue Your Calls Upon My Cousin"

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

Soviet Finance—By Isaac F. Marcosson

RUSSIA, economically, is one compromise after another. The almost fantastic facility with which the Bolshevik government changes its tune was first demonstrated in the reversal that brought the new economic policy into being. No sooner had its efficacy been proved to the detriment of the communistic structure than there was a swift turnabout and private enterprise was pilloried

Equally astonishing has been the shift as revealed by the present fiscal procedure. A political system, which tabooed banks and regarded money as a low and vulgar thing not to be tolerated by a triumphant proletariat, has introduced an out-and-out capitalistic order, with institutions absolutely at variance with communistic principles. One is the establishment of banks of deposit and issue. Another is the logical operation of loans and credits. Third and most impressive of all is the stabilization of the currency out of which has emerged a new medium of exchange, the so-called chervonetz.

Like the new economic policy, it was a sort of eleventh-hour readjustment. Free trade, as you may recall, was a concession to the peasants, who were on the verge of revolt on account of the break-up of the national productive scheme. Banks, credits, loans and the new money were invoked, because, as happened with the paper mark in Germany, progressive depreciation of the Soviet ruble reached the point where utter demoralization prevailed. In this parallel you have the inevitable affinity between inflation and what might be called national moral turpitude.

The Era of Inflation

WHETHER the new fiscal scheme will be sacrificed on the altar of expediency remains to be seen. As with everything else that the Bolsheviks have attempted, it may eventually prove to be just one more experiment, to be abandoned when political self-preservation dictates a change. Regardless of outcome, the story of the financial regeneration is an essential chapter in the narrative of Russia today.

Like most other Soviet endeavor, the stabilization of the money—and all that has attended it—requires a brief historical approach. As was the case with Germany, Russia went the limit in financial orgy.

Curiously enough, the psychological element more than pure economics entered into reorganization in both instances. In Germany the rentenmark was projected mainly through the sheer will power of Doctor Schacht, the president of the Reichsbank. Nominally, it was secured by a mortgage on all property. The time had come, however, when the people had to have a mark that would stand up, or employ foreign money such as the pound or the dollar exclusively. Economic anarchy was the only other alternative.

In Russia practically the same conditions prevailed. The Soviet paper ruble went down to 100,000,000,000 to the dollar. Even at this it did not begin to touch the low registered by the mark, which went into the trillion class. Like his German brother, the Russian peasant refused to accept paper currency for his produce, while in the cities the American dollar, and subsequently the chervonetz, were hoarded by all classes. Popular demand made a new deal imperative. To meet it, treasury gold notes were issued. Actually, there was no gold behind them. So vital was the urge for a stable currency that the people accepted them at their full value. Hence the psychological element was a factor.

A. L. Scheinman, Head of the Soviet State Bank
Above—The Soviet State Bank

Soviet financial history falls into two periods. The first is the epoch of cumulative ruin which began with the Bolshevik counter-revolution of November, 1917. It lasted until 1921, when, with the advent of the new economic policy and the launching of the State Bank, the era of reconstruction started.

With the break of the red day Russia entered upon a fiscal disorganization the like of which has not yet been witnessed in modern times save only in Germany. There were several contributory causes. One was the legacy bequeathed by the Kerensky régime, which included a battered budget, a depreciated ruble and an adverse trade balance. What the Bolsheviks called a complete set of bureaucratic institutions—otherwise, the machinery of finance, such as banks—remained intact. Had Bolshevism countenanced what we term capitalistic procedure, the communist régime might have carried on financially despite the two years of incessant civil war and blockade that followed. But communism looked upon everything economic, whether banks, credit systems or foreign trade policies, as unclean and detestable things.

They were scrapped and industry nationalized. Here you have the second reason for the debacle.

A third was that with the destruction of wealth there was practically nothing left to tax. The output of industry was mainly devoted to war, and because of the blockade there were no exports. Hence that important little detail of national administration known as revenue was almost a negligible quantity for a considerable period.

A People's Commissariat for Finance—it would be a Ministry of Finance in any other country—was established on November 10, 1917. For more than two years, however, it had no finance to administer except to keep track of the flood of increasingly worthless Soviet paper rubles that gushed from the presses. Although money was not compatible with communistic ideals, a universal human desire demanded some medium of exchange. The old czarist ruble went into the discard, because anything, no matter how useful or valuable, that bore the old imperial eagle was tainted. Incidentally, various misguided human beings, including many Americans, began to buy up these prewar rubles just as they bought prewar and other German marks in the hope of turning a neat profit which never materialized.

The Peasants Go on Strike

THE Bolshevik government now took the line of least economic resistance and began to indulge in that costliest of fiscal pastimes—the issuance of paper money as a source of revenue. A monster inflation, which had its full mate in Germany, developed. Just what this amounted to even at the start can be seen by the issues. In 1918, the first year after the Bolshevik revolution, 33,952,000,000 rubles were printed. They represented only an actual value of 523,000,000 gold rubles. In 1920 the government manufactured 955,233,000,000 paper rubles, which by this time had depreciated to the extent that they only represented a value of 186,000,000 gold rubles. This, however, was merely a bubble alongside what later became a huge balloon. Hand in hand with the steady depreciation of the Soviet paper ruble went the so-called food levy. The peasants were required to surrender the bulk of what they produced, only retaining sufficient for their own needs. This they had to exchange for necessary commodities that they did not raise or manufacture.

In consequence, they went on strike. The area under cultivation shrank and in order to keep the wheels of agricultural production moving—85 per cent of the Russian people are farmers—Lenine took a bold step and introduced the new economic policy, which was fully explained in the preceding article.

Under it the food levy ceased and the peasant was not only allowed to sell his output, but private trading and with it private enterprise were revived. The new system of state capitalism meant, in a word, the peaceful coexistence of state ownership and private ownership. A system of taxation was devised, the first naturally being a trading tax, the outcome of the state of affairs which reintroduced privately run shops. It was a definite step forward.

The peasant, however, went from the frying pan into the fire. Though he was now able to sell his product in the ordinary way, he could only dispose of it for what had become almost worthless paper which was growing more valueless all the time. Since money had to be tolerated, the government faced the problem of establishing a stabilized currency. This meant curtailment of paper-money issues, which necessitated in turn an increase in the state revenues on the one hand and economy in expenditure on the other. Already a vast and top-heavy bureaucracy had been piled up. For every public office there were at least three scrambling occupants. Communism had not meant liberty, but the license to loaf.

The initial step in what came to be the new financial policy was a decree in June, 1921, abolishing the previous restrictions on the hoarding of money and allowing individuals, as well as the coöperative and other state establishments, to hold any sums of money. By this time the paper ruble had dropped to one-sixty-thousandth of its prewar value. Later on what was called the ruble of 1922 was issued and made exchangeable for 10,000 rubles of the former issues. Thus the work of redeeming the old depreciated currency began.

The following year the ruble of 1923, also paper, was brought out, exchangeable for 1,000,000 of the original Soviet rubles, or equal to 100 rubles of the 1922 currency. The issue of money as a source of national revenue practically ceased for the moment. Taxes on income, property and on wines and beer were imposed. The monopoly of foreign trade, which also produced revenue, was organized. Something like a budget was born. Bolshevism had begun to turn the corner under the impetus of what had been the despised capitalistic force.

Although a considerable portion of the original Soviet paper ruble had been exchanged for the new issues, all the currency in circulation was unstable because there was no gold cover for it. It really had no value.

In 1921 a significant step toward real stabilization was taken with the establishment of the Russian State Bank. It was one of the first and perhaps the most valuable sequel to the enactment of the new economic policy. I say most valuable because whereas the new economic policy is now marked for destruction, thanks to Soviet political expediency, the bank has only waxed stronger. The story of its progress is the sole romance in the domain of Bolshevik economics.

The State Bank Organized

FULLY to comprehend what has been accomplished by the State Bank, you must know the banking conditions, or rather the lack of them, that preceded its organization. While civil war and militant communism raged there was no possibility of banking and credit institutions. Moreover, the Soviet government, soon after it came into power, nationalized all the private banks, which were absorbed into the then existing State Bank, the name of which was changed in 1919 into the People's Bank. This was subsequently liquidated and its function—the only one, I might add—as government cashier passed into the hands of the budget department of the People's Commissariat for Finance. Thus until 1921 Soviet Russia was really a bankless country.

During its brief period the People's Bank was more or less a joke. One of the principal officers was a young man who had run an elevator in the old imperial bank. He was a good communist and had had some connection with a bank. Therefore the powers that be declared that he was eligible. This story illustrates the method of Soviet selection for high economic posts that prevailed for a long time. It was only when chaos reigned that the Bolsheviks reluctantly availed themselves of the services of trained bankers.

G. M. Sokolnikoff, Soviet Commissar of Finance

The new economic policy was the real approach to the State Bank. It not only meant imports and exports but demanded a deposit and a checking system for the private merchants who came back to life. Some kind of bank was imperative.

By a government decree, dated October 12, 1921, the present State Bank was authorized. Everything in Soviet Russia is by decree. It is a case of government by mandate. The most trivial step in national administration must go through almost endless avenues of red tape. The Bolshevik mountain often brings forth a mouse.

In the case of the State Bank the travail produced much more. From that October decree has sprung a full-fledged institution with more than 200 so-called chief offices, branches and agencies throughout Russia, and correspondents in every great world business center, including New York.

In the head institution at Moscow, which, by the way, was formerly the old Imperial Bank, 1620 people are employed, while the total personnel of all branches aggregates a total of 11,120.

The Soviet Bank of Issue

At the time of its inception no Russian bank existed. The State Bank was suddenly called upon to take care of the entire banking business of a population of 130,000,000 and also to act as agent for all the requirements of national industry and agriculture. The capital stock advanced by the government—it is, of course, state-owned—amounted to 200,000,000 paper rubles. This has been materially increased. The State Bank was authorized to attract deposits from all sources. Later decrees extended the functions to a monopoly of transactions in precious metals and in foreign currencies. It became and has remained the chief financial link with alien countries.

You may be sure that no 100 per cent Bolshevik—I mean the professional revolutionist who made Soviet Russia possible—had any hand in the expansion of the State Bank. Its achievement has been made possible by veteran bankers of the old imperial days. Whether they espoused communism in economic self-defense or physical self-preservation is not the point. The big fact is that the Russian financial system, which the Bolsheviks authorized only in the face of extreme necessity, is the work of men who, until practically commandeered for the work, represented the exact opposite of the political system under which they now live.

Ability a Punishable Offense

CHIEF among the men who built up the State Bank was the late N. N. Kuttler, who was Undersecretary for Finance and chief superintendent of agriculture and land management under the czarist rule. He functioned through the Kerensky régime and was later requisitioned by the Bolsheviks. Between 1919 and the establishment of the State Bank, he served in the Commissariat for Finance and in the Supreme Economic Council. The State Bank, it is worth pointing out, is operated by a board of nine directors, who, in turn, are responsible to the Commissariat for Finance. Kuttler dominated this board and was chairman until six months before his death last year. He was the real father of the chervonetz, the full story of which will soon be told.

In connection with Kuttler's death is an interesting story which bears directly on the Soviet mentality. He brought the State Bank to such a state of efficiency, which also spelled power, that he invoked the displeasure of the autocrats in the government. Despite their toleration of capitalism, the political machine that rules Russia is suspicious of everything and everybody that savors of it. No matter how useful or efficient an outsider becomes—and all who are not good communists are outsiders—he is doomed if he rears his head above the mediocrity that rules. Six months before Kuttler's death his authority was taken from him. He was granted the usual sick leave—it was a wonder he did not receive worse—and was succeeded as chairman by A. L. Scheineman, also a banker of the old order. His demotion undoubtedly hastened his passing. He was given an imposing public red funeral.

There is no need of going into a detailed history of the State Bank. One innovation—it was Kuttler's idea—is worth explaining. From the start, in order to encourage deposits, a special measure was introduced to guarantee the depositor against loss of capital resulting from the depreciation of the paper currency. The bank accepted deposits for certain periods. These deposits were converted into gold rubles at the current official rate and then placed to the credit of the depositor. On withdrawal, the deposits were reconverted from gold rubles into paper rubles at the rate of exchange on the date of withdrawal.

Nor is it necessary to dilate on the chain of banking establishments which sprang into life once the State Bank was on its

(Continued on Page 95)

Somewhere South in Sonora

Now slowly on the Low Roof of the Cells Opposite, a Human Figure Lifted, Then Another

By
Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

II

A ROOM of his own, Captain Ramon had promised. It was a cell with wooden bars, looking out upon the court where the prisoners and soldiers still played and lounged. A huge moon, almost full, came up over the opposite roof of low cells, and in the distant shadows there, Mamie squealed and let fly—a plebeian pony venturing too close, no doubt.

A sickish smile, he was not aware of, hung around M. J.'s mouth. The floor of the cell was of stone, the wooden bars very thick, the ceiling low. There was a wide wooden bench for him to lie upon—blanket roll, saddle and saddlebags had been brought. So the voluble *rural* had had but one idea all the time in the afternoon; and crafty little Ramon Bistula with amiable guile—so pleasantly impersonal in leading one astray and putting men to death—Ramon, keeping him in the plaza while his men went through saddlebags and roll. But they could have found nothing to implicate him—some silver and canned stuff. His papers of identification were in order. Then he remembered his mention of San Isidro; doubtless he would have to prove that Mamie was not one of the stolen horses. Perhaps they would think his papers were stolen too!

The sickly smile remained—the smile of one who now sees his quest ending in failure. He thought of Mr. Leadley's affection and care for Mamie, and he had known no better than to let her show her speed on a highroad, and mention the name of San Isidro to the *rural*

His hand came up to his mouth—an ache of muscles that didn't seem to know enough to relax by themselves. The moonlight was cold, a creeping cold on the stone floor. The same song from the patio—guitar and corn-dust maiden—but so different a sound coming to him through the bars. *El capitan* was at the door, the sentry unlocking the cell.

"I have brought blankets of my own for you, señor. Very soft and warm blankets. I am grieved; but it is only for the present—this interesting mare of yours. . . . A very good night, señor."

He had actually dozed, for the plaza was empty. M. J. had heard of people going to sleep as usual, with death hanging over, but he wouldn't have believed it of himself. All was still, the moon very white upon the turf. The blank wall of the main building within forty feet from where he lay; this very morning—word from Cardano all that was necessary—"mere formality."

Then he really slept, to be aroused by a full-powered neigh from Mamie. He sat up—moonlight whiter than ever upon the empty patio. Faintly he could see the mare standing in the thin shadows—that high-held listening head, the arch of her crest. He heard a horse answer from a distance, probably from the picket line of the *rurales* across the town. A sentry walking past, back and forth across the entrance to the arch, paused, but resumed his pacing again. Now slowly on the low roof of the cells opposite, a human figure lifted, then another. Mamie nickered; the figures flattened again. This time horses answered from both sides of the town. The sentry was slower to resume his pacing.

M. J. rubbed his eyes. The two figures on hands and knees were now moving cautiously forward on the roof of the cells toward the arch. They came to halt, as the sentry approached below. Slow seconds, Mamie dancing nervously back and forth on her tether. From one of the cells came a low grumbling at the disturbance she made—then the launching of the nearer and shorter figure from the roof to the shoulders of the sentry as he reached the turning point of his post just below.

Hardly a scream; the sentry was stretched upon the turf, the other rising from it. The second and taller one had dropped down from the roof and vanished under the arch.

Sleepy voices from the cells; a hissing command to silence; the name of Monte Carrigio spoken—another demand for silence in a tone of suppressed fury.

And now the taller of the two strangers reappeared from under the arch, dragging a second sentry, who proved to have the keys of the cells. The name of Monte Carrigio seemed on every lip—from the prisoners and from the two who had come over the roof. Could it be possible that these two had not heard of the bandit's death today? Not until this instant did M. J. realize that these men were of Carrigio's band, and had come to effect the rescue of their chief, not having heard

The soldier with the keys was now being forced to unlock the cells, and the way of this forcing fascinated M. J. in spite of his own suffocating tension. No savagery about it; the bandit's voice was hasteless, a tall spare figure, the second to drop into the patio from the roof. Lilt and leisure to his words, as he followed the soldier of Cardano from cell to cell, twirling a gun on his first finger. The shorter bandit hurried close to him, breathlessly reiterating the fact of Monte Carrigio's death.

"So I hear," quietly answered the other, "but we can turn loose those still alive."

"But the soldiers, señor ——"

"I locked the door to the barracks. They'll have to get down into the street from the upper windows. We've got time. Can't leave these men while we're at it. Tell everybody to be quiet. *Pronto, hombre,*" he added lightly to the soldier with the keys.

The first sounds of the soldiers' arousing were heard from the upper floor of *el cuartel* facing the street.

"*Pronto, hombre!*" the tall bandit repeated. "We'll fight our way to the horses."

M. J. in the dark of the cell was folding his blankets in a distracted way, fascinated at the same time by that easy-flowing voice of the tall stranger. He was drawing on his boots—the key sounding nearer. Now M. J. heard another of Mamie's nasal protests. Would they take her? The thought actually weakened him—hardly a chance for them to miss one of her kind in the moonlight!

And now, standing at the bars of his own cell door—the tall one—that voice, the sentry beside him with the keys, wailing: "*No bantit aqui—esta 'Mericano. Caballero 'Mericano*"

"American?" queried the bandit. "Oh, I say, in there—is that right?"

M. J. cleared his voice. "Yes, I am American. That you, Bart?"

"What the hell?"—same genial tone.

"I come from your father."

"Open, *hombre!*" the command now; and, "I don't know you. You're a lot safer where you are, but I'm letting you out."

"I came down for you. I've got a horse —— "

Banging was now heard at the lower door to the barracks.

"You'll have to saddle fast. The soldiers are sure coming to, but they can only get out the upper windows."

For just a second as the cell door swung, M. J. saw the lift of the beaked face—a glitter to the laugh, that low easy flowing tone; then he was running across the moonlit patio, saddle blanket over his left arm, saddle itself trailing from his right, a call on his lips for the mare to stand around.

The blankets fell in place; cinches came to hand. Mamie's clean warm mouth closed over the bit, her ears wiggled straight in the headstall. Still M. J. was the last man out of the patio. Bart stood in the street, covering the flight of his men. "The horses are in the hollow back of the quarters!" he yelled.

The hand of a soldier reached up to Mamie's bridle rein, but Bart's pistol butt thudded upon the bone.

"Follow the others, stranger. I didn't catch your name!"

The first shots rained down from the barrack windows.

"Get up here behind me—don't you want to?" M. J. called back.

"Thanks, no. It's only a little ways to the horses."

The laughing face was upturned again for an instant, and at this moment from beyond the plaza across the town came the first trumpet call of the *rurales*.

Then a rush past the small closed huts, women's voices uttering prayers—guttural tones of frightened men—the signal from the hollow where other horses were waiting. M. J. saw their pricked ears in the whitish light—a dozen horses apparently, three men in charge. The released prisoners mounted at random, but Bart cleared from the tangle on a leaping wheeling mount that looked ashen in the moonlight. A scatter of shots from behind—the soldiers having broken out the lower door. The *rurales* couldn't have gained the road so soon. Mamie had forged to the lead; at least, abreast of the hound-bodied runner Bart sat.

"I see you ride a horse, mister!" the big fellow called. "Some more to her too. Why, she just can't help it!"

M. J. felt the strangest lift in his chest—Mamie beneath—Bart and the ashen runner at his side—a sorrel, to show that color in the moonlight—scatter of shots from behind, the deep whimsical voice again from his side:

"I say, *amigo mio*—did you hold up a race-track special too? They tell me I'm riding a stake horse—old Mallethead here—but yours isn't asking any odds!"

"She belonged to your father," M. J. answered throatily.

Several seconds passed; then the words in lower tone still: "I don't hear much American—but that didn't sound cheerful. 'Belonged,' you said?"

"Yes, that's what I meant. I came down from him—at the last."

For a full minute only the drum of hoofs; then from Bart, as steadily as before: "Some night for news—Monte Carrigio and this—same night."

"But I've got a lot to say to you for him! And in case anything happens—I want you to know he has left you some money—quite a lot of money."

"Struck gold of his own at the last?"

"Yes, the mine's rich, too; a gold tooth, he calls it. Only filed the top off her so far."

M. J. glanced about. Ten mounted men were urging their horses to keep up—one led horse trailing.

"If I don't get a chance to tell you all about it," M. J. called again, "you go to Mort Cotton, the cattleman at San Forenso."

"Say, *amigo mio*, aren't you expecting to live?"

"Yes, but I've been carrying this a long time. You remember Mort Cotton, and please be sure your father—kept thinking about you the whole ten years."

His relief was inexpressible for a minute. He had made good, if there was not another word spoken. But fear now gradually took him, for what he had done. No two ways about it in *el cuartel*. He had jumped at the chance to ride out with Bart, but there were apt to be tragic consequences. He had cast his lot with the bandits; identified once and for all with a fragment of Monte Carrigio's band. Still there was another part of his nature right now, strangely enough, which couldn't sink into fear or depression. A kind of freedom throbbed in him, his nostrils dilated to the smell of dust in the night—the man beside, the horse beneath

And presently, over the thud of hoofs, Bart's voice again: "What did they lock you up for?"

"My mare, Mamie, here, I guess they thought she was one of the race horses."

"I didn't know but what they supposed you were me," Bart chuckled.

"Never thought of that."

"How long have you been locked up?"

"Tonight—last night, I guess it is now."

M. J. was queerly aware that Bart wanted to ask more about his father, but couldn't get his voice to working The words reached him: "So they kicked off Monte yesterday morning?"

"Yes."

"And you weren't there?"

"No, but they told me he had everything a man could have of nerve—that Bistula himself finished the work."

"I wanted to get to him in time," Bart said queerly. "The game's up with Monte gone."

Did he mean the bandit game—or their own capture?

After another pause Bart asked, "And what do you get, mister, for coming down here and mixing up in this?"

"Your father arranged all that. We were friends, besides."

"But you're in bad, ridin' with this outfit."

"I took the job."

"Better if I'd left you locked up. You're along with what's left of a losing game." Bart's laugh sounded forlorn as he added, "Why, they're after us from every town."

M. J. cleared his throat. "You see, I took the job."

His eye had fastened on the North Star as he spoke. It was over his left shoulder, so they were riding east. He could see mountains lying northward there in the moonlight. A passion mounted in him to turn north now; to ride straight north, crossing the border with Bart, yonder in the mountains where there were no roads; to find himself in the States with Bart, asking the way to San Forenso; after that, the trail to the cabin, his mind finishing the picture in a flash—with Mamie and the sorrel in the corral, honey cakes for breakfast. But they were riding east.

The deep laughing voice at his left: "I guess when you take a job you try to see it through, don't you?"

"Yes," said M. J. in fainter tone.

"I'd like to get you out of this, mister, but it's a sort of tight web."

Silence and hard riding after that; finally Bart called a halt for a few seconds to listen or get his bearings. There was a scratching of matches in the outfit as he pressed on again—the interminable little boxes and sheafs of tobacco.

"Don't hear 'em behind. The town of Alphonso about five miles ahead, I figure. Another squad there."

"Telegraph in between?" M. J. asked.

"I'm not sure; not along this road anyway. May be a roundabout wire. I'm taking the chance to reach the Rio Moreno. Two miles yet."

They galloped on. The moon was tilting over toward the west. It must have been nearly three in the morning. A wooden bridge loomed ahead. Bart pulled up, and turned from the main road to a parallel sandy track at the right leading down to the water

The *arroyo* was broad and filled with stones, but the horses smelled water ahead

Mamie was whipping her head up and down, trying to take the bit. M. J. saw her ears cock suddenly; then a nicker broke out before he could shut off her wind.

An answer in kind from under the bridge!

And that precipitated a volley from the same source, M. J.'s second experience under direct fire—venomous roaring of slugs in the air—he never could have dreamed how utterly malignant the sounds. That instant at his right hand—Bart was still at his left—it was as if the picture unfolded for his eyes alone—an upturned face, a curious look upon it, eyes turned to the sky, all haste ended. Then a crumpled, falling body, horse leaping aside—empty saddle. It was that boyish face—the youth with a guitar in the patio—the song of the corn-dust maiden.

In the midst of the shots, a yell from Bart: "We split right here, men!"

M. J. heard certain names shouted—those who were to ride across the *arroyo*. Then Bart's face turned to him. "This way for us, mister; we ride together."

Their horses were at full run north along the river bed, where the clear sand showed at the edge of the stream—shots still peppering after.

"Your mare," Bart laughed. "They'd have gotten all of us if she hadn't given warning! We'd have gone right into their gun barrels! Not so fast, quite. My men can't keep up."

"Mamie's always listening," M. J. called back, his mind filled with elation at her part, and also because they had turned north in their flight, though the going was heavy along the river bed.

Shots still in the air from behind. A queer gulping cough from Bart.

"Are you hurt?" M. J. called.

"I think one of them got me. I've—I've been hit before—but not so close in."

(Continued on Page 111)

Yes, He Would Live, She Repeated, But His Recovery Would Take Many Days

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republics of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft payable in U. S. Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 29, 1924

Waiting

BROADLY speaking, it is a basic law of American politics that the better fitted a citizen is by training, education and contact with realities to vote patriotically and intelligently, the less likely he is to register, to vote at the primaries, to cast his ballot on election day, and to be a dependable cog in an organization that is working all the year round to establish and maintain a given set of political principles. One may safely go further and declare that as a general rule the larger a voter's stake in the country is, the less likely he is to protect it by his vote. There are exceptions to this rule. The farmers, for example, whose magnificent distances often make voting peculiarly inconvenient, rarely miss a chance to visit the polls, rarely lose interest in either local or national issues. And yet in the cities and even in the smaller industrial towns the rule too often holds good.

It is common knowledge that in the districts where the well-to-do business and professional classes live nonvoters are most numerous. In the poorer quarters it is the other way about. The stay-at-homes are largely in the minority and are the chief concern of precinct captains, who have to do a deal of explaining to hard-boiled superiors that do not long accept excuses in place of results.

If newly naturalized citizens can be trained to turn out on election day with unanimity, one might suppose that native Americans, with two or three or perhaps six or eight generations of root in our soil, might do likewise, without thought of any other recompense than the self-preservation that is said to be the first law of Nature. And yet experience has long taught and is still teaching that such is not the case. We still have millions of rather intelligent citizens who are so lacking in imagination that they see no direct connection between personal activity in politics and the maintenance of our present form of government. Most of them are patriotic people too; but they are the sort who can only express their patriotism to music, in an atmosphere of waving banners and blaring brass. Stated visits to grimy polling places and a steady, day-by-day interest in good government are not to be found in their picture of practical patriotism.

Press dispatches made much of the fact that at the general elections held in England last month something like eighty per cent of the vote turned out. This was, we believe, an unprecedented exercise of the suffrage and establishes a record that leaves far behind our own highest figures for a presidential year. The Englishman's passion for politics and his natural reluctance to be anywhere except in the center of a political scrimmage account partly, but not wholly, for this remarkable showing. The real reason for the tremendous vote is that the British Empire is passing through a subacute crisis, and every intelligent Englishman is aware that conditions may be considerably worse before they are better.

If we Americans should see our old landmarks slipping, our old traditions and institutions being undermined at the rate with which such destruction is going on in England, we should no doubt rally round and generate a tidal wave of emotional patriotism that would oversweep the whole mid-section of the North American continent. If we should undertake to get out the vote in the same spirit and with the same organization with which we sold and bought Liberty Bonds, we could unquestionably surpass the British record. But it is too much to hope that we shall do anything of the sort in the early future. We are in grave danger of waiting until we have a Supreme Court shorn of its inherent powers and a Constitution punched full of holes before we are willing to admit that a national emergency exists and prepare to act accordingly. No one who has intelligently watched the political trend and tendency of the past thirty years, and who can see, even dimly, five years into the future, will assert that this is an overstatement of the seriousness of our situation.

We need a better vote as sorely as we need a bigger vote, a selection of candidates based upon reason and principle rather than upon prejudice and caprice. Much of our balloting is influenced by considerations so trifling that they should carry no weight in a self-respecting institution for the feeble-minded. Mr. Davis, for example, will never know how many votes he lost because he creases his trousers. General Dawes can never compute how much of the Miss Nancy vote was alienated by his notorious pipe; Senator La Follette cannot tell us how many voters who were undismayed by his attitude toward the Supreme Court and the Constitution knifed him simply because he prefers to wear his hair vertically instead of horizontally.

Prejudice is the costliest luxury known to business, and it comes just as high in the business of government as in any other.

More Nuts Needed

FOLLOWING a recent meeting of the only organization of national scope which is solely and regularly devoted to a discussion of the problems of taxation, a newcomer to these gatherings was asked by an old-timer how he was struck by coming in contact with taxation nuts. Yet a conservative estimate shows that in 1923 fully fifteen per cent of the entire national income went for Federal, state and local governmental expenditures. Surely taxation is a subject that invites enthusiasm and is one that many people might be expected to get excited about.

Yet only the merest handful of persons are engaged in studying the science of taxation. Here and there small groups are convinced that this or that particular tax holds out salvation of every description, social as well as economic. But aside from cults and isms, the students in this field are amazingly few.

Thousands of lawyers and accountants seek to guard the interests of their clients in matters of taxation, but they are devoted to the welfare of particular individuals and groups, not of the whole people. A few of them, of course, take a broader view. Lawyers and professional politicians appointed to positions in the Federal or state tax departments often prove highly intelligent public servants, but there is no long tenure in office, no professional training for the work, and naturally a tendency to follow the letter of the law rather than to better the law in the general interest.

Yet fifteen per cent of the annual income, if not wisely raised and expended, is enough ultimately to break the nation. It is high time that others besides the numerically insignificant group of devoted professional tax enthusiasts should begin to learn something about the subject. If our common public schools can give courses in hemstitching and in radio and beauty-parlor operation, there should be some method of enlightening the public as to the intricate yet vital facts of tax tuberculosis. Millions of farmers and business men know enough to complain if taxes are too high, but protestation is not all there is to reform.

Why not pay a little more attention to what becomes of our money after we have earned it and the taxgatherers have taken it away? The national income is pretty big and will probably stand a lot of whittling down. But if we don't pay more attention to the process of reducing it the time may come when there won't be anything left to reduce.

Light for the Pueblos

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, on June 7, 1924, signed the act of Congress entitled "An Act to quiet the title to lands within Pueblo Indian land grants." By this act there has been established a Pueblo Lands Board, consisting of Herbert J. Hagerman, representing the Secretary of the Interior, Charles A. Jennings, representing the Attorney-General, and Roberts Walker, of New York, appointed by the President. This board, sitting in Santa Fé, will thoroughly investigate the extent of all lands acquired by the Pueblo Indians; and the Attorney-General will then cause to be filed a suit to settle, as far as possible, the ownership of these lands. Non-Indian claimants to Pueblo lands will have to prove, among other things, that they have not only held title to their lands since 1902 but also occupied them and paid taxes on them during that time; or that—if they do not hold title to their lands—they have continuously occupied them since 1889 and paid taxes on them since 1899.

The Pueblo Lands Board will determine such intricate questions as whether water rights originally owned by the Pueblos but now claimed by non-Indians were lost because of the failure of the United States to prosecute invaders of Indian lands, the market value of these rights, and the amount of the loss which the Indians have suffered in being deprived of them. If the United States Government has been at fault the Indians will be reimbursed for their losses. Non-Indian claimants to Indian lands who have occupied their lands in good faith and improved them, but whose claims are not sustained, will also be reimbursed by the United States. No further sale, grant or lease of Pueblo Indian lands will be valid unless it has first been approved by the Secretary of the Interior. This belated but comprehensive attempt to right the wrongs of the Pueblos has met with pretty general approval. It seems to indicate that if Congress can be made to understand the troubles of the Indians it will be both quick and generous with its relief.

Congratulations

BRITAIN is to be congratulated upon the decisive character of the Conservative victory at the general elections held last month. Eighty per cent of the electorate turned out and voted, with the result that the Conservatives captured upward of four hundred of the six hundred and fifteen seats in the House of Commons. This landslide vote has restored British rule to the hands of a parliamentary majority. It has put an end to the trying situation that must always exist when the party in office is not the party in power in the sense that it can command the support of a dependable majority for all vital government measures. It gives a responsible party a free field in which to function, for better for worse, without recourse to the dickering, trading and logrolling upon which Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues were necessarily so dependent.

We would rather watch the new régime than prematurely praise it. The Conservatives, like most political parties the world over, show a regrettable lack of the human material of which commanding leadership is made. If they adopt the policies outlined by their more progressive element and popularize and democratize their party and give bright young blood a chance without first testing it for blueness, they may discover genius for leadership in hidden places. With courage and sagacity they may enjoy a long and beneficent tenure of office and do great things for the good of the Empire and for the tranquillity of the world.

THE FIVE-PERCENTER

By WILL PAYNE

I HAVE received a letter from a very distinguished bank. There is nothing confidential about it. Several thousand other people received a similar letter at the same time. It invites my attention to an inclosed list of bonds. Another inclosure consists of a neat little pamphlet which points out that safety should be the first consideration with an investor.

The bonds on the list bear interest all the way from 4¼ to 6 per cent, the average being around 5 per cent. That reminds me of a conversation with an officer of this same bank some seven years ago, when he said, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Investors are going to have an inning now. The enormous consumption of capital in this war will put interest on first-class bonds higher than you have ever seen it, and keep the rate high for a long time."

That has hardly happened. Before the enormous consumption of capital by war, interest rates on first-class bonds averaged about 5 per cent. The difference between 1913 and 1924, in view of the difference in cost of living, isn't worth arguing about. Money on short time has lately gone begging in New York around 2 per cent, and experts on the subject have been recommending that the Treasury fund several billion dollars of short-time obligations in long-term bonds at 3 per cent interest.

Capital is little scarcer or dearer in England than it was before the war. Relatively to wealth and population France spent more on war than we did—and since the Armistice has borrowed 66,000,000,000 francs to reconstruct the regions occupied and wrecked by the enemy. The plan calls for 34,000,000,000 more on that account. The money will be forthcoming. These huge postwar borrowings have kept bond interest high in France. Recently the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railroad sold $20,000,000 of 7 per cent securities in New York. But no doubt when the great government borrowings cease, bond interest will fall again.

Even the 5 per cent is not net. A man with Safety First on his windshield may be run into by a truck. Taking a long range of years and a wide field, the most expert bond picker will now and then pick a bad one. The country contains many miles of abandoned grass-grown interurban trolley tracks which are all that some prudent investors have to show for the money they put into first-mortgage 5 per cent bonds. It was nobody's fault in particular, but automobiles knocked the trolleys out of business. Investors not so prudent can show trunkfuls of irrigation, timber, manufacturing, mining and shipping bonds that have nothing but wilted hopes behind them. Central Europe is knee-deep in government and other bonds that are useful only for wall paper. It would be quite easy to reduce the bonds on thousands of miles of American railways to the same state; and many forward-looking citizens are anxious to do it. The whole field, over a long course of years, will show losses to be charged against the 5 per cent—not to mention taxes.

But investment capital is always rolling up, hundreds of millions a year in the United States. If it can't get 5 per cent it will take 4, and say nothing about cost of living. This article is in the nature of an inquiry as to where it comes from, and how. In the first place, it doesn't very much come from Wall Street, or big business, or the plutocracy, or whatever else you choose to call those dim, nefarious creatures who are supposed to be raising the devil with the populace. Thirty years or so ago capitalist was an honorific designation about like colonel or judge. The newspapers and compilers of city directories called any man of extensive interests a capitalist in order to flatter him. But men of large interests are most often promoters, developers, managers of businesses—which is quite a different thing from the man who just puts in his capital.

For example, the latest inventory of a large estate that I have seen at this writing is that of William H. Moore, who died early in 1923, his holdings having been scheduled and appraised for taxation purposes a short time ago. Judge Moore, starting some distance below zero owing to

(Continued on Page 125)

That Cat Certainly Needs a Strong Constitution

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Carditis

AS THE Christmas card offensive
Yearly waxes more intensive,
Everybody is competing
With new styles of printed greeting.
Any kind of card will do,
Any wording, any view.
And it does not really matter
If they're short on Christmas patter,
For the date the cards go out
Shows what they are all about.
You will see them sad and happy,
Slangy, erudite and sappy,
Flip and dignified and formal,
Dull, bromidic and abnormal,
Photographic, nouveau arty,
Malapropos and Delsarty,
Highfalutin, histrionic,
Pious, passionate, platonic,
Radical and patriotic,
Wholesome, fulsome and exotic,
Sophomoric, soporific,
Neutral, bellicose, pacific,
Allegorical and mushy,
Crude, historical and gushy,
Boastful, snobbish and bombastic,
Bibulous and epigastric.

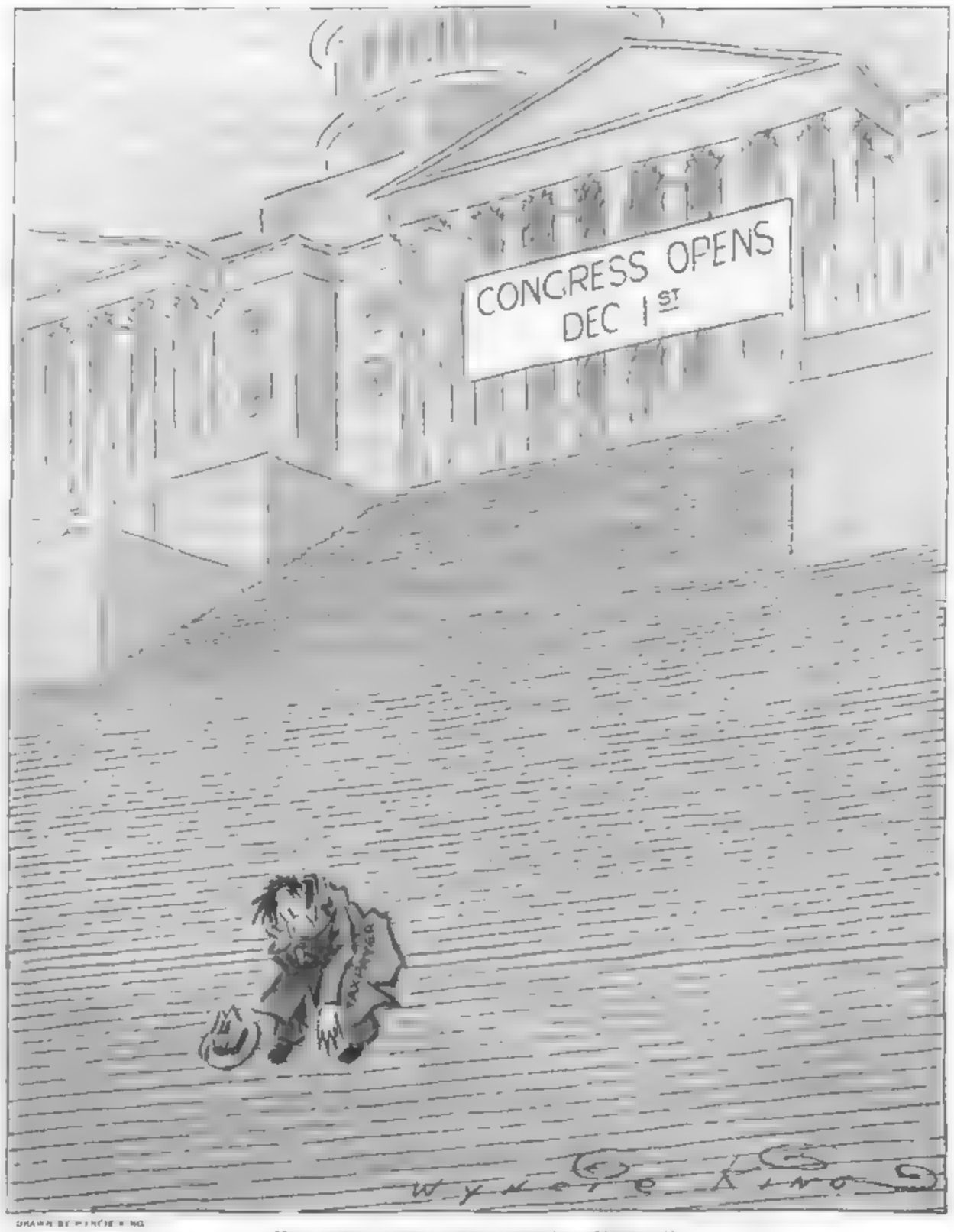
To be modern, to be smart,
Serve your Christmas à la carte.

—Adelaide W. Neall.

A Needed Reform

FOR some unaccountable reason there seems to be arising, the country over, a well-defined wave of aversion to murderers. This sentiment apparently is not confined to the ordinary footpad variety, but to the most highly educated, painstaking and handsomest capital criminals we have. It is time that all broad-minded and right-thinking citizens should do something.

A single glance at the first page of any of our leading newspapers will immediately convince the most skeptical that drastic action of some sort is needed at once if our murderers, as a class, are not soon to sink into oblivion so far as publicity is concerned. Only recently scarce four columns and only two-thirds of the pictures on the front page of an alleged reputable and widely read journal were allowed for the master crime of the master minds of the master century. The remaining space, that easily could have been made available, was given over to a lot of twaddle about the European financial muddle, the predicament of a lot of farmers whom nobody knows, and tiresome political buncombe.



"God Help Me for the Next Few Months"

While it is difficult to suggest any single movement that might meet so grave and menacing a situation, it would appear that a beginning might be made by giving more encouragement to the sob-sister brigade. In making this plea for these hard-working if not well-seasoned young women, it should be borne in mind that in the past they have never faltered in what they believed to be their duty. Never, for one moment, have they failed to blazon forth in lurid description all that is most gentle and loving and appealing in all our murderers, regardless of how low or brutish the ignorant public made believe these creatures hounded by the law to be.

By throwing out a life line to the sinking sob sisters there would be the possibility of indirectly aiding at least our most prominent takers of human life, so as a starter in this worthy cause a nation-wide organization might be perfected having for its slogan, "Save the sob sisters, and the murderers will take care of themselves." *—Morris M. Rathbun.*

The Servant Problem

I GUESS Mrs. Murphy ransacked every nook
That possibly sheltered a capable cook,
Till finally one day from the island called Ellis,
Direct to her bungalow, laden with trellis,
Long Lena, laconic,
A burly Teutonic,
Addicted to chronic
Obesity, came.
Her sweet apple strudels
She turned out in oodles,
Though, frankly, her noodles
Were finest, I claim.

But mountainous Lena, uncomfortably stout,
Shabbily, flabbily wallowed about,
Which vexed Mrs. Murphy, who dearly desired
A ménage exclusive—so Lena was fired!
And Mitzi, a trim one,
A Ritzy and slim one,
Though scarcely a prim one,
Was hired instead.
Her salads were fancy,
Her ankles romancy,
Her father's name Clancy—
A fact left unsaid.

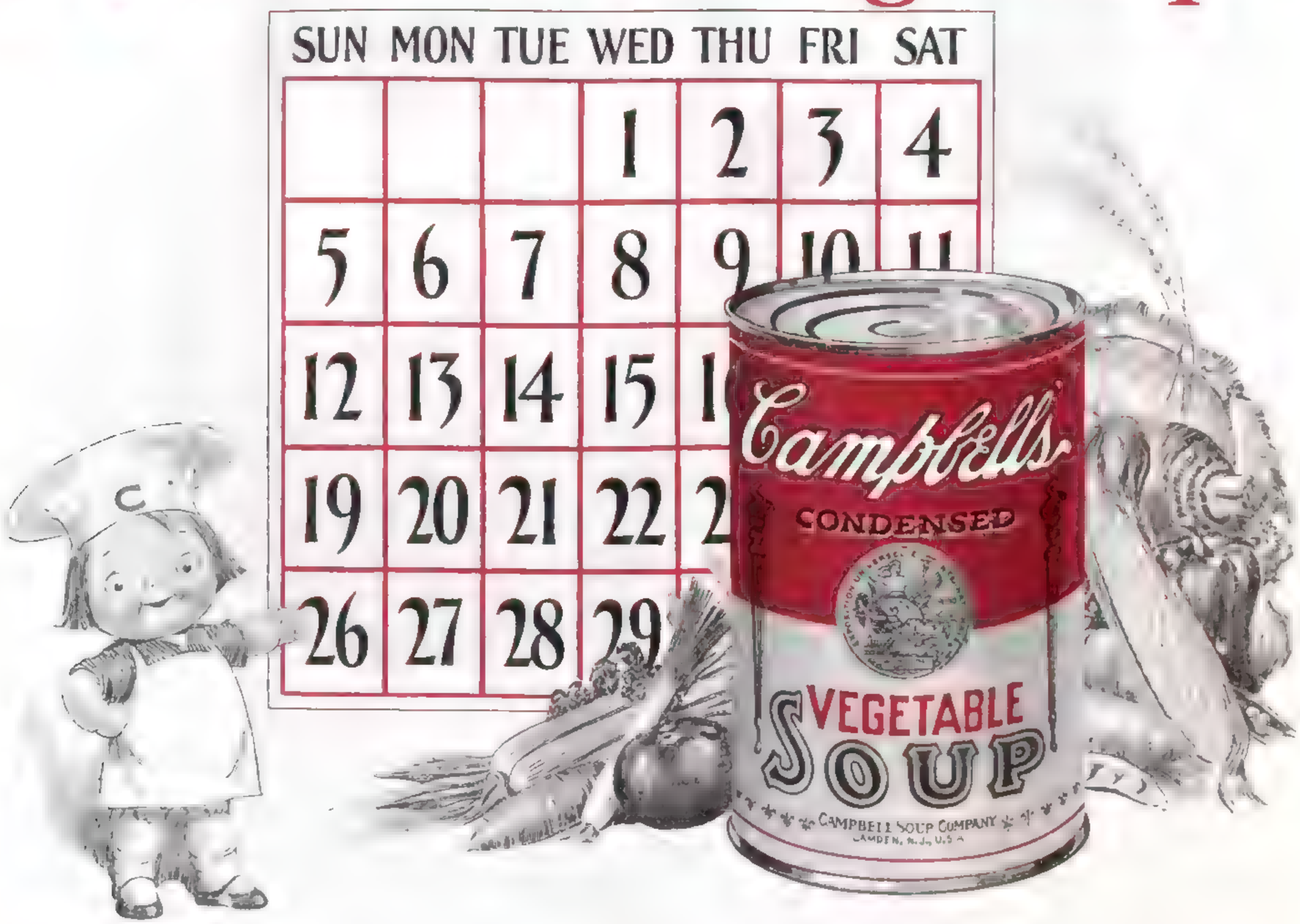
But Mitzi was flippant, a flirt and a frolic;
Her cooking encouraged gastritis and colic,
While those who succeeded her—Nora, then Nan—
Were smart round the ankles, but dumb with a pan!
Their pastry was deadly;
Their cooking a medley
That slowly but stead'ily
Nursed nutritive strife.

(Continued on Page 41)

The Christmas Spirit. The Watchers: "Hurry, Bill! Don't Let 'Em Catch Us at It"

Metamorphosis of the Barber-Shop Library

Never let a day go by without eating soup!



"Soup today", the children cry
And chortle in their glee.
Each day they dine on Campbell's fine—
How healthy they must be!

After you have eaten a plate of hot, delicious, appetizing soup, see how much better all the other food tastes!

Soup invites and encourages your appetite. It cheers and brightens your whole meal. It is splendid food and it strengthens digestion.

Consider how much nourishment—real, hearty food—there is in Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

Fifteen of the finest vegetables—several of them either whole or in tempting toothsome cubes; invigorating broth of choice beef; substantial cereals; fresh herbs with their delightful flavors; deft seasoning.

People even make this soup practically their whole meal when they want enough food but not a number of different dishes!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Luncheon Dinner Supper

STILL FACE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

XVII

MAXWELL, whose unaided eyes had been unable to see what thing had been enacted on the distant steep, seized Faith by the shoulders and held her, as if thereby to abate the hysteria that seemed to threaten.

"Here! Here!" he said sharply. "What's this? What did you say?"

"Three men—rolled a stone down upon him!" gasped Faith.

Maxwell took the glasses from her fingers and peered through them. They showed him a deserted cliff of rock, frowning, not to be scaled by human feet, and at its foot a sprawled human figure, tiny, insignificant against that vastness.

"They got him," he said coolly. "You think it's Dodd?"

"Yes — come quickly."

"Come! How? It'll take an hour, at the very least, to drive there."

"Down here," she said. "We must go to him. We can't let him lie so alone."

"Down here!" He shrugged his shoulders. "Better get a grip on yourself. Nobody can get down here."

She looked at him once.

"I've done it a dozen times when I was a girl," she said. "There's a way down beside the falls."

"You're not going down this infernal jump!" he snapped. "If you haven't sense to know better I'm here to stop you. We'll drive around." He peered again at the motionless figure. "A half hour will make little difference to him."

"A half hour may save his life," said Faith.

"At the best, you'll tear yourself to pieces," he said.

"I'm not bothering about a torn dress at this moment," she said, and began to move toward the lip of the rock.

Maxwell strode after her and laid his hand on her arm.

"Be sensible," he expostulated. "You can't do it. Why have two tragedies?"

"You may do as you like." She shook off his restraining hand and slipped over the edge. Maxwell shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he muttered, "if you will break our necks, you little fool, Sunday's the best day to do it."

With which, being no coward, but a reasonably cautious man reared in a city with asphalt pavements, Maxwell followed.

It was no Sabbath stroll, nor, on the other hand, was it a descent to daunt either a mountain climber or an adventurous small boy. There was hazard—ledges to negotiate in trembling, jagged rocks whose delight was to abrade the skin, steep descents that seemed more dangerous to Maxwell than they did to Faith. Nevertheless, he lumbered after her perspiring uncomfortably and cursing privately each time a new rent appeared in his trousers. They arrived at the bottom looking very much as if they had been chased and sampled by wolves, breathless, disheveled, but safe. Only the river lay now between them and the quiet body upon the rock.

"I suppose we wade," said Maxwell fiercely.

"I can't build you a bridge," snapped Faith.

"May I carry you across?"

"You'll have quite all you can manage to carry yourself," she said, stepping out on a rock. "If you have luck you may get across dry."

"The Idea!" Faith Gasped. "You —— Oh, I've Never Had Anybody Speak So to Me in My Life!"

The river, angry to whiteness, was not deep. Of danger there was none; yet if one's foot slipped on the wetness of a rock a wetting was certain and a bad fall possible. Faith, reverting to childhood, skipped from stone to stone, graceful and sure-footed. Maxwell floundered behind her, now safe upon a rock, now clawing in waist-deep water. His disposition was in a state where he might have uttered caustic criticisms of the young woman who had led him into this most undignified and uncomfortable plight; but he clamped tight his lips and went grimly ahead. There was a dogged, grim quality to the man when his rotund affability was laid aside that was admirable.

Faith was first to reach the shore, and without that trembling at the nearness of the dreadful from which the boldest sometimes suffer, she ran. Keats lay upon his face, arms outstretched in cruciform, still, but breathing. Even from a distance she could see the motion of his shoulders as he drew and expelled strange, unnatural breaths.

Maxwell wondered at and admired her steadiness, her coolness, her self-possession and her efficiency. Satisfied that he was alive, she set about the task of doing what was to be done.

"Help me to turn him," she directed, and together they placed him upon his back, moving him a few feet to a patch of grass where his body might lie in greater comfort than on the bare rock. Now, with fingers guided by instinctive skill—for she had no knowledge of nursing or of surgery—she explored Keats for broken bones. So far as she could determine, legs and arms were as Nature intended they should be; but at the back of his head, behind his left ear, was a great bruise, a long, bleeding gash in his scalp.

"Your handkerchief," she said. "Wet it."

With this she bathed the wound, and then, again and again, sent Maxwell to dip it in the cold waters of the river, applying it as a compress, and when more cloth was needed did not hesitate to tear it from her skirt.

"There's a farm a mile toward town," she said. "Get help."

"Look here ——"

"Now," she said, "don't argue. Get help."

"But I can't leave you alone."

"Don't be an idiot," she said. "Move!"

He obeyed reluctantly, but even in his reluctance his admiration for the girl's adequacy increased, her desirability became more apparent—even though the demonstration of her will gave little promise of pliability as a wife. But Maxwell did not ask pliability. He wanted a woman who could occupy a position, be mistress of his household, manager of his social life. He was more certain than ever he had found her.

Bedraggled, dripping, torn, disheveled, he was no romantic figure to stir the imagination of girlhood as he ambled along the road. The mere act of laboring to save the life of another does not of necessity create a roseate aura of heroism. It is doubtful if heroes look heroic; generally the work of being a hero is not such as to permit one to remain spick and span. He looked back over his shoulder at Faith, and then trudged on rebelliously, thinking unkindly of Keats for selecting this day and occasion for his injury.

Faith remained alone with the boy who, only yesterday, had blurted out to her his startling discovery that he loved her. Yesterday he had loved her—there could be no mistaking that frightened sincerity. Love was a fact. She had never seen it before, had doubted its existence; but Keats' eyes had shown it to her, proved it to her—and that, more than his declaration, had shaken her, stirred her to the innermost fiber of her being. Not upon the fact of his life had she pondered through that day, but upon the fact of love itself.

If it existed, was she capable of experiencing it? Was it something that came to a selected few people of a peculiar soil in which it might flourish, or was it common to all? Could she love a man as this man loved her? Did she want to? Was it worth while? These were questions she asked herself. She wanted to know what it could give her or of what it could deprive her. She asked herself if it were worth all the writers of romances declared it to be, if it were the greatest thing in the world—worth the sacrifice of all else to gain.

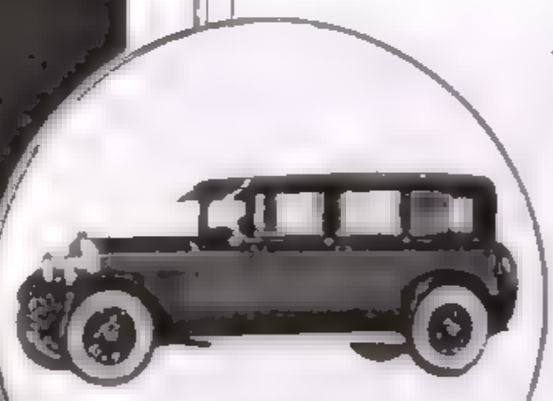
Life is made up of facts, and she found herself face to face with one of them; but with inadequate data to determine its worth to her. If only she could feel love for just a moment, to test it, to appraise it, to handle and judge its value to her! But she did not. All she could do was remember the look in Keats' eyes and from that slender knowledge to reason as best she could.

It was not enough. It carried her nowhere. Love seemed to her ignorance as something for playtime, an excitement, a carnival. She did not see it as, next to imagination, the greatest force in the world. She could not imagine its power or how it wrought upon men and women; and so, by misinformed logic, she reached, before nightfall, the conclusion that it was a commodity she could dispense with in exchange for articles she understood—for wealth, position, release from the bondage of poverty and of Westminster. Let those love who must—she would choose her mate with the calculating eye of one who considers only the main chance.

Now, however, as she ministered to the boy, as she felt his flesh beneath her hands, as she watched his pallid face and waxen lids, his helplessness, the youth of him and the possibility that this was the end of youth and life, she took

(Continued on Page 28

CUSTOM-BUILT EXCLUSIVENESS WITHOUT EXCESSIVE COST



The New
Custom-Built Suburban

CADILLAC

For the first time a manufacturer presents Custom-Built motor cars, with Custom-Built beauty and individuality, at prices consistent with wise investment. . . . . .

Five New V-63 Body-Types, Custom-Built by Fisher, in twenty-four distinctive and strikingly beautiful color and upholstery combinations, wheelbase 138", except the two passenger coupe which measures 132" Price range $4350 to $4950. F. O. B. Detroit

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 26)

up again the thread of her thought. She had liked Keats from the beginning, though she had been at pains to put him in his place. This had been a flash of amusement in a dull, drab world. That he loved her set him apart from other men. He felt for her that great, mysterious emotion which made her seem to him of greater value than all the other women in the world combined. This man at her knees would have given his life for her. The greatest joy in his world would have been for her to give herself into his keeping. These things lifted him up in Faith's eyes as they must have elevated him in the conception of any woman, and she considered him anew.

She was frank with herself She liked him—liked him better than she did Maxwell. If he had been rich and Maxwell poor —— But he was not. Maxwell was, at the worst, tolerable. She could endure him; but even yet she had not advanced so far that she had thought of Maxwell in connection with the intimacies of marriage, nor asked herself if he would be tolerable then as an integral part of her life. She, inhibited by those Puritan forefathers, was not able to go so far. She hid her head in the sand. The idea that Maxwell might become so repulsive to her, that the touch of his hand, the caress of his lips, might become a torture worse than hot pincers, more tearing than the rack, was not permitted to trouble her.

Keats had not stirred, his eyelids had not fluttered. Deathlike he lay, save for that labored, stertorous breathing. Minute after minute she watched his face, brushed his forehead with gentle fingers, prayed for some help to come that his life might be returned to him if skill could work that miracle. And as she did so, as she crouched at his side, something took place inside the casing of her soul without her sanction or her knowledge. Perhaps it had its birth in pity, perhaps this emergency, the emotions it called forth, the tragedy of it, were necessary substance to make fertile the soil of her for its reception. Suddenly the hand that bathed his head became tremulous. She was frightened by the surge of emotion within her—which she called hysteria, nerves, cowardice—and began to cry softly, not knowing what caused her tears.

"You mustn't die! You mustn't die!" she sobbed over and over and over again.

It was close upon an hour before Maxwell returned with a farm wagon, whose bed was made soft with blankets and pillows, and with the aid of the man and his son, lifted Keats upon this rude ambulance. Then, with Faith white and still and tearless upon the seat, they began the drive to Westminster.

During those slow miles she did not speak. Once only she moved, and that was to make the driver stop that she might resume her place by the side of the injured boy Something in the secret places of her demanded that she be close to him. She felt as if her hand must be near to hold him, to grip him, to set its fingers so that they would hold life safe in the prison of his body. And so they arrived in Westminster, having telephoned ahead to the doctor to be in readiness for his reception.

A crowd awaited their coming, and with something like terror Faith saw among the sea of faces the serene, lofty, beautiful features of Still Face. With authority, he made his way to the wagon.

"Miss Newton," he said, "I have some skill in medicine. Will you not carry him into my house?"

She did not allow him to finish.

"No!" she cried, and there was something tigerish, defensively savage in her voice. "No! Not you! Not you!"

Why she should have felt so, why she should have spoken so, it would have been impossible for her to have explained. That Keats suspected the man, believed him malignant, she knew. Keats would not want the man's ministrations, nor to be carried into the man's house. But that was not it. Perhaps it was instinct, perhaps it was that thing which had taken its first feeble root in her back there at the foot of the precipice; but she would have struggled and fought and screamed to prevent the hands of Still Face from touching the body of Keats!

The wagon proceeded deliberately up the hill to Newton's White Elephant, and kindly arms carried Keats to his bedroom, where the village physician, practiced in injuries to the human body, cleared the room of all but Grandma Newton that he might proceed with his task.

"But I want to stay. I want to help," said Faith.

Old Doc Fraley, whose crust was as thick as his heart was big, scowled at her

"Go wash your face," he said, "and don't bother me."

It was he who had officiated at her birth, and to him she was still a baby. She went, reluctantly, rebelliously, but not to wash her face and to refresh herself. She closed behind her the door of her room, and burying her face in the pillows of her bed, sobbed as she had not sobbed since childhood.

"I'm frightened—I'm frightened," she murmured

Grandma and Old Doc Fraley faced each other across the bed.

"Concussion," said the doctor.

"Bad?" asked grandma.

"How d'ye expect me to know so soon? Skull isn't fractured. Fust thing, we'll stitch up this gash. . . Hear how it happened?"

"No," said grandma grimly; "but I kin guess"

"Eh?"

"'Twan't no accident. You 'n' me is old friends, Tom, and so you'll keep a still tongue. The boy was stabbed once before."

"Huh! Stabbed, eh? What's goin' on in my town? Say!"

"If you want to know what I think," grandma said, lowering her voice to a whisper, "I think he's to work ag'in."

"Who? You don't mean ——"

"Carl Phillips. . . . It's been a-growin' on me. Things has happened hereabouts. Folks tryin' to break in, folks spyin', the stabbin'—and now this. If 'tain't Carl Phillips' work, then whose is it?"

"But this boy here—what would Phillips have against him? And if the man's still alive, which I doubt, why would he come back here where he might git caught?"

"He'd come back to git even, if for nothin' else. That wan was the most vindictive and revengeful I ever see. That 'ud fetch him. And this boy—why, he's kind of pertectin' Faith and me; and—now mind, this is only a guess—but I've got it figgered out Keats has seen or heard or diskivered somethin'. He hain't mentioned it to me, but he's got somethin' on his mind. And this here was done tryin' to shet him up forever."

"Don't b'lieve a word of it," snapped the doctor. "Phillips is known to every man and woman for twenty mile around. He wouldn't dare show his face."

"He hasn't," said grandma. "He's hidin'."

(Continued on Page 48)

"No!" She Cried, and There Was Something Tigerish, Defensively Savage in Her Voice. "No! Not You! Not You!"

25 Miles to the Gallon

58 Miles per Hour

5 to 25 Miles in 8 Seconds

Driving the new good Maxwell yourself, it will not take you a half hour to discover how wonderfully Chrysler engineers have carried out their conception of superior four-cylinder performance.

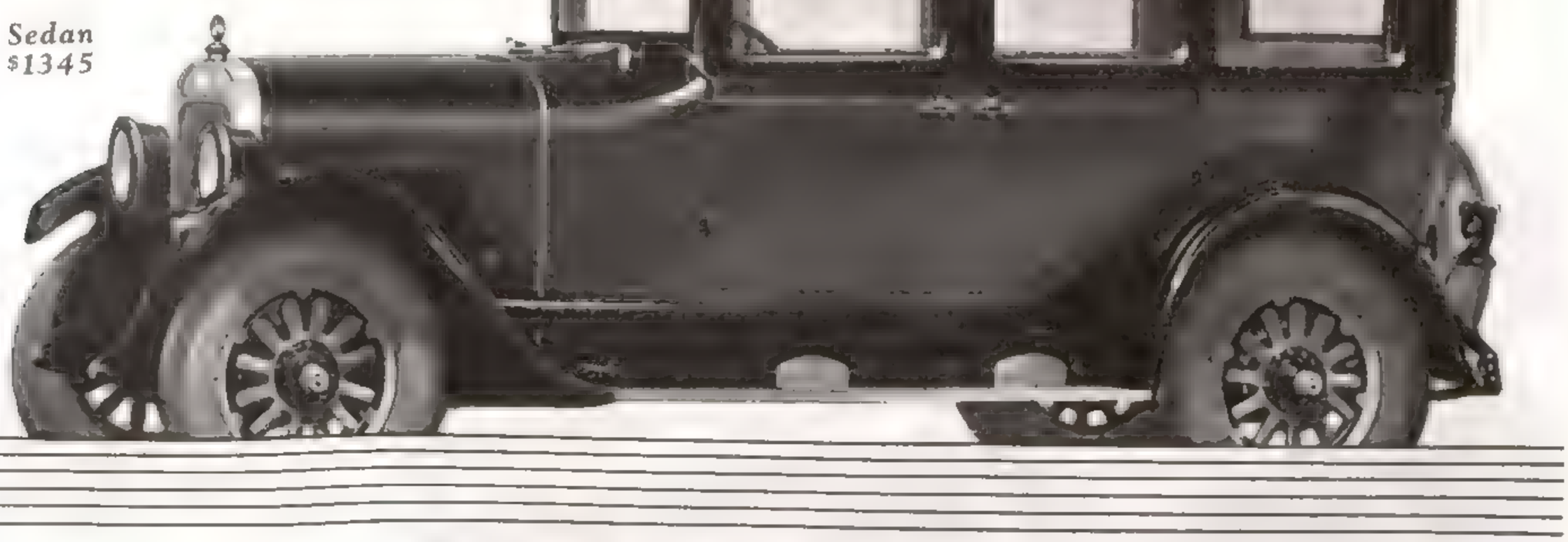
This group of men, who by their unexampled achievement with the six-cylinder Chrysler, have won the tribute of an industry, have now developed in the good Maxwell a new degree of four-cylinder power, speed and flexibility and vibrationless operation which even surpass these already well-known Maxwell qualities.

New and Finer Throughout

In the new Maxwell beauty and refinement Chrysler engineers have wrought as finely as in performance. The new bodies are even more handsomely proportioned, with wider, heavier-looking fenders. New and larger radiator. New head lamps, with cowl lamps on all models. Balloon tires, with artillery type wood wheels in natural finish. New steering even easier, with larger steering wheel and controls at top of steering column. Improved upholstery. New one-piece windshield; windshield cleaner, rear view mirror, adjustable cowl ventilator, transmission lock, stop light combined with tail lamp.

Touring Car, $895; Sport Touring, $1055; Roadster, $885; Club Coupe, $1025; Club Sedan, $1095; Sedan, $1345. All prices f. o. b. Detroit subject to current government tax.

Sedan
$1345



The New Good

MAXWELL

Why I am for Henry Ford's Offer for Muscle Shoals

By EDWIN F. LADD
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA

TO SECURE the greatest good for the greatest number at Muscle Shoals we must certainly conclude in the light of the facts stated—first, that fertilizer production should be the chief objective and power distribution a secondary consideration; and second, that the provisions of the Ford offer are much preferable to the risks of government operation of such an undeveloped and hazardous enterprise.

Certain of the engineering societies have proposed that a fact-finding commission of their members be created to assemble and submit to Congress the facts about Muscle Shoals; but at this stage of development of the art of air-nitrogen fixation no fact-finding commission, whether of civil engineers, chemical engineers or other scientific men of any qualifications, could determine what the cost of fertilizer manufacture is to be at Muscle Shoals. A number of new processes, untried as yet on a commercial scale, await development, any one of which, placed in strong hands, able to command the necessary technical talent and able to spend the necessary money, gives great promise of lower costs, with production of aluminum and its alloys, for example, as by-products. What we need is not an investigation by engineers but the test of these processes on a commercial scale.

The Farmer's Faith

SENATOR NORRIS and those who agree with him say that the farmer has been deceived and that his confidence in Henry Ford's ability to solve the fertilizer problem at Muscle Shoals is a mere blind faith, but I cannot agree with them.

If anyone would know the reason for the farmer's faith in Mr. Ford, let him study the table herewith, which shows the price record of the Ford touring car and the average daily wages paid in the Ford factories for the past sixteen years, from statistics furnished by the Ford Motor Company.

16-YEAR RECORD OF THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY—1908-1923

YEAR	PRICE OF MODEL "T" TOURING CAR: AMOUNT	PRICE OF MODEL "T" TOURING CAR: PER CENT REDUCTION FROM 1908	AVERAGE DAILY WAGES PAID: AMOUNT	AVERAGE DAILY WAGES PAID: PER CENT INCREASE OVER 1908
1908	$950		$2.25	
1909	780	18	2.14	5*
1910	690	27	2.40	7
1911	680	27	2.28	.
1912	550	42	2.25	0
1913	490	48	2.43	8
1914	440	54	4.41	96
1915	360	62	4.40	95
1916	360	62	4.41	96
1917	450	53	4.85	117
1918	525	45	5.31	136
1919	575	39	6.14	171
1920	440	54	6.72	198
1921	415	56	6.91	207
1922	348	63	6.65	195
1923	295	69	6.62	194

*Decrease

The farmer knows that this price reduction from $950 in 1908 to $295 in 1923 was not forced upon Mr. Ford by any of his competitors. He knows that the reductions have been made voluntarily, while at the same time Mr. Ford has been paying the highest wages paid anywhere in the automobile industry.

Any man who can master the science of mass production as Mr. Ford has mastered it, and reduce the price of his product 69 per cent while increasing the average daily wages of his men by 194 per cent, is serving the common people of this country as few men have served them. The people are not slow in recognizing such a friend, and the enthusiasm for Mr. Ford, instead of being based on blind faith, is a testimonial to his magnificent achievement. The man who says the farmers are fooled is fooled about the farmers. It is no more possible to legislate confidence in the power and fertilizer interests into the minds of American farmers than it is possible to legislate their confidence in Henry Ford and his company out of their minds.

The farmers will regard it as an insult to their intelligence to be told that they should have faith in the ability of the Department of Agriculture to reduce the price of fertilizer at Muscle Shoals as Henry Ford has reduced the price of his car. When will the Department of Agriculture have a selling organization equal to Mr. Ford's 10,000 successful agencies?

In view of the violent misrepresentations which have been broadcast over the country regarding Mr. Ford's offer, it is not surprising that he has seen fit to withdraw it, but whether he takes any further interest in the subject or not, it cannot be denied that in bringing the true possibilities of Muscle Shoals to the attention of the country he has performed a public service for which due credit will be given him.

It has been declared that the acceptance of the Ford offer would be a raid on the public Treasury, an attack on conservation, a subsidy of $14,000,000,000 and an unregulated gift of 850,000 horse power. If all this were true, and if those who support the Ford offer were the simple-minded dupes or the vicious self-seeking politicians which they have been pictured, then this would be a serious indictment of the members of the House of Representatives who passed the Ford offer without amendment by almost a two-to-one majority. Such absurd exaggerations hurt no one but those who use them. They will not stand because they are not based upon facts.

Published Figures Questioned

AS AN example of the lack of careful investigation on the part of Senator Norris in stating his facts, let us consider the following statement of his which has been widely published:

"There is personal property which under his"—Ford's—"bid would be conveyed to him, amounting in value, in round numbers, to $2,000,000. Most of this personal property has a definite fixed market value. There are all kinds and quantities of building materials, all stored in sheds and kept in perfect condition. This building material was bought by the Government and stored on the property because it was thought at the time it might be necessary to use it in extending the towns owned and built by the Government, and in the construction of other shops and works. For instance, there is more than 6,000,000 feet of lumber, millions of common and fancy brick, immense quantities of slate shingles and hollow building tile. There are more than 10,000 wooden doors and 3000 screen doors ——"

(Continued on Page 68)

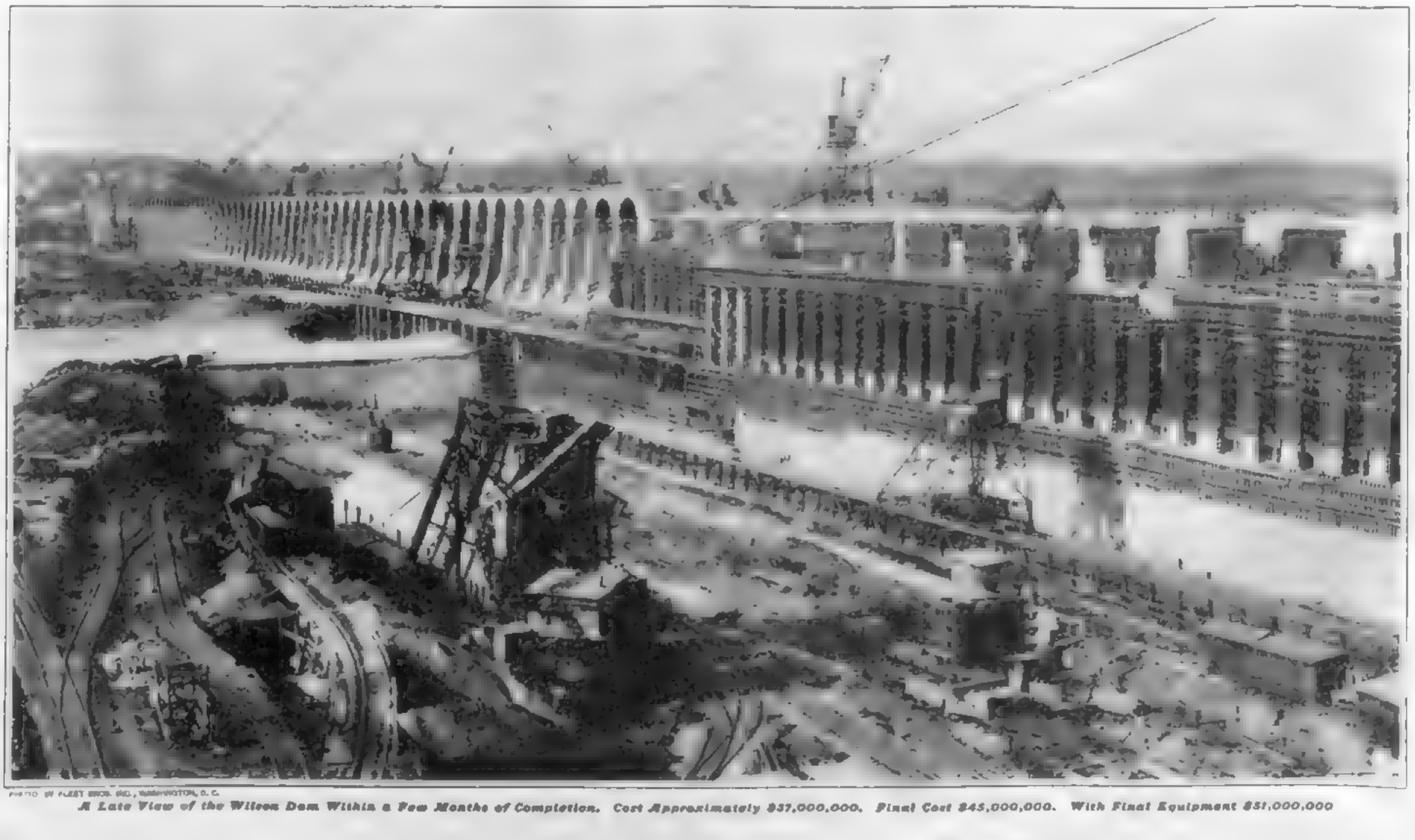


PHOTO BY FLEET BROS. STU., WASHINGTON, D. C.

At Late View of the Wilson Dam Within a Few Months of Completion. Cost Approximately $37,000,000. Final Cost $45,000,000. With Final Equipment $51,000,000

"Double action"

adds a needed quality to household cleanliness

Sunbrite sweetens and purifies
as it cleans and scours

Every housekeeper has her times of doubt when she suspects that her efforts are not as productive of absolute cleanliness as she would like.

The kitchen sink, for instance—of course you keep it scoured and free from visible dirt and stain. But is it really sweet and odorless and sanitary?

This is the added quality which **Sunbrite,** the *double action* cleanser, now contributes to household cleanliness—a *sweetening, purifying* action.

Abrasive enough to scour effectively, yet **Sunbrite** does not scratch a surface or roughen the hands.

Double action cleansing power! Instead of costing more, as you might think, **Sunbrite** sells for a price which means real economy for you. Then, too, you get a United Profit Sharing Coupon with every can.

No more extra precautions to sweeten and purify your kitchen sink and utensils and your bathroom fixtures *after* you have done the ordinary cleansing work. **Sunbrite** does both jobs in one process.

Swift & Company

Double action
single cost

EASING IN WITH EGBERT

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Yes, That's Him. The Song-Hit King—Tenelli. Royalties Run Up to a Thousand a Day, Some Say."
"Looks Like a Genius, Don't He?"
"Yeauh. Something Like an Italian Too"

YOU never know how they're gonna roll for you, do you? I mean things in general, but mainly I was referrin' to my gettin' eased in with Egbert.

For I didn't last long as a gentleman sport. No. I made a good start, all right, and I was goin' strong until I got to doublin' as a Romeo with little Rosebud, and two weeks of that put such a crimp in my roll that the first thing I knew instead of bulgin' on my hip it was rattlin' around in my vest pocket. All I had to show for it, too, was a little lace-edged hanky with her initials in the corner and a chummy note tellin' me when her and the other guy was plannin' to stage the wilt-thou act. Which leaves me free either to rustle another job or go jump off a pierhead. I goes after the job.

But after drillin' around the agency for two days without meetin' up with any first-class party that wanted a strictly high-grade shuffer, references asked and given, I takes a notion to lay off 'em for a spell and break the luck. So I'm just knockin' around sort of aimless on the East Side when I starts driftin' out on the footway approach to Queensboro Bridge and gets hailed by somebody drivin' a truck. It's Scrump Meehan, that used to be with the taxi comp'ny when I was rollin' one of 'em.

"Hey, Rusty!" he sings out. "Hop aboard and save them skinny legs."

And when I'd dodged through the traffic and climbed up beside him he asks me what's the word.

"Oh, I'm just havin' a swing between contracts," says I.

"You mean some taxi super has put you on the bench for not keepin' the clock busy, or for gettin' too many tickets from the traffic cops," says he, grinnin' out of one side of his homely mouth.

"Wrong guess, Scrump," says I. "I been drivin' private this last couple a years—private and select. I only got turned loose this time on account of my lady boss doin' the flit to Paris, and if my French hadn't been so sketchy I expect she'd taken me along, at that. How come you're jugglin' a three-tonner?"

"Just for a change," says he. "Besides, there was a little argument I had with a meter inspector and I musta hit him harder'n I meant. The poor fish! Accused me of monkeyin' with the works, and stuff like that."

"I don't see how them birds can work up such suspicions, do you?" says I. And then we swaps winks.

For if there's any tricks about the taxi game that Scrump ain't hep to, then it must have been invented lately. They don't come any harder boiled than him, nor any scrappier. Still, we always got along fairly well, specially after he found I wouldn't take a chance of mixin' it with him and had given him a few pointers on handlin' the lucky bones.

"What you got on?" I asks, peekin' under the tarpaulins coverin' the load.

"Furniture, crated," says he, "and it's back-breakin' stuff to handle without no helper. Gotta take it to hell 'n' gone out on the south shore and I'm supposed to get back tonight, empty. I'll be back, all right, but maybe there'll be sumpin' under the tarpaulins worth cartin'. Depends on what them runners'll pay a case for the trip. How about you? Wanna edge in on a little joy ride and see how we bunk the dry agents? Might be a split in it for you."

"More likely a cracked skull," says I, "or a forty-four through me somewhere. No, thanks, Scrump; them revenues and state police are too free with their automatics for me to get into that game. I was too young to fight for my country and now I guess I'm too eagy to fight for booze. But I'll ride out a ways with you just for the sake of bein' in good comp'ny. So you let an inspector have one, did you? Was it one of your best, Scrump?"

Which gives him an openin' to be modest about himself for the next half hour while he goes into details as to how he warned the poor prune to shut his trap, and what the damage was when he finally cut loose with a punch to the jaw. Meanwhile we're rumblin' along out toward the Merrick Road and pretty soon I'm gettin' glimpses of the country once more. It looks kinda good to me, after bein' in town so long.

Must have been near an hour later when we comes to this boob with the shiny new tourin' car who's tryin' to make a full turn on a sidehill and has stalled his motor, blockin' us off complete. 'Course, Scrump jams on his emergency and proceeds to bawl out the gentleman driver in his usual fluent style.

"Say, you peanut-brained simp!" he shouts. "Get out of there with that piece of varnished junk or I'll ram it into scrap iron."

Which only gets the gink more fussed than ever. He's a youngish, slim-built party, with kind of a pasty white face, slick black hair, and big rollin' black eyes. Dressed sort of finicky, too, with a flower in his buttonhole and chamois gloves on his hands.

"I'm sorry," says he. "Just a moment, please."

With that he steps on the starter, but as he's forgot to take out his gear all he gets is a little jump and another stall.

"Say, how'd you ever pass any road test?" asks Scrump. "Pushin' a baby carriage is my guess. Come on now, get somewhere"

Next try he throws his clutch out, races his motor, and goes into reverse, which shoots him sudden across a ditch and up against a bank.

"Watch out, Scrump, he'll be comin' back," says I.

And he did, this time sockin' his front wheels in the ditch on the other side of the road and lookin' scared and fluttery. Scrump was openin' on him once more when I cut in.

"Ah, what's the use?" says I. "Lemme climb down and get the sap straightened out or we'll be here all day."

The gent slides over to let me have the wheel even before I've suggested it, and after I've jiggered the car back on the highway and swung it past the truck he still sits there sort of limp and panty.

"There! Now you're all set," says I. "Headed right, ain't you?"

He nods jerky. "Yes," says he. "You did that very cleverly very"

"Huh!" says I. "That's no trick at all. Well, so long."

As I starts to go he holds out a hand. "Please!" says he, "I—I am still quite upset. If I could engage you to—to drive me home ——" And he glances at my shuffer's cap.

(Continued on Page 34)

On the floor is Pattern No. 528. The large rugs shown above, reading from left to right, are Patterns No. 323, 544, 554, 378, 396, 558, 540, 408, 518, 531, 321, 553, 386, 516 and 556. The small rugs, from left to right, are Nos. 534, 408 and 532

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7½	x 9	ft	11.25		3	x 3 ft.	1.40
9	x 9	ft	13.50		3	x 4½ ft.	1.95
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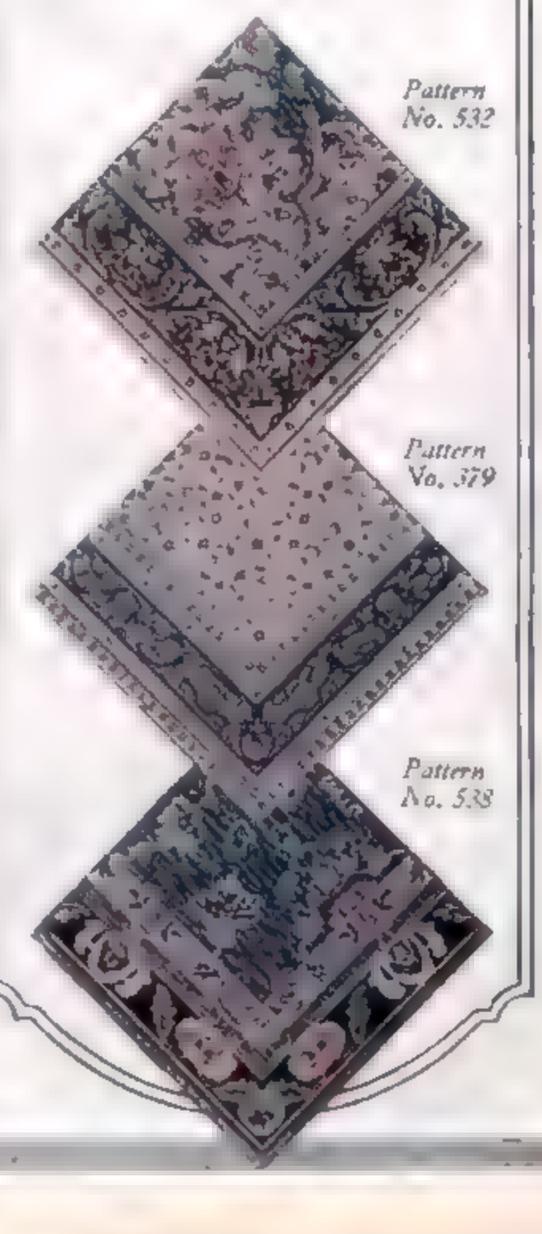


(Continued from Page 32)

"Why," says I, "I was just figurin' on hoppin' some truck back to town."

"I should be glad to pay your fare in a Pullman," says he, "if you will take this accursed car home for me—and something for your time."

"All right, mister," says I, and I waves at Scrump to go along. "You ain't quite got the drivin' touch yet, eh?"

"My nerves," he alibis. "I've been working too hard I suppose."

"Y-e-es?" says I, squintin' sideways at the yellow gloves. "You ought to wear heavier ones."

He don't get it at all, but goes on explainin' how he come to get ditched. "I really shouldn't trust myself to drive a car," says he. "I'm always getting into scrapes, and it's a wonder I haven't smashed up. I ought to have a chauffeur."

"Most owners had," I agrees.

"No doubt," says he. "We take the next left fork, and may I ask you to go a trifle slower until I get over this jumpy feeling?"

"Sure!" says I. "I can ease you along like the tonneau was piled full of eggs."

But I notice it's when you're passin' cars and takin' corners that they're apt to be skittish, and if you go into second and stretch your neck both ways at railroad crossin's they think you're a wonder. I pulled all the safety-first stuff I could think of, and by the time I'd swung in at this Loreli Lodge, as directed, I had him soothed so much that he was inhalin' his second cigarette.

"Silly of me to lose my nerve that way, wasn't it?" says he. "But a person of my temperament shouldn't touch a driving wheel. I—er—I presume you have a regular situation, young man?"

"Why," says I, "it just happens that right now I ain't, on account of the lady I was drivin' for decidin' at the last minute not to take the car and me abroad with her. But I'll likely be hooked up by tomorrow noon. There's three or four parties that ——"

"I'll go ten a month better than your best offer," says he.

"Then you've sold me the place," says I. "I been kinda hankerin' for the country. Startin' in when, mister?"

"You may as well know who I am at once," says he, pausin' dramatic. "Egbert Tonelli."

"Oh, yes," says I, scratchin' my ear. "Tonelli. Now where have I run across that name before?"

His thick red lips draw down sort of peevish at that, and he waits a minute before addin', "The composer."

"Eh?" says I, gawpin' some. "The—the what?"

He works up kind of a sour smile and shrugs his shoulders. "Such is fame!" says he. "But perhaps you have heard sung or whistled or played a piece entitled My Miami Mammy?"

"Yeauh," says I. "I fox-trotted to that all last summer."

"And this season doubtless you have danced to The Mush-a-Mush Blues," says he, "or to another tune with a refrain which goes Gosh Town is My Town."

"Have I?" says I. "I'll say I have. Why, every jazz orchestra bangs out them pieces. Mean to say you ——"

"Since you ask directly," says he, "I am forced to admit that I composed all three of the things mentioned. So now you know all about me. But kindly do not speak of them again. I do not care to talk about myself or my music. If I have had a somewhat phenomenal success as a composer it is due largely to hard work and very little to genius. True, the silly newspapers always refer to me as The Song-Hit King, and exaggerate the number of millions of copies sold, but I am in no way responsible for those statements."

"Millions!" says I. "Say, you must be another Irv Berli——"

He almost shudders at that. "I would rather not have my name coupled with that of the Berlin person," says he. "My compositions have a distinctive character all their own; an individuality, if you get what I mean. My songs have a different appeal—I might say almost a universal appeal—while his efforts —— Well, we will not discuss that point. I am simply Tonelli. I have been called The Monarch of Melody, which may or may not be a misnomer. I leave that judgment entirely to my public. And now, let me see, your name is——"

"Gillan," says I, "and my public generally calls me Rusty."

He don't know whether to grin or scowl at that, but he ends by showin' his teeth in a weak smile and wavin' his hand. "Very well, Rusty," says he. "There are some quarters over the garage, I think, which my housekeeper can make comfortable for you. If you will bring in your things sometime tomorrow forenoon you will find your room ready. I believe we shall get on very nicely together."

I wasn't so sure of it. I'd never worked for a genius before, musical or otherwise, and I had my doubts about makin' the grade; but havin' been let in for it casual, as you might say, I couldn't do any less'n make a bold stab. One thing I ain't is musical. Not that I ain't got it in me, but when I try to get it out—on a mouth organ or a banjo, for instance—something goes wrong. Same way when I sing. My voice seems to skid. Anyway, somebody always complains, and if I tell 'em I'm doin' this for my own amusement they're apt to say I'm easy pleased or make some such rough crack. Only when I'm fox-trottin' can I track true with a tune, and then—well, you watch me.

Overnight, though, I decides that maybe Mr. Tonelli won't have any chance to discover how far I can wander from the key. Hadn't he told me plain I wasn't to mention music to him or talk about his pieces? And if he'd been after a singin' shuffer wouldn't he have tried out my so-called voice? As I ain't got the whistlin' habit nor don't own even a cigar-box mandolin, I thought I might get by. With pay that good, I had to.

"The way to stay with 'em," thinks I, "is to please 'em."

Oh, I get humble like that when jobs are scarce and the cash reserve runs low. And in that frame of mind I'm some shifty pleaser. I spends the rest of the day and most of the evenin' spongin' spots out of my uniform, pressin' the same and polishin' up the leather puttees. So when I shows up next forenoon out at Loreli Lodge I'm lookin' as neat and nifty as I know how.

It's kind of a cute little joint, the lodge; one of these shingle-thatched stucco cottages with a big stone chimney and a lot of vines and shrubbery snuggled up to it. Stands more'n a mile from the station and seems to be just on the edge of quite a ritzy country-club section, so I judges my new boss is right in with the smart push. And I can't hate him for that. No. For it's in exclusive little suburbs like this that a wise shuffer can get in soft. Plenty of late night work, of course; but it ain't so poor loafin' around a peppy golf club these fine evenin's, with jazz goin' on inside, and pettin' parties bein' pulled off in limousines, and generally a good stiff crap game bein' opened by a lot of high-salaried drivers. Then there's bound to be some easy lookers among the maids and second girls, and social affairs for the help bein' arranged. So I can feature myself indulgin' in real life once more.

And sure enough, the jane that answers my knock at the side door of the lodge is a reg'lar little queen, even if she has got kind of a peevish mouth and cold eyes.

"Well, who are you?" she demands, givin' me the up and down.

"To the common herd," says I, "I'm Mr. Gillan; but to certain special parties that I can tell I'm gonna like from the first, I'm just Rusty."

"You look like something that's been left out in the rain often," says she, "and your first guess is a poor one. What you want, Mr. Gillan?"

(Continued on Page 56)

Egbert? Say, He Took it Lyin' Down. After One Feeble Attempt to Hush Her Up He Just Sits There With His Eyes Set Stary

The Sedan $1545

Four-wheel brakes, Fisher Body with one-piece V. V. windshield, Duco finish, balloon tires, disc wheels, snubbers on front springs, full automatic spark control, unit instrument panel, driving controls on steering wheel, automatic windshield wiper, permanent visor, rear view mirror, transmission lock, dome light, invisible door checks, heater and plush mohair upholstery.

Many advanced features of motor car construction, now recognized as distinct contributions to the industry, were pioneered by Oakland. These features reveal in part why the Oakland Six is winning and holding the good will of all who buy it.

Roadster $1095, Touring $1095, Special Roadster $1195, Special Touring $1195, Landau Coupe $1245, Coupe for Four $1495, Sedan $1545, Landau Sedan $1645, f. o. b. Factory

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan

OAKLAND

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

A MAN'S MONEY'S WORTH

By Ida M. Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

JOHN WESLEY said with emphasis, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." And before him the wise, just old Hebrew fathers had the same thought. But John Wesley is dead—ah, long back—and so are the Hebrew fathers. And in this age—— But let Mima, of the Zoroaster Hotel bathrooms, tell it. The words gurgle so willingly from a great blasé black African throat. "These days? Folks done gone pushed godliness right down a waste pipe. But the way they wash themselves—you'd said they was all crazy years ago! Steam baths, shower baths, mud, sea salt, clay, oil —— Seems lak there ain't no end to what folks'll do to make themselves soft and clean."

The Zoroaster bathrooms are white marble, immaculately tiled of floor and ceiling and wall; piled with fresh thick Sybaritic towels; perfumed with soap wrapped in flowered paper; hissing with hot water; showered with cold water; pungent with scented salts.

Mima, head attendant, has her faults. She steals from the linen rooms. She lusts. She lies. Probably she has voodoo ancestry. But there is a Wesleyan severity to the contemptuous roll of her white eyeballs after such as Barbara Carter. Pretty, youthful Barbara, whose slim body is kept by Barbara cleaner, if possible, than any heliotrope bar of the last French soap, flowered-paper wrapped.

This disdainful roll of eyeball even while Barbara's tip is accepted by Mima's outheld palm!

Yet Barbara knows more what a tip should be than perhaps John Wesley knew about his Holy Word. Ah, more. Always correct, that tip. Never larger, never smaller.

Barbara dare not make it larger. Barbara knows full well she dare not make it smaller. Voodoo is past—ah, long ago. But not grapevines. Beyond Mima, like tendrils on a woody runner, are Joe, elevator attendant; Rosy, chambermaid; Van, waiter; Weskey, desk clerk.

The Zoroaster Hotel, exclusive North Shore, twenty-one stories, unrivaled cuisine, is like Cleopatra's barge—a thing of gold and purple. But more sanitary. Isis has gone—whither no one knows, no one cares; the vacuum cleaner has come. In the main lounge of the Zoroaster the great overstuffed chairs and divans combine sensuous color and dustless down so effectively that Leah Schultz sinks into one every day with a fresh gasp of appreciation. She feels recompensed for all the hardships of her youth.

The Schultzes are childless. They have the northeast-corner four-room family suite on the fourteenth floor; Adam walnut furniture, near-Aubusson carpets, luxurious silk curtains and reading lamps. The Zoroaster curtsies with yellow limestone skirts to great Lake Michigan and charges its guests plenty for the lake breezes.

Leah Schultz is fat and fond of food. So fond indeed that at a near table Barbara Carter often is so envious that her flowerlike little hard-eyed face becomes distorted. Her underlip, scarlet as a hibiscus petal, could twist in fashion too ugly for youth.

"Look at her!"—in gritted undertone to Hilda Whist. "What her sixty-year-old arteries can stand up under! Second order this noon of pistachio fudge parfait. Eighty cents per order. And the way she stuffs down that cheese. Count those hazelnut emeralds, too, on her fat wrists. Prunes and patties, isn't it a scream the way this world is run?"

Barbara's hands were thin, white. Restless, too; like delicate insects which have no faith in any alighting place.

Oddly enough, Leah unconsciously returned good for evil in the way of personal comment. She greatly admired Barbara from the moment of the girl's arrival—a slim smart figure in fox furs, with porters, trunks and bags in her cool young wake.

She would crane her large neck in the wide dining room, past obstructing pillar or palm, and say to her husband, Jacob Schultz, whose waistline could be compared to Cleopatra's barge, for girth: "Look, Jake, there's that little brown-eyed doll. Ain't she sweet!" At Jake's grunted two words: "Little sluts—oh, you don't need to tell me what the girls nowadays are. I hear 'em talk. In the bathrooms. In the manicuring parlors. It's awful. Honest, old as I am, and married with you since I was only twenty, my ears burn a lot of times. No, Jake. Not even to you would I repeat what I hear some of those young girls say."

"Then what you say—ain't she sweet?" jeered Jacob, who knew and liked his Leah.

She Put Her Hand in Swiftly, Clutchingly. She Drew It Out, as if It Had Touched Slime

"She makes me think of that baby girl we once nearly adopted. Don't you remember? Out on the West Side. That family of Polacks that lived back of your brother Louie's belt factory and was always being taken care of by the charities?"

Jacob remembered.

"The same year of your sister Mettie's dying and leaving her five."

Leah nodded. "Blood before water. Always I say. But I often wished we'd taken her too. I used to think of her nights. The little soft baby face and brown eyes. Seems like she would have been more my own than any of Mettie's. Not"—with quick contrition—"that they ain't all done us credit, Jake."

"I guess so. Leon managing my paper works. Jesse in his law office. Rosella four times a year to Paris for her firm. Rachel chairman of the Woman's Party state committee. Albert getting ahead all the time down in St. Louis."

"Yes. We didn't expect then to be so rich. It wasn't right we should take a stranger's, with a sister dying and leaving so many."

But Leah's eyes, great light blue orbs of a peculiar kindliness, used to linger on Barbara; like a child's on a denied birthday gift.

Neither Barbara nor Hilda Whist noticed this for a while. Barbara in particular was steadily on the job of noticing other people; but not those of Leah Schultz's age or class, except with glancing envy.

At first sight of Barbara, were you sophisticated, you seemed to recognize a prize result of a girls' fashionable boarding school. She had that look; careless, pretty, perfect. It appeared easy to place her. A pampered young daughter out on her own; from caprice or worse willfulness. She suggested in bearing that behind her stood a father's or at least a grandfather's monthly allowance check. Midwestern her accent; with just a touch of the drawled *r*'s. Not Southern *r*'s. They were—well, say Southern North Shore. Chicago newspaper reporters have dubbed that part of their brisk city the Gold Coast. Débutantes bloom there in a well-nigh perfect soil.

It is a type, the petted finishing-school daughter, that men like much for wives, however they may deny it.

Like Leah Schultz, Mr. Ralph Pegmore, whose table in the Zoroaster brilliant ivory-and-gray dining room was two palm tubs beyond the Schultzes' and the Murdcheins', from the beginning followed the girl with his eyes; sophisticated, rather too prominent black eyes. A slim, dapper, even superlatively elegant descendant of Adam, who delved, was young Pegmore. Mobile of body, addicted to ruby cuff links and Scotch topcoats.

"Son of the flour-and-yeast Pegmore," drawled Hilda Whist in the beginning of her languid hotel acquaintance with Barbara. "Enough money to be addicted to anything he likes."

Involuntarily Barbara had leaned forward a little—as a hawk leans when food is sighted underneath; as a baby tiger's jaws unconsciously reach at sight of raw flesh. Her brown eyes became opalescent, as if with desire. But judge Barbara not wrongly. Her desire was not of the body, but of the mind—the cold young mind that knew too much of life.

"I'd like him better if he were a blond," she shrugged, leaning back as if to pretend that she had not leaned forward.

Later, when friendship with Hilda had become fairly intimate, Barbara reiterated, "I've got the funniest preference for corn-colored mops on men."

"Some heart affair that is past, but has left its thorn?" drawled Hilda, whose delicate white front teeth were longer than her upper lip; a clayed, creamed, rouged lip like Barbara's, but a few years older.

"No," said Barbara so indifferently that truth was evident. "But I always liked blond fellows best. Being so dark myself, don't you know."

"Still, you wouldn't," smiled the other in light mockery, as woman to woman, "snub him for the color of his hair?" The girl's eyes became murky, like an unclean pool that is stick-stirred.

"Listen, I could kiss a million if it was the color of mud."

It was these little things that gave Barbara away.

The occasional too bitter comment on other people's fortunes. The furtive and sullen trick of raising her eyes when such financial certainties as the Schultzes and the cloaks-and-suits Murdcheins passed, their heavy, pursy bodies slowed by old stiff knees and importance.

There was, as well, her too ready plaint, as friendship thickened, over the high cost of personal cleanliness—that spick-and-span girlish grooming that adds luster to golf course or boulevard or hotel lounge.

"Four dollars and a half for dry-cleaning this old beige crêpe smock! Makes me sick. Cleaners are certainly not in the business for their health."

"They do charge frightfully."

"If mums doesn't send me a check soon, I'll write her a nasty note."

Over Hilda Whist's face came wariness, like an Assyrian on the fold. No need of this naïve leading up to a little loan. Friendship that has sprouted shallowly over a divided order of creamed *pommes de terre* has its limits.

"I'm broke myself. My bills last month simply cleaned me."

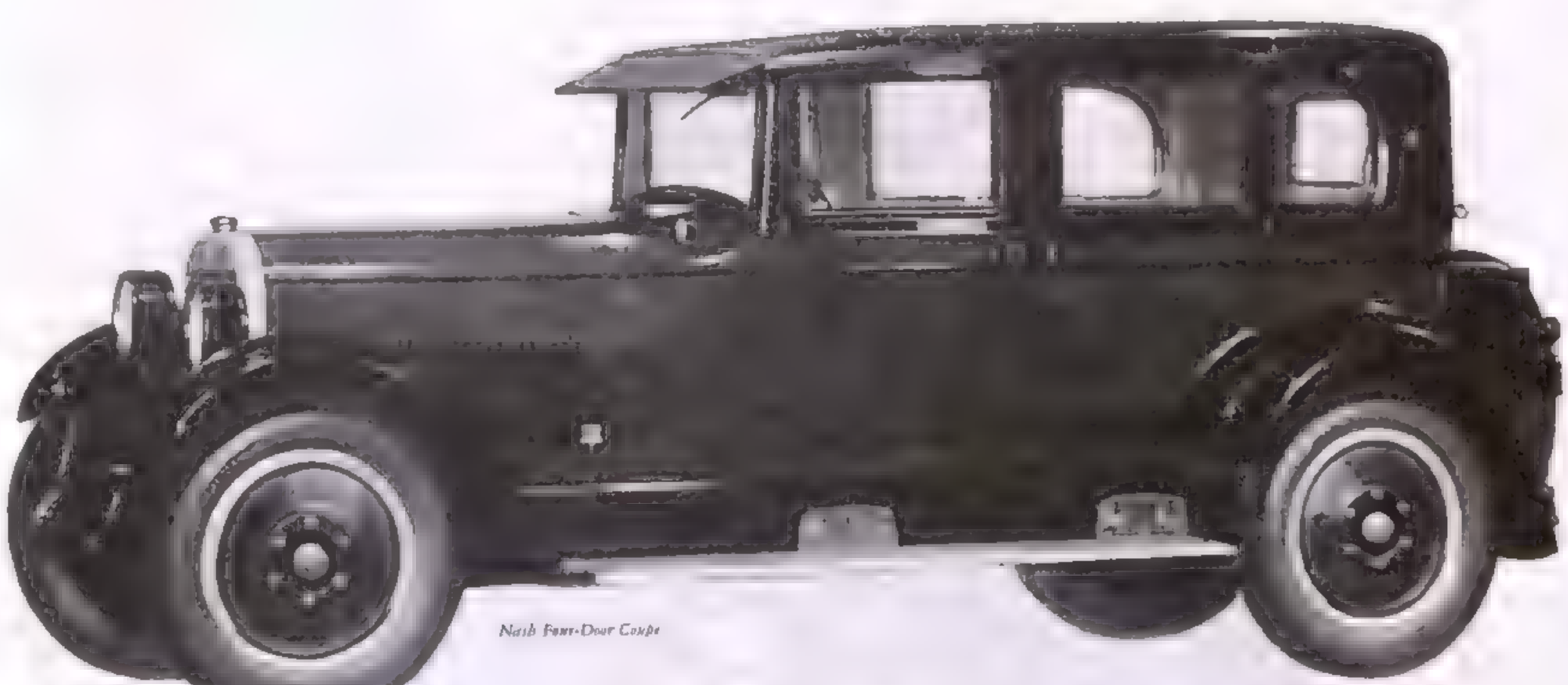
In warfare Cæsar was a tyro, all told.

"Thought your alimony check floated along yesterday?"

"It didn't come," lied Miss Whist.

(Continued on Page 38)

On cars such as these –



Nash Four-Door Coupe

ON the finest cars in America, such as the Nash, selection of Delco is backed by such facts as these:

Years of satisfactory service on thousands of fine cars.

A great service organization within easy reach anywhere.

Unapproached records of performance, such as—

on the U. S. Army Planes that flew around the world—

and on winning cars at Indianapolis Races for five consecutive years.

And acceptance by manufacturers and public alike of Delco as the world's best electrical equipment for automobiles.

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES COMPANY
DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Delco

STARTING, LIGHTING AND IGNITION

(Continued from Page 36)

The other girl's face darkened like a small poisonous flower in a fog. She did not need a loan. Not that week. But she resented the ready rampart.

"Mums is so negligent," she sighed carelessly.

Mums! The boarding-school appellative!

Hilda Whist smiled curiously to herself as, during dancing evenings, in the Zoroaster restaurant, which on one side opened to musically swishing Lake Michigan, she caught snatches of Barbara's gush to Ralph Pegmore.

"Mums prefers Europe to her native land." "Dad used language over that nineteenth hole that was awful, I'll admit." "Mums sent me this little green-chiffon rag."

However, Hilda Whist, who had exceedingly full red lips, was no volunteer protector of a male. Besides, the dapper Ralph nodded too negligently to her twenty-seven-year-old self. He liked 'em younger.

The suites of both young women were on the tenth floor. Bedroom, sitting room and bath. Ah, that white luxurious bath! All Zoroaster suites look out on the green swishing lake, that to first sight seems as immense as an ocean. In Zoroaster advertising matter, that lake is mentioned as often as is "my soul" in Psalms. All Zoroaster windows are curtained artistically in pastel silk and net.

Similar surroundings induce intimacy, no matter how many practical inhibitions mark a woman's natural candor. In Barbara's rooms one gray but comfortable March afternoon Hilda had a manicure and described minutely her ex-mother-in-law, who disapproved of cigarettes for men and women.

Then she remarked: "Heard Ralphy last evening hint to meet dad. He's certainly getting interested, isn't he?"

"Ye-es. I showed him mums' picture."

It stood on the chiffonier: a slim handsome woman with a lorgnette. "She's in Europe, you said."

"Um-m. Crazy about traveling."

"Leaves you pretty much on your own?"

"I didn't care to go abroad again this year. Besides—you know! One's family is so strict."

"Dad abroad too?"

"Dad—oh, he's dead. Didn't I tell you?"

"I don't remember so."

"Hardening of the arteries." Barbara sighed pensively over her own hot-water-softened hangnails. "That carries off so many business men in their prime of life."

In Chinese silk negligee and satin mules, but no stockings, Barbara showed a scar on one youthful white ankle.

"Oh, in an accident?" asked Hilda at sight of it.

"Taxicab smash-up three months ago."

Odd how the girl's voice took on a faint false theatrical note at times; and at others, as now, carried the casual tone of sincerity.

"Hurt badly?"

"Not very. Ankle cut and two ribs broken. Glad I wasn't killed. Or face disfigured." She shivered at past peril.

"Get any damages?"

"Did I!" Ah, the unwitting betrayal of the girl's brief glance around the luxurious room, at the door of the white bathroom. "Three thousand dollars."

"I'm so unlucky," sighed Hilda. "If I'd be in a smash-up I'd lose an eye or a whole nose."

Thereafter, though, Hilda Whist watched with acute amusement the progress of Mr. Ralph Pegmore's more or less controlled admiration for the pretty little black-haired girl who had so willfully refused to abide family restraint.

It progressed. So did something else in the big hotel.

Barbara's knowledge of the use of silver cutlery was perfect, irreproachable. Never a salad fork used for an oyster iced and garnished on the immaculate half shell. Never her silver knife ventured toward a green romaine leaf calling for the fork only. See any book of etiquette. Never did Barbara butter a piece of bread without breaking it into bits beforehand. See the same book. Once, while Ralph Pegmore at the adjoining table heard, she sharply rebuked Van the waiter for his premature removal of the silver cover of the casserole which held the squab pie she had ordered.

"Her noive!" later sneered Van to Joe Bertucchi, of the elevators. "And her 'mums'! I've known folks to change their names before this. Bet she was born over on Morgan Street and ate soup from an iron pot till she was fourteen and could beat it from school and home. Me—I been too long in this hotel business not to notice types!"

Then he and Joe poked each other in the ribs with great sneering hilarity and when at brilliant midnight Barbara ascended to her suite, Joe opened the bronze door with an offensive flourish which the girl, after a quick furtive glance at him, chose to disregard. Perhaps she was merely sleepy, not furtive.

But for the succeeding day or two she wore—what was it that she wore? A suggestion of a slink? A hint of sullen affright? Maybe it was nothing of that kind. Afterward with a spoiled girlishness she became haughtier than ever to Zoroaster attendants. At the telegraph desk she complained petulantly because that week she got no cablegram from abroad.

Still, for some reason or other she chose to let down before Hilda a barrier or so.

"You know my folks aren't exactly multimillionaires," she sighed one day over luncheon. "Wish they were."

"So many of us have that little wish," said Hilda.

"Maybe you wouldn't believe it, but I've tried half a dozen different kinds of careers." A plaintive shrug. "Movies. Art. Stage. Even writing."

"So did I." Hilda's smile was eloquent.

"You read about women who make so much money in all those lines."

"It seems that large income tax is affixed to careers more often in fiction than in real life."

"I—I——" Barbara gulped a little as if the creamed lobster entrée hurt her youthful white throat. "I fizzled at everything. Hadn't the spark. Even stenography—I wasn't very good at that."

"Stenography hardly results in a suite at the Zoroaster," said Hilda meaningly.

"No. That's what I thought," said the other sullenly. Her glance went down somberly to the pale-gray-and-silver table.

With concealed amused scorn Hilda Whist began mentally to calculate how long three thousand dollars might likely last, divided into fox furs, sport clothes, luncheon entrées and a Zoroaster suite. At the end of the calculation she bit her lip thoughtfully.

"You're not eating much lately," she ventured coolly.

"I've really not had much appetite these last two weeks," said Barbara languidly.

Miss Whist rose from her pale-gray wood chair. Rose precipitately? Well—no. But she was gracefully hasty.

"I must rush. I've a matinée engagement."

There had previously been extended a half invitation to Barbara for this same matinée. The girl understood. Ah, the betrayal of the ready comprehension, dark, like accumulated poison, that showed way down in the depths of her youthful brown eyes.

Barbara's appetite lessened perceptibly with succeeding luncheons and dinners. A waiter or two eyed narrowly her brief scribbling of items. A bellboy entered her room one day without knocking, and smirked when she threatened to report him to the management. She began to hang after Hilda, unencouraged, as if from wistful necessity for a confidante. Hilda in scornful pity, with perhaps a glance ahead at the future, gave her advice occasionally.

"I don't think Ralph Pegmore's the man to buy a gold brick."

Barbara sucked a resentful lower lip over the vicissitudes of life.

"Once a rich family wanted to adopt me," she allowed to slip sulkily. "Rich, that is, for eighteen years ago. I've certainly kicked myself ever since for somehow failing to make the connection."

But she was not sulky an hour later, dancing with Ralph Pegmore; merely young and yielding, within wary wise limits, and laughing and garrulous.

From the dance floor they strolled out and down to the moon-washed beach which the great green lake has conveniently laid at the feet of the best-situated North Shore hotels.

Hammocks on the lawns of Main Street in the sweet third week of April, and giggling youth and maidenly expectations—and polished and awninged wood swings on the beach inclosure of an expensive hotel, with a highly paid orchestra twanging The Fisher Maiden within hearing, and the jeweled bare shoulders of women within seeing. But a girl can be disappointed as badly in one place as in another.

Ralph Pegmore may have been a very careful man. He had too closely set eyes. But April and the moon and The Fisher Maiden—in the swaying swing he put an arm about Barbara.

"Park farther away," she ordered carelessly. "I'm not everybody's property."

"No? I've heard girls say that—and found out afterward that they'd misdescribed themselves."

The girl was steel under her apparently soft white flesh. She hated him.

"So?" she drawled.

(Continued on Page 133)

"Some Stone?" "Some Weaver," He Replied

DEPRECIATION

Call it by any name you please, depreciation has to be figured on any motor car.

It is the one cost most often wholly within the control of the owner and one that always can be worked out in favor of the Packard Six if the owner wants anything more than bare transportation.

The other seven costs of owning, operating and maintaining any car are either less on a Packard Six or no more than on cars costing half as much and lasting half as long.

These are strong statements and therefore we invite you to step into any Packard store and ask your local Packard man to prove to you personally that all we have said is true.

Why ride day coach when you can ride parlor car for less?

Packard Six and Packard Eight both furnished in ten body types, open and enclosed. Packard's extremely liberal time-payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard—purchasing out of income instead of capital

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

How MOBILOIL "E" *wins your warm cold-weather friendship*

***for your* HOME GARAGE:**
The 5-gallon can or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drum of Mobiloil provides an ideal supply of lubricating oil.

***for* TOURING:**
The new sealed 1-quart can is ideal while on long trips or for emergency. Carry two or three under the seat. Fair retail price 35c (grades "E", Arctic and "A", 3 for $1.00). Slightly higher in the Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

FAIR RETAIL PRICE

—30c a quart from bulk

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest and the Far West.

THE first snow-storm—Mobiloil "E" in your engine. You go out in the morning to start up.

A few more turns with the starter, but that is all. Correctly lubricated, the engine turns almost as freely as in warmer weather. With judicious use of the choke and a slightly richer mixture, your Ford will give you the same reliable service in winter as in summer. And with the lightest possible burden to the battery.

For Mobiloil "E" flows freely in the coldest weather. The moment you press on the starter the oil splashes up and begins to feed to every frictional surface—including the close-fitting bearings and clutch plates.

So although the cold cylinders make it harder for the gasoline to vaporize, there is no additional difficulty imposed by congealed oil which may cause stiffness and drag between moving surfaces. Mobiloil "E" lets all the parts move freely—even on the coldest days.

Results: A saving of the battery, a saving in gasoline, insurance of a perfect oil film over all surfaces, a powerful and thoroughly protected engine.

Inferior lubricants frequently congeal at low temperatures and cause unnecessary stiffness and drag. This means added load for the battery, reduced cranking speed, and much harder starting.

Put Mobiloil "E" into your Ford crankcase and notice the difference.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Domestic Branches: NEW YORK *Main Office*

Albany	Dallas	Kansas City, Mo.	Oklahoma City	Portland, Me.
Boston	Des Moines	Milwaukee	Peoria	Rochester
Buffalo	Detroit	Minneapolis	Philadelphia	St. Louis
Chicago	Indianapolis	New Haven	Pittsburgh	Springfield, Mass.

F. Mus

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 24

While pertly, petitely,
They curtly, completely,
Yet ever so sweetly
Were blotting out life!

Longing for strudel and wholesome farina,
Again Mrs. Murphy solicited Lena
Promised her more than she formerly earned;
But Lena was obdurate— Lena had learned
To know that the rage is
To ask for high wages
(Success comes by stages),
So why stay a slave?
Her waistline got smaller,
Her low heels grew smaller,
She had them install 'er
A permanent wave.

A Tea Room our Lena now proudly possesses,
Her "Famous French Cuisine" in patois she
stresses;
While poor Mrs. Murphy, though terribly
wealthy,
Socially hopeless, but physically healthy,
Does her own stitchin'
And stands in her kitchen,
A figure bewitchin'
From out o' the past;
Doin' her stewin',
A little home-brewin',
Contentedly cookin'
And happy at last.

Epicure, gourmand and keen dietitian,
Paterfamilias concerned with nutrition,
Probing the proteins and counting the calories,
Wearied of paying exorbitant salaries
For filet and pheasant
Prepared by a peasant,
To palate unpleasant—
Though swell on a shelf—
Don't hire a Wilda,
Katrinka, Mathilda,
A Hattie or Hilda
But do it yourself!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

Monuments

MONUMENTS of men who've wrested
Fame and honor from this earth,
And in living manifested
Character and sterling worth,
From their heights in public places
Greet me as I come and go—
Proudly placid marble faces
Gazing on the world below.

Though these marble men inspire me
As I daily pass them by,
And to greater effort fire me,
Oftentimes I wonder why
These renowned emancipators,
Scholars, with great talents blessed,
Statesmen, and legislators
Never had their trousers pressed.

George Peck

On Pelf, or Lucre

WHEN I was young and hearty
And full of sap and glee,
I knew a wise old party
Who used to say to me:

"Ah, set no store by money,
For wealth lasts but a day;
The bees who gather honey
Soon see it reft away;

"And greed and grief besmirch us
When lucre is our goal,
And money cannot purchase
A pure and happy soul.

"Or peace beyond our guessing,
Or love that will not die.
There's many and many a blessing
That money will not buy."

"Money, no doubt, is grimy,"
I answered with a bow
"However, it would buy me
All that I need right now.

"'Twould buy the landlord, maybe,
Peace; and peace for us,
Bellybands for the baby,
And brake bands for the bus.

"You speak well; but the hitch is
: That all I ever knew
Who sneered and jeered at riches
Were millionaires like you!"

His counsels I neglected;
I slaved and strained for pelf
Until I had collected
A million bones myself

I bear to him no ill will,
For I have noticed how
My million dollars still will
Buy what I need right now;

And money brings the right to
Proclaim both near and far
(While someone holds a light to
My fifty-cent cigar):

"Ah, set no store by money ——"

—Morris Bishop

When Men Grow Old

A SCIENTIST recently announced that the time will come when men and women will live to be one thousand years old. When they do the newspapers probably will read something like the following:

George Bugg, age 311, was arrested and taken into juvenile court this morning on a charge of hopping airplanes. His father, Hiram Bugg, age 745, explained that the lad had run away from a birthday party arranged for the latter's father, John Bugg, age 866. The court admonished the child and permitted him to go

The International Child Labor Association is seeking a law whereby industrial concerns will not be permitted to employ boys and girls younger than 500 years on and after the proposed act becomes effective.

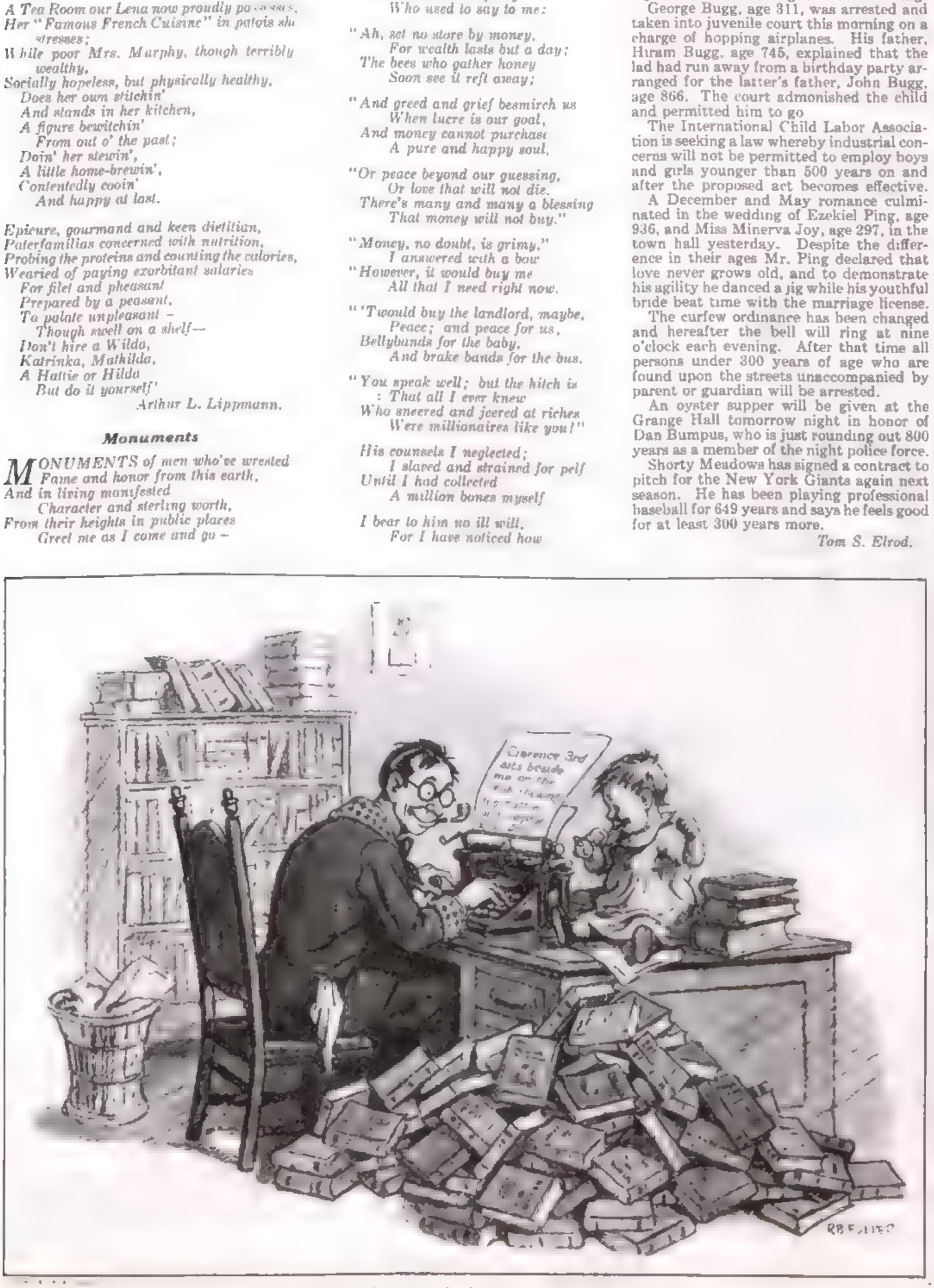
A December and May romance culminated in the wedding of Ezekiel Ping, age 936, and Miss Minerva Joy, age 297, in the town hall yesterday. Despite the difference in their ages Mr. Ping declared that love never grows old, and to demonstrate his agility he danced a jig while his youthful bride beat time with the marriage license.

The curfew ordinance has been changed and hereafter the bell will ring at nine o'clock each evening. After that time all persons under 300 years of age who are found upon the streets unaccompanied by parent or guardian will be arrested.

An oyster supper will be given at the Grange Hall tomorrow night in honor of Dan Bumpus, who is just rounding out 800 years as a member of the night police force.

Shorty Meadows has signed a contract to pitch for the New York Giants again next season. He has been playing professional baseball for 649 years and says he feels good for at least 300 years more.

Tom S. Elrod.



Snapshot of a Newspaper Book Reviewer Reviewing Books

And this is what the plumber found

BUT not any Williams Hinge-Caps—they never get lost. And as Williams gives you the first non-losable shaving cream cap, so too, it offers you helps to easy shaving that users say they don't find in any other shaving cream:

—The lather holds its moisture in so that all of every hair is soaked clear through.

—There's a lubric quality in this lather that keeps the razor from pulling.

—Last, Williams is of decided benefit to the skin.

Shaving soap specialists make Williams; it is a pure, natural-white cream; not a bit of coloring matter in it.

Large tube 35c; *double size* tube 50c, containing twice as much cream.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.

The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd., 361 Peel St., Montreal

Williams
Shaving Cream

AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. For free trial bottle write Dept. 111-C.

Try These Double-Thick Corn Flakes

If you want crisp, delicious corn flakes — corn flakes that stay crisp in cream — ask your grocer for Post Toasties. These are the original *Double-Thick Corn Flakes*, specially seasoned, specially toasted. No others can compare with them for flavor or for crispness. Ask for Post Toasties by name. Demand the genuine. You will know them by the red and , wax-wrapped carton. A generous test package mailed at your request.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Dept. 1129
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

Makers of Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran, Instant Postum and Grape-Nuts

In Canada: Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

SUGGESTION—*Post Toasties and bananas. Enjoy them for breakfast tomorrow.*

Post Toasties
DOUBLE THICK Corn Flakes
stay crisp in cream

© P. C. Co.

THIRTY DAYS AFTER DEATH

Continued from Page 9

In the meantime gentle Mercy had experienced a couple of changes of heart. Daily contact with her cousin, as well as sundry irrefutable reports which she had heard regarding his sharp practices, had caused him to sink appreciably in her estimation. Conversely, her reflections on the Boggs incident and her later observations of the straight-hitting young soldier himself—who, with eyes front, passed her home twice daily in going to and returning from work—tended to cause a decided revision of her first opinion of him. At length it came about that, in the most innocent way imaginable, she chanced now and then to be picking berries beside the road when he passed by; and, still later, that she became terribly frightened by a snake just as he approached. In view of the fact that he was unable to find that snake, possibly the existence of the reptile was a slight illusion on her part. However that may be, the fact remains that the stony silence which he had hitherto maintained was at an end, and that thereafter they spoke when they met, and that the meetings were not too infrequent. And, as all the world knows, when a youth and a maid continue to meet accidentally on purpose—well, eventualities may eventuate.

Of these semiclandestine occurrences Eely remained long ignorant. They came about at some distance from his domicile and usually at times when he was away somewhere. Now that his self-esteem was restored, he was, as of yore, on the watch for opportunities to outsmart folks. Too, it was about this time that he conceived one of the smartest tricks of his career. In planning the consummation of that deal he gave no thought to the movements of his uncomplaining, unpaid little housekeeper.

His scheme had its genesis in the rankling recollection of Abraham Billings' inability to read all the Boggs title deed without his spectacles. Time and again he had wrathfully told himself and told Mercy too—that the old fellow had been just shamming, playing safe; he hadn't used Eely right; he had been on Tobe's side; probably he had given Tobe the wink to grab that paper; and so on. Yet, for all his mouthings, he ultimately became convinced that the failure of the aged eyes to make out all the words had not been feigned. Eely's scrawl was none too easy to read, even with perfect vision. So ——

It was at this point, in his twentieth rehearsal of his wrongs, that the idea took root. It grew apace. In the possibility of its fruition he foresaw not only revenge but the acquisition of a worthwhile trophy. To outsmart Abe—glory! That would be catching a big fish—the biggest in the region. Abe, though as straightforward as Eely was serpentine, bore such a reputation for shrewdness that for many a year none had cared to attempt outguessing him. But now ——

"Jest you wait an' see!" gloated the schemer, speaking very softly, and glancing about to make sure that none heard or saw him. Thereafter he took paper and pencil, and craftily he scrawled and rescrawled a certain sentence, taking great pains with one particular word. When at length the whole suited him, he exchanged the pencil for pen and ink.

Again he practiced that same sentence, conquering an inclination to hesitate at that one word. Finally, chortling in glee, he gathered up all the lettered paper, dropped it into the stove, and burned it to the ultimate ash. Then he went forth to call on Abe.

For the first fifty yards or so he moved with purposeful speed. But then, nearing the little yellow house wherein the childless widower lived alone, he paused, squinting calculatingly at the end of his nose; scratched his head all around; and muttered sagely, "Can't fry no fish till ye ketch 'em. Can't ketch an ol' he one 'thout baitin' him a mite. Take yer time, 'Lias, an' move kind of easy like."

A ponderous nod and a cunning glint of the eye. He resumed his way at a more moderate gait. Arriving, he sat down and talked genially for an hour or more with his prospective victim. Then said he, "Abe, I got to have a little money from somewhere. 'Bout twenty dollars. I could drive down to Paltz an' git it, but that's a long ways. I know ye've allus got some money layin' round, Abe—ye're the richest man into The Traps—an' if ye ain't usin' twenty dollars for about a week, I'll pay ye int'rest onto it. Jest 'bout a week, Abe. What say?"

The old man cleared his throat and fixed him with a frosty eye.

"Hrrrup! I say two-three things 'bout that, Eely. Fust place, this is Sunday, an' business onto Sunday ain't legal. Second place, I wouldn't lend ye two cents, 'less'n ye give me yer note. Third ——"

"Why, o' course I'll give ye a note, Abe! That's business. Gorry mighty, ye didn't think I wanted ye to take my say-so, did ye? Ye're too shrewd for that, I know. I'll make out yer note, sure pop. I guess ye know I'm good for twenty dollars, don't ye?"

"I know ye be—if ye can't squeal outen it some way," was the tart rejoinder. "An' ye'll have to squeal bloody murder to beat a note. If ye don't pay up I'll give it to Jedge Watts, down to Port, an' let him git it outen ye. Ye'll pay then, an' costs, too. Oh, I know ye, Eely, don't make no mistake 'bout that."

"Haw, haw! Right ye are, Abe! I'm a business man, an' so are you. Wal, now, s'posin' I come up tomorrer mornin' an' give ye yer note, can I have the money right off?"

"I guess so. I'll look at the note fust."

With utmost goodfellowship, Eely departed. Down the road he grinned widely and winked at a blackberry bush. At home he scrawled out a note, perused it carefully, folded and pocketed it.

Bright and early Monday he was again at Abe's home.

Spectacles astride his nose, the old man cautiously read the promise to pay; verified date, amount and signature; turned it over to make sure that the other side was blank; then handed it back.

"It's writ in pencil," he objected, "an' I didn't see ye write it. Do it all over ag'in in ink while I watch ye."

Without protest Eely obeyed. After once more perusing the document Abe nodded, laid it in a drawer, and produced twenty dollars. Both counted it.

"Kee-rect. Much 'bliged," acknowledged Eely.

"An' I want it back Monday mornin'," reminded the other.

"'Less'n I die, ye'll have it. If I do die ye can collect from my estate."

"I will," the oldster promised, grimly.

The loaned bills journeyed to Eely's house and remained there a week, unused. On the due date, another twenty dollars went back to the lender.

"Right onto time, Abe, like I promised," proclaimed the borrower. "Twenty dollars, an' three cents int'rest. An' here's a good see-gar besides. An' I'm much 'bliged."

After counting the bills, looking at the pennies and smelling the cigar, the old man nodded. The note was restored to its maker. They sat, smoked and talked. When Eely was gone Abe once more counted the bank notes, then thinly smiled.

"Most men's honest—when they've got to be," he remarked to his tall clock. "Even Eely daan't try to beat his note."

Down the road Eely once more winked at the berry bush.

For the next two weeks he practiced daily at scribbling that one sentence which seemed ever in his mind. Meanwhile he saw Abe at various times, talking of everything except money. Then he reappeared at the yellow house in haste.

"By gorry, Abe, I got to borry some money ag'in," he rattled out. "Hate to do it, too; I'll have to pay ye more int'rest this time. I got to have a hundred dollars right off, for thutty days. I'm swappin' some land down Clove way, an' I got to give the feller a hundred dollars to boot. If I don't put it over quick it's a goner. Le's have a pen, will ye, an' ——"

"Hol' on!" expostulated Abe. "Think I'm a bank? Hundred dollars! Ye're crazy. I ain't got no hundred dollars into this house, now or no other time. Give the feller yer note or sumpthin'."

"Gorry mighty, I can't, Abe; he won't take notes. He's a dago feller an' he wants cash, an' he wants it quick. What'll I do? I—I'll give ye double int'rest, Abe; I got to have that money right now! Twelve per cent, Abe. Thutty days."

"'Tain't legal. An' I ain't got it, I tell ye. I ain't got more'n—wal, 'bout sixty dollars, mebbe. I got more into bank, o' course, but that's a long ways down into the valley."

"Gimme the sixty! Mebbe that'll hold him till I can git the rest. I'll give ye twelve per cent jest the same—fifteen if I got to. Gimme a pen!"

Abe wavered. Eely besought, exhorted, stamped about. At last the oldster gave in.

"I'll lend it to ye jest to git shet o' yer noise!" he rasped. "An' seein' ye're crazy 'nough to pay fifteen per cent, fifteen ye'll pay! 'Twon't hurt ye to git squeezed a mite after all ye've done to other folks. Here's paper an' pen. Now where's my specs got to!"

He searched high and low. The faithful glasses were not to be found. Eely, while ranting about, had abstracted them from the table where they lay, and they now were in his coat pocket.

"Ne' mind yer specs! Ye can see me write without 'em. Watch me make out the note. Gorry, I got to git down there right off or the deal's busted! Now le's see—what's the day! Sixth, ain't it! Now—thutty days ——"

He scratched off the note. Abe, though perturbed by his loss, nevertheless watched keenly, his lips forming words as the pen stuttered over the sheet.

"'Thirty days after date I promise to pay Abraham Billings sixty ——'"

"Hol' on!" he interjected. "Don't ye put down sixty dollars at fifteen per cent interest. Write it 'sixty dollars an' seventy-five cents,' an' no int'rest."

"Any way ye say, Abe. Gorry, I bet that dago'll skunk outen it. I got to hustle. There ye be! All made out an' signed. Where's the money!"

Before replying Abraham conned the paper again, his brow corrugated from the visual strain. Then, nodding dubiously: "Ye write an awful hand, Eely. That 'date' looks more like 'cleaver,' or sumpthin'. Cuss it, what did I do with them specs? But—wal, I'll git yer money."

He did, after extracting bills from three separate hiding places. Eely, wriggling with impatience, almost snatched the greenbacks from the extended hand.

"Much 'bliged!" he chuckled. "I won't forgit this, Abe; an' neither will you! G'-by."

He bolted. The other, struck by something sinister in that parting promise, stared after him in momentary misgiving; then resumed the worried hunt for his glasses. It was not until suppertime that he found them—and then by sitting on them and breaking them to bits. While his back was turned Eely had softly laid them in his regular dining chair, concealed by the dangling red tablecloth.

Since it is no easy matter for an aged hillman to replace broken spectacles, the old man perforce did without them until such time as he should descend into the lowlands. And, having no other impelling reason to make such a trip, he did not go until after the sixty-dollar note came due. Then he went, with fire in his eyes—to see a lawyer. And this was why:

Thirty days after date, Eely failed to appear. He had been vastly good-humored of late—for exactly thirty days, in fact—and much given to snickering over some unspoken thought; but he had evaded all reference to the loan or to the dago deal. Now he made no move whatever to meet his note. Therefore his creditor made a purposeful move to meet the defaulter. With face set in resolute lines he lumbered into Eely's front yard. There he beheld a rare spectacle—the tight-fisted moneymaker playing host.

Half a dozen young louts, and a couple of older ones, were sitting about the porch, smoking Eely's tobacco and sampling Eely's liquid refreshment. They were in somewhat hilarious mood. The host himself was in high spirits.

"Wal, if here ain't Abe!" he gurgled. "Good ol' Abe, the smartest ol' feller into the mount'ins! Takes a putty sharp feller to outsmart Abe, I tell ye! Set down, Abe, ol' hoss, an' take a load offen yer feet."

"I'll take a load offen yer pocket, if ye don't mind," was the sarcastic retort. "Today's the sixth."

"So 'tis, Abe, so 'tis. An' tomorrer'll be the seventh if it don't rain. Haw, haw! An' what of it!"

"What of it!" Abe glowered. The company was not to his liking; the chaffing even less so. "Be ye losin' yer mind or sumpthin'? What 'bout yer note?"

"Note?" Eely scratched his head in exaggerated puzzlement. "Note? Oh, now I rec'lect. Why, now, Abe, ain't ye in a kind of a hurry? That note'll be paid when it's due, o' course. What's yer rush?"

"It's due now! I'm a-waitin'."

"Guess ye'll have to wait awhile longer, Abe." Eely snickered. The others, with empty grins, watched him. "When'd ye think that note was due, Mr. Billin's?"

"'Thutty days after date I promise to pay ——' quoted the lender.

"Whoa! After what? After date? By gorry, now, think o' that! Abe, d'ye s'pose ye made a mistake! Better put on yer specs an' read that note right out loud, kind o' keerful."

"My specs is broke. But I can read ——"

"Ye need specs, Abe, sure. Try mine. Ye suttinly need specs, Abe!"

Eely chortled outright. Abe, with an angry grunt, seized the proffered glasses and flipped open the note. Then his jaw dropped. Staring, he stood like a white-whiskered image, gaze fixed on the deceptive scrawl which the trickster had practiced so assiduously for two weeks.

"Come on, fellers, le's help Abe read that 'ere note!" prompted the writer, grinning triumphantly. And while the old fellow stood frozen, the whole company grouped beside and behind him, avidly scanning the momentous lines. Then the ledges a quarter mile away reverberated with howls of saturnine laughter.

"Thirty days after death [so ran the words] I promise to pay Abraham Billings sixty dollars and seventy-five cents.

ELIAS SKINNER."

When old Abe crumpled up the paper and slowly drew off the Skinner specs he said not a word. No word was needed. The whole trap lay plain before his mind; the unwonted hospitality of Eely, too, was explained. The visitors themselves, hitherto mystified as to the object of their invitation, likewise understood. They were witnesses to the outsmarting of the shrewdest old-timer of the hills, purveyors of a joke which would make the stony Traps rumble with mirth. "Thirty days after death"—haw, haw, haw!

"Guess ye was a leetle hasty-like, wasn't ye, Abe?" twitted Eely. "That note ain't due for a long time yit—I'm li'ble to live a good many years; an' o' course ye don't expect no pay before it comes due. Ye know, Abe, I wouldn't take advantage o' nobody—I'm jest a pore, honest young feller a-tryin' to git along—but business is business, an' a feller's got to be shrewd."

Whap! His own spectacles, thrown with the utmost force of the old man's sinewy right arm, struck and splintered on the smirking tormentor's forehead. His taunting speech died in an alarmed grunt, and he staggered back, mopping blood from half a dozen smarting glass cuts. Abe, face working, turned and stalked out of the yard. And so baleful was his parting glare that not another laugh sounded until he was out of earshot.

So Abraham drove down to Port, where a sympathetic but amused justice of the peace held a straight face, smiled inwardly, and gave the belligerent old fellow scant hope of redress. And meanwhile the story spread rapidly along the winding roads and paths of The Traps, and men laughed loud over the cuteness of Eely's latest stratagem. Even before Abe's return some guffawing youth had dubbed him Ol' Thutty Days. And, though none ever used this nickname in the old man's presence, behind his back people snickered over it for many a day.

The two who found no humor whatever in the incident were Tobe, who wholeheartedly hated the slippery schemer, and Mercy, who was quite fond of the aged victim. Tobe's remarks, on learning of the affair, were heated; and Mercy's reaction to the news was an angry disgust toward her relative and all his ways. With a sharpness unusual in her she told her guardian that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and that she was thankful that her relationship to him was distant. Furthermore, she forthwith baked a delicious berry pie, carried it to Abe, and expressed her candid opinion regarding the matter. Thereafter she formed the habit of making little dainties for the old man—a practice of which Eely pointedly disapproved since he felt himself capable of eating all tidbits prepared in his home, but which he found himself powerless to stop. The girl, he had learned, had a spirit of her own, and he

dared not be too tyrannical, lest he suddenly find himself minus an excellent cook. So, despite opposition, Mercy continued to visit the Billings house. And thus, presently, between the crusty old-timer and the gentle newcomer grew up a sincere affection.

This was one outcome of his smartness which, for a time, took some of the relish from Eely's enjoyment. Another was the natural corollary that Tobe, too, took to visiting old Abraham and boldly seein' the gal home. The discovery of the attachment between his housekeeper and the Boggs brute caused a distinctly sour taste to the Skinner tongue; and, although careful of his speech when in the presence of the hard fisted brute aforesaid, he was not so reticent when Mercy was alone with him. Again, however, he dared not go too far. Then it occurred to him that the regard of both these men for his fair young kinswoman might ultimately redound to his own advantage. Wherefore he tacitly acquiesced in the established order of things—and tried to figure some way to profit from it.

It was not long afterward when, by an unexpected turn of affairs, he suddenly perceived wondrous possibilities.

First, there befell to Abraham Billings an amazing stroke of luck. Into that labyrinth of stark cliffs and tangled forests, little upland lakes and silvery waterfalls, came a party of quiet-spoken men who clambered about the rugged region for a fortnight. They saw all and said extremely little; but that little disclosed that they were projecting the erection of a great summer hotel. Presently, after conferences, they decided to buy. The section they desired was not the string of stony, ugly farmsteads along the creek, which the Trapsmen considered the only places of value, but the wild jumble of cliffs and timber above. And the up-and-down acres which they most desired all were owned by Abe. When the old man sold his wilderness holdings—as, after shrewd dickering, he did—he received a preposterous price. In awed tones his fellow hillmen told one another that the sum involved was more'n twenty thousan' dollars!

It seemed almost incredible. Abe himself maintained a tight mouth—albeit a thinly smiling one—and the scoffers asseverated that it warn't possible. Had anyone told them that Abe's ol' bunch o' rocks would, within a decade, be worth a tenth of a million dollars, he would have been hooted from the hills. Yet that was exactly what was to come about.

Meanwhile Eely, endeavoring with nagging pertinacity to sell these crazy capitalists his farm holdings, made not a nickel. His arguments earned him, first, cold glances and curt replies; last, an enforced exit closely resembling what city men call the bum's rush, coupled with an ominous order not to return. Since the rusher was a large, rude attendant wearing heavy boots, the rushee heeded his words. At a safe distance he expressed his feelings by shaking one fat fist at the burly bodyguard. That coarse person replied by placing a thumb against his nose. These amenities concluded Mr. Skinner's contact with the party of lunatics.

He had hardly reached home, however, before his brain was busy with other ways and means. There was Abe—good old Abe—fine old feller—with a good twenty thousand. And he'd had quite a jag of money in the bank before that deal. And he still had a tidy little farm besides. He was gitting pretty old. He had no heirs, except some distant relations who never came to see him. And he liked Mercy awful well. Old men had married young gals before now, and then died and left them mighty well off. And then—Eely wouldn't mind marrying a handsome young widder with a lot of money! But stul, Mercy was a funny gal, with funny notions, and kind of set into her ways; probably she wouldn't have sense enough to marry for money, and would git mad if coaxed to do so. And that Tobe Boggs hanging around—drat him! No, Mercy couldn't be depended on.

But there was more than one way to skin a cat. Let's see, now.

He wrestled with the problem most of the night. The next day he arose with a determined set to his mouth. He was going to gamble! It was risky—he might lose. But a feller had to take chances sometimes. And the odds were big. Sixty and three-fourths dollars against more than twenty thousand.

His first play, however, was a queer one for a gambler. At the breakfast table he displayed a sober thoughtfulness decidedly at variance from his usual greedy preoccupation; paused at times to stare at nothing; and—by a heroic effort—succeeded in leaving half his meal uneaten. Having thus riveted Mercy's wondering attention, he walked about, head bent; halted at length beside the little stand where lay her Bible; opened the book, and read silently. Finally he straightened up and spoke like a man actuated by high resolve.

"Mercy, I wisht ye'd do a good deed. Take some money to ol' Abe an' tell him I'm sorry."

"Wha-what? Be ye sick?" marveled the girl.

"Sick into my mind, gal. I had an awful dream las' night. 'Twas 'bout ol' Abe, an'—an' I want to make up for that joke I played onto him. 'Twarn't nothin' but a joke—I allus meant to pay him up—but I let it go too fur. I want ye to take his money to him right now. I dasn't go myself—he wouldn't give me no chance to explain—ye know how he is, awful set into his ways. But he'll listen to you. An' I'll feel better into my mind when I'm square with him. Ye know, he's pretty ol', an' he might die any time—livin' alone like he does."

"That's so," assented the girl. "He'd ought to have somebody to kind o' look out for him. I'll go, right now."

And, with the sixty dollars and interest in hand, she went, looking back at her cousin with a new respect.

Eely promptly ate his fill, patted his paunch and chuckled.

When he spied her returning he became absorbed in the Bible—though not too much so to ask quickly, as she entered, "How is he? An' what's he say?"

"Why, he's feelin' fine, thank goodness. An' he says miracles are happenin' fast lately, but he's thankful for all the Lord sends, an'—an' he'd jest as soon take what the devil owes him too. That's jest what he said. What was it that ye drempt 'bout him, 'Lias?"

"Oh, 'twas awful, gal! He was sick—a-dyin'—a-wallerin' round onto his floor, tryin' to git help, an' nobody nigh him. An' I couldn't git to him, some way. An' somethin' kep' a-tellin' me he'd had a stroke 'cause I done him outen sixty dollars, an' —— Oh, nev' mind! I feel a lot better now. Same time, he hadn't ought to live alone so, at his age. Ye never know what might happen."

Mercy nodded, with a look of concern. But she said only, "I'm awful glad ye've seen the light an' done right, an' I hope ye'll keep on so."

"I'm aimin' to!" was his fervent declaration. The sly grin which slid across his face as he turned away, however, did not bear testimony to his conversion.

Having thus paved the way for renewal of friendly relations, he lost no more time than seemed necessary in playing the next cards. With becoming humility and every evidence of contrition, he visited the old man and confessed shame for his joke. Abraham, though a bit short at first, could well afford to be magnanimous, and outwardly, at least, accepted the apology at its face value. Naturally enough, the penitent then proceeded to narrate his imaginary dream, dwelling on the horror of the lonely old man's helplessness in his hour of need. The stout-hearted veteran snorted; yet, realizing the possibility of this vision becoming stark truth, grew somewhat thoughtful.

"'Tain't right, Abe, ol' friend, for ye to be alone at your time o' life," earnestly declared Eely. "Them relations o' yourn, now—I know they never done nothin' for ye, but —— Hadn't ye oughter have 'em come an' ——"

He paused. Abe reacted as he had hoped.

"Hrrrup! Them? Huh! I wouldn't have 'em into my house! Wuthless, shif'less, no-'count, backbitin' younkers, 'thout no respec' for their elders." He waved his pipe in a gesture of utter contempt.

"Wal, o' course, mebbe that's right," conceded Eely, with secret delight. "I dunno 'em, myself, but if they'd a-been any good they'd of looked ye up 'fore now. Ye're wise not to have seen folks round ye. Wal, now, I wisht ye lived nearer to us, so's we could look out for ye better." Catching a suspicious glint in the gray eyes he adroitly added, "Me an' Mercy, we been right worried 'bout ye, many's the time. Mercy she thinks awful well o' ye, Abe, an' an' wal ——"

He left the rest unsaid, noting the softening of the seamy visage at sound of the girl's name. There was a silence.

"Awful nice gal," mused Abraham, after a time. "Wisht I had a darter like her. But"—dryly—"seein' I ain't, or no other relation wuth havin', I guess I'll jest have to go 'long like I be."

"Uh-huh." Eely soberly nodded. Then, as if struck by a sudden new thought: "By mighty! Why, say, Abe, why don't ye come an' live 'long of us? We'd be awful glad to have ye. Honest! Mercy'd be tickled to death, an' so'd I. We've got room 'nough. By gorry, Abe, that'd be fine! I I couldn't let Mercy come up here an' keep house for ye—I'm her guardeen, an' I need her; an'—folks 'd talk 'bout her, too; ye know how folks be. But I'd be awful proud to have ye come an' ——"

"An' leave ye all my money when I die," caustically interrupted the other.

Eely arose, red-faced, as if insulted. Actually he was angered by the swift plumbing of his motive. His assumption of injured pride, however, was excellent.

"I guess I better go 'long," he rumbled. "I didn't mean nothin' like that. But ye're like all the rest of 'em—give a dawg a bad name an' hang him! I was tryin' to do right by ye, but —— G'-by!"

He clumped out, fuming. Abe watched him out of sight down the road, then frowned meditatively at the wall. At length, casting a bleak look around his cheerless quarters, he refilled his pipe and went outside, to sit and ruminate under a whispering maple.

Eely did not again broach the subject directly. But he played his trump card in the gracious person of Mercy; played it without her realization that she was being used in a game. To her, instead of to the hard-bitten old fellow, he talked of how nice an' comf'table it would be to bring Abe into the Skinner household. Carefully he refrained from sounding any mercenary note. So the girl, eager to believe in the honesty of her relative's change of heart and genuinely concerned for the aged hillman's welfare, talked in turn to Abe. And to her he listened without sneers, for her sincerity was indubitable. However, he still clung obdurately to the shelter of his own home.

Some malicious spirit, perhaps, was in league with the plotter. At any rate, something—a slight attack of vertigo or an absent-minded misstep—tripped Abraham Billings one day on his attic stairs and hurled him crashing to the bottom. For a considerable time he lay unconscious. There he was found by Mercy, who had come up the hill with a freshly fried batch of doughnuts.

He recovered his senses to find his head in her arms and his brow wet with her tears. And, although he had been lucky enough to escape without broken bones—albeit badly contused and severely shocked—he yielded then and there to her pleadings. Bandaged, hobbling with a cane, he went down the road to the house of Skinner. And, save for occasional walks or rides, in the house of Skinner he stayed until his death.

He stayed, however, not as an adopted member of the household, but as a boarder. On this point he was adamant. He would pay a regular weekly sum for board and room, and he would take a receipt for each payment; or he would not stay at all. In this arrangement Eely—though somewhat dismayed, since it forestalled any outrageous claims against the Billings estate—had to concur. He could not even spy out the hiding place of those receipts. They disappeared somewhere, and he harbored an uneasy feeling that they were tied where he could never destroy them. Wherefore his only hope for the future was to inveigle his guest into making the requisite last will and testament.

This was a matter which demanded extreme delicacy of treatment. He tried, though, trust Eely for that. At first he let drop artless suggestions. When these proved fruitless he became somewhat more bald about it—but never too direct; for at a certain point there would come into the aged eyes a cold glimmer which warned him to desist. His teeth were not so securely fixed in his big fish as he had anticipated, and too sharp a bite might cause it to shake him off and dart away. Hence he assiduously practiced a pose of benevolent affection. Secretly he swore at the balky old fool.

So the waning summer cooled into fall, and fall chilled into winter, and still Eely wriggled in uneasy currents of thought. Meanwhile Abe led a life of tranquil content. Eating thrice daily of Mercy's tasty cooking, enjoying to the full her restful companionship, sleeping soundly by night in the best bed she could prepare for him, smoking and meditating and strolling abroad when in the mood—this was far better than baching it in his rough-and-ready quarters up the road. And, whatever he might have thought of his host's object in lookin' out for him, he could harbor no cynicism toward the housekeeper. Her kindly care was of that unobtrusive sort which neither expects nor desires recompense.

Quite as a matter of course she mended and patched his clothing, darned his old socks, knitted new ones, and said nothing at all about it. Nor did he give the slightest sign that he was even aware of her work. Observing that he was in the habit of sitting at night in stocking feet, she knitted him a pair of gray wool slippers, soling them with two layers of soft leather; then, without a word, left them under his bed. These proved mightily comfortable to the worn old feet, and thenceforth he wore them whenever he slipped off his stiff brogans; but when he vouchsafed a pleased "Thank ye, gal," she replied merely, "Oh, I didn't have nothin' else to do."

Such was Mercy's way of comforting the adopted member of the family. She cheered him, too, with many a bit of banter which cracked his somewhat dour visage into wide grins. Eely, also, tickled his risibilities many a time—sometimes purposely, but more often unconsciously. And Tobe, who now came regularly to visit Mercy at her own home, delighted the soul of the ancient; he looked so sheepish when Abe twitted him about the girl, and bristled so quickly if Eely so much as emitted a sour grunt. All in all, the old fellow found life quite tolerable these days.

He was present when Tobe strode in, one mild evening, and tossed at Eely a tight roll of bills; and then, with a curt nod, turned his back and stalked out. Mercy, unasked, threw a wrap around her shoulders and went after him. The old man's eyes followed the pair along the moonlit road, then dwelt on his sleek host, whose expression was a queer complex of surprise, pleased avarice and disgruntlement over the youth's contemptuous manner. All knew, without words, that Tobe had squared his mother's debt.

Abraham nodded approvingly. His gaze at Eely, on the other hand, held something that made that honorable gentleman squirm. That was one of the evenings when Mr. Skinner made no veiled or seminude references to wills.

It was midwinter before Eely came out flat-footed—or as nearly so as he dared. Once a month, regularly, the old man hitched up his horse—also a boarder at a stated rate—and drove down into the valley. Despite all overtures at companionship, he went always alone. On his return from one of these pilgrimages he dropped a bank book. Eely picked it up. By the time he handed it back he knew the amount of Abraham Billings' balance in bank; twenty-four thousand odd. His head swam for an instant. Gosh, what a jag o' money! At the thought that all of it might yet go to despised and almost unknown relatives he broke into a cold sweat.

"Abe!" he blurted. "D'ye intend to let them shif'less relations o' yourn git all yer money? If ye don't, by gorry, man, ye'd oughter make a will an' leave it to—uh ——"

"To who?" rasped Abe.

"Uh—to them ye want to have it, o' course. Them that's been good to ye an'—uh—wal, make sure that folks don't git it that ye don't want to have it!"

Abe stood still, a queer twinkle far back in his eyes. Then, in an odd tone: "Mebbe ye're right, Eely. I'll see 'bout it."

On his next return from the valley he volunteered, "Made my will, Eely. Writ it myself, jest the way I want it. I've took care of everybody that ought to be."

"Wal, that's fine, Abe, fine! I'm awful glad. Now things'll be jest the way ye want 'em. Took care o' yer good friends, o' course. How'd ye make it read?"

The questioner strove—vainly—to keep his tone disinterested. Abe smiled a wee, frosty smile.

"Made it read jest like I wanted it, I tell ye. Jedge Watts has got it, so it's all safe."

"Uh—I see. Wal—did ye leave somethin' to—Mercy, now, mebbe?"

(Continued on Page 46

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(Continued from Page 44)

"Yas. Wipe off yer face, Eely; ye're sweatin' a reg'lar drizzle. I put you into it, too."

"Did ye!" The tone was a veritable explosion of relief. "I'm awful obliged—ye needn't of done that. But o' course I'm yer best friend, ye might say, an'—wal, I'm glad ye've got things fixed!"

Eely mopped his brow. His eyes were avid for full and explicit details, but, somehow, he shrank from asking. The habit of handling his boarder gingerly had become strongly ingrained.

"I've got 'em fixed," nodded the oldster. "I left a mite to them relations o' mine, jes' so's they couldn't say they was cut off 'thout nothin', an' bust the will. Everything else goes to them that deserves it. An' now I don't want to hear no more 'bout wills—now or never."

Nor did he, except from Mercy. As he sat down and incased his feet in those soft slippers which she had made for him, she drifted over and gave him a hug.

"Thank ye," she said simply. "But I want ye to live so long there won't be nothin' left!"

Eely scowled. Fool gal! Wishin' bad luck onto herself and him, too! Let the old numskull die as quick as he could! He swiftly erased his frown, however, and murmured a throaty assent to her wish. He still had to be careful. Wills could be changed.

The will, however, was not changed. Pneumonia killed Abe before the snow was gone. He died with Mercy weeping over him; Tobe standing solemn-faced beside him; and Eely fidgeting at the door, squeezing out a crocodile tear or two while his heart pounded with exultation. The sixty-dollar bet had won! Ah, but he was the shrewd fellow, was Eely!

Hardly had the breath of life left the ancient body before he was importantly informing all comers that he and Mercy were the heirs to virtually all the estate. Hardly were the simple funeral services ended when he was unmercifully lashing the dead man's horse at top speed toward town and Judge Watts. The Billings bank book was nowhere to be found; perhaps Watts had it in his safe; at any rate it was his duty to produce the will and see to its execution. Despite the raw cold of the air the expectant legatee oozed perspiration as he clambered out and clattered upstairs to the judge's office. There he demanded an instant accounting.

He did not get it. The grizzled justice, taciturn and phlegmatic, listened deliberately, and as deliberately answered.

"You ain't the only heir, Skinner. You go home an' notify everybody interested to come to your house—le's see—Friday afternoon. I'll drive up an' read the will then. There's three grandnephews that git a little slice, but they live down-state, so they won't be here to the readin'; I'll tend to them through the proper channels. Everybody else lives in The Traps. Friday afternoon at three o'clock, Skinner. Good day."

To expostulation and argument he turned a deaf ear. Chagrined, Eely departed. Yet, as he went he visioned the gathering at his home, with himself as the center of importance—richest man into The Traps, now, by mighty! That would be doing it in style—everybody there envying him—Judge Watts reading solemnly. Yes, he'd have everyone there!

He did. Friday afternoon the house was jammed. People stood outside at open doors and windows. In the main room, where a cheery fire repelled the outer chill, the portly justice affixed his spectacles, cleared his throat and proceeded to read. His sonorous tones reached every straining ear.

"The last will an' testament of Abraham Billin's, wrote by his own hand, an' duly witnessed in my presence," he announced. "Disposin' of all his property, real an' personal, to the followin' legatees: James, Henry an' Thomas Hawes—his only livin' relations—an' Tobias Boggs, Mercy Davis an' Elias Skinner."

Three pairs of eyes widened in astonishment—Tobe's, Mercy's and Eely's. Tobe was remembered in the will! But the justice was speaking.

"Leavin' out the preamble about the sound mind an' so on, it reads as follows:

"'To my grandnephews, James an' Henry an' Thomas Hawes, who never done a thing for me, I give an' bequeath all money standin' to my account into the bank, to be divided equal amongst them.

"'To Tobias Boggs ——'"

"What!" squalled Eely, bouncing up. "All his money to them Haweses? Them? Why, the ol' varmint ——"

"Hush up!" snapped the justice. "I might's well tell ye now, all the money in that bank is jest three dollars. Makin' one dollar apiece for James an' Hen——"

"Three dollars! Twenty-four thousand! I see the book one day."

"Mebbe ye did, Skinner. But he drawed out all but three dollars. He left the book with me. Here it is."

Eely, with eyes bulging, snatched the little buff book, stared, gulped, and sat down. It was true. The Hawes brothers would receive but a dollar each. Watts resumed reading.

"'To Tobias Boggs, a straight an' square feller that will work the place right, I give an' bequeath my house an' land an' everything into it an' onto it, exceptin' as provided hereinafter. Providin' also that him an' Mercy Davis git married, if not already married before my death. If so be that for any reason they don't want to git married, then my place shall be theirs joint an' equal, share an' share alike.

"'To Mercy Davis I give an' bequeath an old'man's blessin' an' the pair of slippers she knit for me. They are kind of wore out, but I hope she will mend 'em up an' keep 'em always by her for remembrance.'"

The reader paused. The listeners, mentally calculating, murmured and looked at Eely.

Eely himself grinned malevolently at his cousin—cut off with a worn pair of slippers! Now must come the big bequest; and, all others having been eliminated, it must come to him.

"'To Elias Skinner ——'"

The justice paused once more, a cryptic smile twitching the corners of his mouth. Eely, exuding at every pore, leaned far forward. The whole audience tensely awaited the final words.

"'To Elias Skinner, who skun me once an' has been tryin' awful hard to do it again, I give an' bequeath the followin':

"'Thirty days after death, my best bucksaw an' sawhorse. Hopin' he will use 'em to do some honest work for once, so to work off his pussy belly an' sweat out his fool idee that he can outsmart everybody.'"

At the last words Judge Watts chuckled. Then he stopped reading and began folding up the remarkable document. For a long minute stunned silence reigned.

Somebody snickered. The sound rippled along doors and windows, grew into a bubble of chuckles, geysered into stentorian guffaws. Men pounded one another on the shoulders; women leaned together and laughed until they cried; children squealed and pointed at the pasty-faced, flabby Eely, who seemed to have shrunken within his clothes.

"But whar's the money?" bawled a stalwart hillman. "Who gits the twenty thousand?"

"I dunno," disclaimed Judge Watts. "There ain't no more to the will. Abe drawed that money, an' what he done with it he never told me."

"Ye lie!" hoarsely accused Eely, heaving himself to his feet. "Ye got that money yerself! He give it to ye to keep safe—an' ye kep' it! I'll have the law ——"

"Stop!" thundered the justice. "One more word an' I'll put ye under arrest for criminal libel! Law, hey? I'll give ye law!"

His defamer choked, pawed the air, and quailed.

"I—I didn't mean jest that. I ——"

"No, I guess not!" growled Watts. "'Say nothin' an' saw wood' had better be your motto, Skinner!"

Another ripple of mirth, rising to a tidal wave.

"Saw wood, Eely!" howled someone. "Git yer sawhoss an' sweat out yer idees! Thutty days after death, hey? Haw, haw, haw!"

Eely was engulfed. He lost all control. He screeched. He raved. He threw his arms about as if to shove from him the merciless cordon of convulsed faces. He turned purple. The more he mouthed and squirmed, the more they bellowed and hugged themselves.

All at once he staggered, clutched at his throat, toppled headlong; twitched a few times, and was still.

The ridicule stopped short. Judge Watts knelt and made a swift examination. Rising, he spoke soberly.

"Folks, he's got a stroke. He's gone."

"Dead?" gasped a voice.

"Dead!"

Thirty days after the death of Elias Skinner, on a witchingly soft afternoon of early spring, a youth and a maid sat very close together under old Abe's favorite maple.

The girl absently held a pair of worn knit slippers, in the toes of which were a thimble and a spool of stout thread.

"Wal, we've waited thutty days," reminded Tobe. "That's long 'nough to show all the respect that's necessary to the dead. Tomorrer we're a-goin' down an' git married."

"What makes ye think so?" Mercy saucily tilted her head.

"'Cause I jest can't wait no longer. That's why."

"Oh. Wal, I s'pose mebbe we might as well git it over with." Her tone was resigned, but her dancing eyes provoked him into a hug that left her gasping. With mock severity she added, "Don't muss me no more, ye big lummox! I've got some mendin' to do."

With a deep happy laugh he subsided. His gaze rested on the slippers.

"Poor ol' Abe!" he murmured. "I bet he got lots o' comfort out o' them things. Kep' 'em by him all the time, didn't he?"

"M-m. An' I'm goin' to keep 'em. Why, that's funny! What makes 'em so lumpy, like?" She pinched one soft leather sole, then the other. "Feels like he'd padded 'em with somethin'. Yes, sir, here's where he cut a long slit inside an' sewed it up again."

Tobe started.

"By gorry! He told ye into his will to mend 'em up. Le's see 'em!"

A keen knife blade slit both soles. A silence. Then a girl's sobbing cry: "Oh the dear—ol'—man!"

The padding was formed of oblong sheets of paper. On one, written in the crabbed hand of Abraham Billings, was his simple benediction:

"To a Good Girl."

All the others were bank notes of large denomination. They totaled twenty-four thousand dollars.

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—the gift thousands of thoughtful men will give this Christmas. Handsome. Practical. Everlasting.

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—the super-quality Electric Iron in an All-Steel, Fireproof Case

Never before was so much usefulness and convenience packed into a Christmas present!

NOW, for the first time, men, you can appropriately give "her" an electric iron for Christmas. For here is an *ironing idea* absolutely different from any other.

Something she has always needed, always *wanted*. More than "just an electric iron." An *ironing set!* All her ironing things—iron, cord and stand—in one complete, compact kit. Everything always together—not scattered around. All protected—kept permanently bright and clean, like new, in *an indestructible all-steel container!*

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Without the case, the Sunbeam price is $7.50. And it's *worth it.* In the all-steel, fireproof case, $8.50. Step in at your nearest dealer's. See it. Buy it—*the complete outfit.* You've never invested eight-fifty to better advantage.

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Don't wait, men. Do your Christmas shopping now. Get it off your mind. If you don't find the Sunbeam Set at your nearest dealer's, don't accept an ordinary iron. Write us and we'll see you are supplied, all charges prepaid. Print your own name and address on this coupon and mail.

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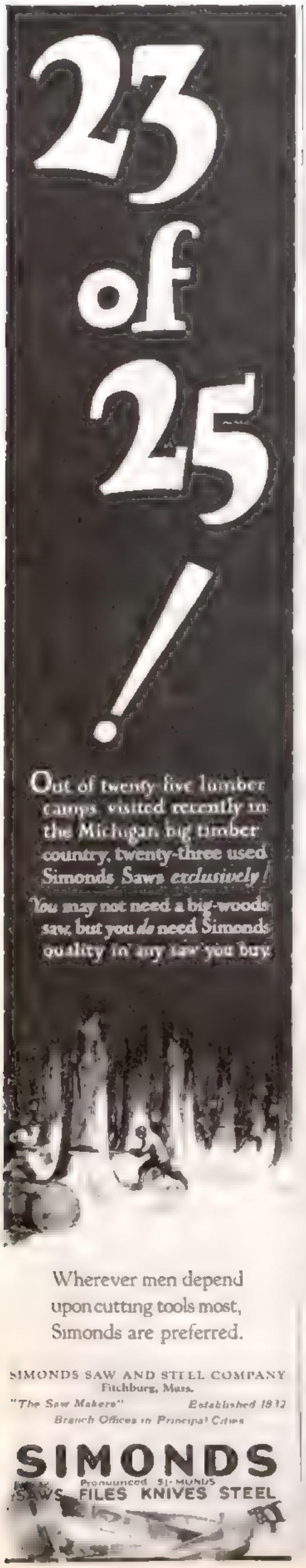
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STILL FACE

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"'Tain't credible—no, ma'am. But if 'twas what's to be done?"

"The fust thing's to watch this boy day and night till he kin watch himself. . . . I'd give somethin' to know what he's found out."

Keats chose that moment to move for the first time since he had been laid on the bed. He stirred, moaned and muttered. Two words became recognizable.

"Carlo Fillippi," he said.

"What's that?" grandma asked.

"Some foreign-soundin' name."

Again Keats muttered

"Carlo Fillippi," he said, and moved his head as though in pain. "Carlo Fillippi Carl Phillips."

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed grandma. "Hear to that!"

"Don't make sense," said the doctor.

"If you wasn't so dumb, Tom, you'd see it makes a lot of sense. It's like I said This boy's diskivered a foreigner by name Carlo Fillippi is one and the same as Carl Phillips. And how he's done it beats me. Now what d'ye think?"

"Huh!" grunted the doctor.

Presently the wound was stitched and bandaged, and such measures taken as were best calculated to abate the concussion.

"Concussion," said the doctor, "makes your brain look like a black eye. Give it time. Can't tell anything for maybe two-three days."

"He's a good boy," said grandma. "Kind of dumb and funny in his ways. We got to save him, Tom"

"Talkin' won't do it. I'll stay for a while. You go look after Faith. Seemed like she needed it."

Grandma went to Faith's door and entered without rapping. Faith lay with face sunk in the softness of her pillows, quiet now, but trembling, shaken.

"What ails ye?" grandma asked abruptly.

"He mustn't die! You mustn't let him die!"

"Don't calc'late to Set up and tell me how it happened."

"They—roiled a big stone down upon him"

"They—who?"

"Three men."

"See 'em?"

"Yes; but—I don't know who they were. Why would anybody hurt him? Oh, grandma, don't let him die!"

"Huh!" It was grandma's turn to grunt now. "So that's the kind of blackbird we got cooked in the pie!"

"What did you say?"

"I said I hope folks didn't know the facts. Did this here Maxwell man gabble about it?"

"I don't know."

"Mebby he's downstairs. I'll go down and see about it."

Maxwell was downstairs, waiting, as was his duty as Faith's escort, for news of her. Grandma approached her point at once.

"Have you talked about this here?"

"No," he said.

"Tell anybody how it happened?"

"Not even the farmer who brought him in. Just said there had been an accident."

"Well," said grandma, "keep right on sayin' that, and then don't know nothin' else if questioned. Curiosity killed a cat, but satisfyin' it got many a man awful sick"

She paused. "The' hain't nothin' you can do," she said. "Faith's in a state, and the doctor's with him."

"Then I'll be going along. I'm in quite a state myself"

"That," said grandma, "'s a fust-class idea. G'-by."

XVIII

ON THE following day Faith received two callers. The first came in the morning, taking her by surprise as she sat on the porch looking moodily down the stretches of the valley. He came softly, appearing as though by magic, and stood at her side before she was aware of his presence.

"Good morning, Miss Newton," he said.

"Mr. Jones! You startled me! I didn't see you coming."

"Your thoughts," he said, "were upon their travels. . . . I have called to inquire of the young man who was injured yesterday I trust his condition is not serious."

"He is unconscious still. The doctor cannot tell."

"Ah—a fall, was it?"

"It was murder," said Faith. "I saw it. They rolled down a stone upon him."

"Murder! You astonish me. And you saw it?"

"Through binoculars. I saw three men ——"

"And recognized them?"

"No."

He scrutinized her a moment with those black, wonderfully bright, fascinating eyes as if to determine if this were truth or a prearranged answer. It was no difficult matter to assure himself that she spoke the thing that was.

"It has frightened you," he said. "You have not reached a state where such events may be witnessed without emotion."

"I never shall."

"You shall touch a state far beyond the mere negation of emotion," he said. "It is written. You may progress even higher than I myself have progressed. That I cannot see. . . . Miss Newton, there resides in you a force and an intelligence which, truly directed in the beginning, will lead you where few have walked."

"How do you know?" she asked.

Still Face shook his head.

"That I may not say."

"Why should I want to walk where few have walked?"

"Because," he said, "the happiness of the soul is the chief objective of mankind. It is to achieve happiness that we are put on earth. Unhappiness, discontent, pain, suffering—these are what you would call sin. Pleasure, enjoyment, happiness—these are virtue."

"That would mean," she said, "that anything which is pleasure is right."

"It is."

"And anything which is pain is wicked."

"It is."

"I can't follow you. Either I don't understand you—or you are wicked."

"So it must seem to you. That is because your eyes are closed. But your own philosopher, Herbert Spencer, propounded something very like what I have said."

She lifted her shoulders.

"That doesn't make it so. Here in New England we have been taught that self-indulgence is a sin. We cannot be made to think differently"

"You," he said, "are capable of seeing the truth."

"Where does this lead?" she asked.

"First it will lead to that lower happiness which you crave. It will lead to change; to the happening of events that will stir you; to strange sights; to novel experiences. That is the beginning. It will lead through the next step, which is the thing you call love, with all its experiences and joys. That is necessary preparation. That is the real beginning."

"And then?"

"Then you will climb the heights to such pleasures as you do not dream of—pleasures of the mind and of the soul beside which all others are pallid and without substance."

"How shall I reach these things?"

"I," he said, "am to be permitted to show the way."

"I do not understand," she said, but wondered if she did understand.

She was apprehensive, but fascinated. Did this exotic, beautiful man mean that he was to teach her love? This was flattering. Had she been able to excite admiration and affection in his strange heart? The thought was accompanied by a thrill. She turned away her head and gazed again down the valley, asking herself if Still Face were approaching a declaration; if it could be a fact that she was to be asked to be his wife. The thought repelled her, yet attracted her. It was one from which she could not draw away.

Again she regarded him, drank in the pure, serene beauty of his face. It was potent to excite the imagination, to draw to him women beside whose experience she was as yet unborn. Not only the wonder of his face gripped her imaginings, but its immobility, the abnormality of its quiet No emotion rippled over it; anger, grief, joy cast no reflection there. She had never seen him smile. Was this because his features could not change, or was it because his soul had reached an eminence so overtopping the world that emotions had, for him, ceased to exist?

His eyes were calling to hers and she could not withhold her look from them.

"I am quite sure you do understand," he said quietly.

"No," she denied vehemently.

"You understand, but you will not admit. Very well, there is time. I am patient, but in the end you will understand and you will come to me. You can no more hold yourself from me than the water of that brook can hold itself from the valley. And then you shall live."

Her eyes widened.

"You frighten me," she said, the words drawn from her

"What is there to fear?"

"I do not know, but I am afraid."

"It will pass," he said simply. "Now, signorina, I leave you to your reflections. May they be pleasant. But remember, as I have proved to you, I can read the past, so the event will prove the future clear to my eyes. I can see you beside me in Luxor, in forbidden Lhasa, among the mysteries of Benares. I see the marks of our feet, side by side, wandering through the beauties and the secrets of the earth. I trust the young man recovers speedily."

With that he left her, having created his effect; left her to sit with frightened, fascinated eyes, groping—terrified yet flattered; apprehensive of an occult future, yet uplifted on strange wings. She did not see him go, did not follow him with her eyes.

He turned to the left, away from the village, and circled through the woods to Stony Hill Road, down which he sauntered. Halfway to his own house he paused for a sound that warned his ears. He stood very quiet, listening to a curious purring, murmuring, cooing gibberish that seemed to come from the field beyond the wild hedge of sumac and witch hopple. As Faith had done days before, he stealthily forced his way through the growth until the old sugar house was exposed to him; and there, lying upon his back, he saw the black man who was his servant, rolling and grinning in the puerile glee of a savage, while, just out of reach of his sable hand, frolicked the fattest and softest of kittens. Still Face watched, silent as the rock by which he stood. He saw his man fondle the little creature, hold it to his face, emitting cries of love; saw the responsive affection of the kitten and how the pair seemed able to communicate with each other in some tongue common to both. For five minutes Still Face watched; then, silently, he withdrew and walked with expressionless face to his own door, which he entered.

Faith's second visitor came in mid-afternoon in the person of Orson Maxwell. Him, also, she received on the porch; not willingly, for she feared he would bring up again the subject of yesterday, and it was one she was not ready to discuss. She was able to inform him that Keats Dodd seemed to be improving in his condition, that he had been conscious, but hovered between awareness of the world and a state bordering upon sleep.

"The doctor," she said, "is encouraged."

"Fine! If he comes through it will be a narrow squeak. Suppose that rock had struck squarely!"

She shuddered.

"It didn't."

Neither of them spoke for a space, then Maxwell broke the silence.

"The thing came at the wrong time yesterday," he said. "It interrupted a rather important conversation."

"Let it continue to be interrupted."

"No; I'm becoming an ardent suitor, Faith. I—really you are the most adequate girl I have ever known. That's what I want"

She laughed in spite of herself.

"Why not hire an efficiency expert?" she asked. "Then you'd avoid the responsibilities of a wife."

"I want a wife. I want her beautiful, like you, and sufficient. I'm lonely, if that is of possible interest, and I want a woman in my home, and children. You may not have noticed it, but I love kids. No, an efficiency expert won't do, Faith." He hesitated a bit awkwardly, which was strange in so egotistic a person as he seemed to be. "The truth of the matter, which I realized yesterday as I was plunging down that infernal rock face after you—wondering what second I'd break my neck—is that I've fallen in love with you. Actually! Hit me all in a chunk, as you might say. I didn't get a wink last night. Never expected such

(Continued on Page 50)

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(Continued from Page 48)

a thing to happen to me. Thought it was all rubbish, but it's not. People do fall in love with one another, and when they do, practical considerations hide under the stairs. Sounds funny to hear me talk like this after yesterday. But today, what I want is you, Faith. I want you because you're you, and no use keeping up any other pretense. I want you to love me."

For the second time that day she regarded a man fearfully. Her alarm now was more concrete, more comprehensible, more capable of being put into words, than her feeling of the morning in the presence of Still Face. Suddenly she had been snatched to a spot from which she could see marriage as it was. No longer could she hide her head in the sand and argue to herself that it was nothing but a convenient arrangement in which a woman assumed certain social and household duties in return for the money her husband could give her. He had spoken of children. They had not entered her calculations. Now he spoke of love. . . . Even she, headstrong, reckless though she was, could understand something of the horror of being married to a man who loved her when she had not even liking to give in return; or the additional unbearable dreadfulness of being married to such a man when she loved another. In that moment she realized that some commodities bring a price too high to be considered in any economy; that there might be agonies so great that nothing could balance them upon the scales of life.

Nevertheless, she gave no final answer. She was holding him in reserve, as it were; keeping him in case she wanted him. This thought which had come to her was so new that it might be upsetting her by its very newness, and mature reflection might convince her it was nothing but the natural reluctance of a girl to enter into the unknown.

"You've put matters on a basis that requires a fresh start," she said.

"I don't understand."

"Yesterday we spoke of nothing but expediency. You assumed that I was willing to marry for money. I assumed you were willing to marry to have what you call an adequate wife. Now you've dragged in love. It changes things."

"I don't see it. Would you not rather marry a man who loves you than one who is indifferent to you?"

"I think," she said, "in marriage, as we have discussed it, I could do with a maximum of indifference."

"Then your answer?"

"Is nothing at all," she said. "I don't know."

"It isn't no?"

"And it isn't yes."

"I suppose I must be satisfied with that."

"I don't see how you can do anything else. I'll take your proposition—with this new development—under consideration. Yours of even date received and contents noted," she said flippantly to conceal the turmoil of her own emotions.

"At any rate," he said, "you'll keep on playing around with me. I want to see you, Faith, and be with you." He laughed ruefully. "Didn't think I'd ever get myself in such a mess, but there you are."

"If you'll stay off the subject," she said.

"I'll try. . . . May I come tomorrow—for a drive?"

"In the afternoon," she said, feeling, somehow, that the situation had improved—that instead of occupying a position where she did not dominate Maxwell more than he dominated her, she had been given powers to dictate.

"At two," he said. "Good-by, Faith; and"—his round face was earnest, serious, drawn with emotion—"think about me."

"I shall try," she said, "not to. Good-by."

These had been three days of earthquake for her. Three men had indicated their desire for her; two men had declared their love for her—and she had witnessed a tragedy, seen human creatures try to deprive of life another human creature. It is no wonder that she was tired, that her eyes were not so bright or her cheeks so glowing with youth and health.

She was making discoveries, adventuring into life—not the life she had coveted, the life of artificialities, the glittering, tinsel life that from her little world of Westminster looked so desirable to her; but stark, real life as it must be lived.

She was young, rebellious, resentful. It had seemed so easy to attain what she wanted by a simple bargain, but now this bargain had become complex. She still wanted the things she wanted, and as she sat, she labored with herself to convince her mind that she was a victim of hysterical thoughts. She told herself to reason and not to be swayed by fear or doubt. Always she had flattered herself upon the strength of her will. Now she demanded of her will to come to her aid.

And then she thought of the third man who had sought her—of Keats Dodd. Each of the three aroused a different sort of fear in her; but of the three, Keats Dodd's fear was the strangest. It was fear lest she come to like him too well, and that her liking might sway her to the detriment of her plans.

"If he should die!" she thought, half with the notion that his death would relieve her of a third of her worries. It was one of those unspeakable thoughts that come to all of us, shocking us by their appearance, making us wonder what sort of horrid creatures we can be to give them birth. They aroused a picture in her mind—a picture of Keats upon his bed in the room above, still, lifeless, never to move again. She saw him dead, forever removed from human touch or human communication—and the thought was unbearable. She started to her feet, frightened. So real had been the picture that she was half uncertain if she had seen it in actuality or not.

Next instant she was running up the stairs, opening his door and peering within.

"He's not dead? He's not dead?" she cried.

"No, nor like to be," Grandma Newton snapped. "What ails you?"

"I—I dreamed he was dead," she said.

"Huh! Come and set here a spell. I got to stir up Huldy. He's been conscious, and now he's sleeping."

"No, I'm not," said Keats' voice faintly.

"Shet your eyes then and pretend to be," said grandma. "And not one word of talk betwixt you."

She gave up her chair to Faith, who sat down mechanically. Keats' eyes opened to look at her, and closed again. For an hour she sat by his bedside, motionless, miserable, happy, apprehensive, resentful, a battlefield of emotions. For she knew one fear to be realized—she did like Keats Dodd too well.

XIX

TWO days later consciousness returned to Keats Dodd and all anxiety lest the men who dropped the stone upon him had accomplished their object was allayed. For a time he seemed dazed and lacking in interest, but on the fourth day he struggled suddenly to sit erect in bed and said to grandma, "I knew there was something. I've been trying to remember, but it was like throwing a stone at a man who dodged in and out of a fog. I want to see Mr. Tyler. I've got to see him right away."

"Hush!" said grandma. "You hain't got to see anybody."

"If you don't bring him here right away I'll get up and go there," he said stubbornly; and then, "Days lost! Days lost! How many?"

"Not a week."

"How did it happen? What hit me on the head?"

"A rock."

He considered this briefly.

"I was way down the valley. How did they find me?"

"Faith saw them do it," said grandma uncautiously.

"Saw who do what?"

"I s'pose you got to know. Can't do no harm now. Three men got above you and rolled the rock onto you. Couldn't 'a' hit you itself. Mebby it knocked a little one loose, and that's what done it."

"Three men—Faith saw them! Did she recognize them?"

"No; 'twas too far."

"Dropping things on me," said Keats, "seems to be the national game here. Have to charge for it. . . . Now you have Tyler brought here, please. It's important."

"You hain't able to see him."

"I'm able to see anybody. . . . How long before I can get out of bed?"

"Doctor'll see you tonight. Mebby he'll know."

"Anyhow, I must see Tyler."

"Be you sure your head's jest clear?"

Keats smiled and lifted his hand to the bandages.

"Not ornamental," he said, "but just as useful as ever."

"Well, I dunno's any harm kin come from it," she said; and arising, went to the door. "Faith," she called, "you there?"

"Yes, grandma."

"Come and set with Keats a spell. I got to go to town."

She turned and explained that she must do her marketing and would inform Tyler of his desire to see him as she passed the bank.

In a moment Faith appeared, and when she saw Keats cheerfully smiling up at her the heart in her breast leaped with a surge of joy.

He was safe! Whatever happened, he was safe, he would live! She took her place in grandma's chair quietly.

"Don't talk his ear off," said grandma, departing.

"You might talk it part way off," Keats said when the silence had continued for a full minute. "It's not half so hard on me to hear what you say as it is to lie here and wonder what you're thinking."

"I'm not thinking," she said.

"I've not thanked you for finding me and bringing me home," he said presently; and, when she made no answer, "You saw what happened?"

"I saw three men roll a stone over on you."

"Three men—three! Of course you didn't recognize them."

"No."

Now there was a long pause, awkward, uncomfortable for both of them. Faith stared out of the window, with only a glance now and then toward the young man on the bed, and these resentful. In some hidden way he had become of importance to her, so much so that he threatened to interfere with her plans for her future life, and she was angry with him for doing it. On his part he was thinking about his abrupt declaration at breakfast the day before his injury, and wondering if she were thinking about it and speculating upon what offense he had given her by his presumption. He felt he should endeavor to set himself right in her eyes.

"Miss Newton," he said, clearing his throat and exhibiting other recognizable signs of perturbation, "I—you know a man can't apologize to anybody when he's unconscious."

"Generally speaking," she said, "I think you are right."

"Now don't be ironical. What I wanted to say was that I made rather an idiot of myself the other day, but it wasn't premeditated in the least. I give you my word I never thought of such a thing before I said it. I didn't know it. It struck me all of a sudden, and the surprise of it sort of tipped me over. I wouldn't have said such a thing for the world, and—if you can—I hope you will forget it and make believe I never said it."

"Then it wasn't so?" asked Faith maliciously, feeling now that she was sufficiently in command of the situation to torment him a little. "You speak like a young man who has said something he wants to crawl out of."

He flushed.

"That wasn't exactly kind," he said, and his white cheeks flushed painfully. "What I was trying to say was that I had spoken idiotically and made myself unpleasant to you—for which I am sorry. Being sorry doesn't alter the fact, though, does it? It was so, Miss Newton, and I am very glad it was. After all, it is not the fact of my loving you that may reasonably give offense, but the way in which I told you. I was not so fatuous as to suppose you would be interested in my loving you."

"I should think not," said Faith sharply.

"No; and sometimes when I consider you reasonably I can't understand it at all." He was his old self again, embarrassed, blundering, blurting out his thoughts with no respect for diplomacy. "Love is peculiar, isn't it? There are so many things about you I don't like at all, and nobody can ever say you have gone out of your way to attract me. On the whole, you've been rather rude. But I love you just the same, and I'm glad of it. Maybe it's because your disagreeable part is just surface and pretense, and love sees through that to the real woman. I hope that is so, because—well, all your ideas of life shock me. They're wrong and dangerous, and a man who married a woman who really believed what you say you believe, and could plan to dispose of herself as you are planning—that man would be pretty unlucky."

"The idea!" Faith gasped. "You —— Oh, I've never had anybody speak so to me in my life!"

"Anyhow," he said, "you were entitled to know what I think."

(Continued on Page 52)

News of First National Pictures

Corinne Griffith and Ian Keith in a dramatic moment from "Love's Wilderness."

Miss Corinne Griffith Returns in "Love's Wilderness"

"LOVE'S WILDERNESS," the new photoplay that so many admirers of beautiful Corinne Griffith have been waiting for, is the story of a girl whose dreams *didn't* come true. In their place came strange adventures; strange tests of love and trials of faith in many lands; but in the end life gave her happiness—a happiness that at eighteen was never dreamed of.

Romance and adventure are paramount in "Love's Wilderness." It is a picture that men and women will enjoy equally. Theatre managers, keen students of the mysteries of what does and what does not entertain you, tell us it will be one of the most popular photodramas of the year.

Ian Keith and Holmes Herbert, favorites both, support Miss Griffith in this picture.

Edna Ferber, whose best selling novel "So Big" has now been picturized.

"Christine of the Hungry Heart"

LITTLE Dorothy Brock, who is saying good-night to Florence Vidor on the right, is just another reason why "Christine of the Hungry Heart" will be one of the season's best-loved pictures. It is entertainment for anyone who enjoys a strong love story, grippingly told and lavishly produced

Thomas H. Ince, producer of a long list of successes, has added another triumph in "Christine of the Hungry Heart." The story is an adaptation of Kathleen Norris's popular novel. Ian Keith, Clive Brook, Warner Baxter and Walter Hiers appear with Miss Vidor in this picture.

Colleen Moore to Appear in "So Big"

YOU'VE read "So Big"? Most people have; it's Miss Edna Ferber's latest novel and her most popular one; and every single reader of the story is waiting for the motion picture version, in which Colleen Moore will play the rôle of *Selina Peake*. For four months now the serious work of bringing this tremendously human story to the screen has been under way. And December will find it in theatres throughout the country

The picture above shows Gladys Brockwell, Wallace Beery and Colleen Moore at that moment when *Selina Peake* first meets the people she is to live, love and suffer with. The time is just before the twentieth century; the place the Dutch truck farming district outside of Chicago.

"Sundown," the Epic Picture of the West of Today, is Now Playing Leading Theatres

Peter's is *different*

distinctive -good!

Milch cows of the highest grade supply the milk for *Peter's* Milk Chocolate. This pure milk is blended with the chocolate in big mixing kettles just as it comes in hourly, fresh from the farm.

And of all the varieties of cocoa beans, only six of the choicest go into *Peter's*—and only the very finest grades of these.

This is why the fine rare flavor created by Daniel Peter fifty years ago has never varied.

A flavor unique today—smooth and rich—that only *Peter's* has.

Peter's milk chocolate is different—distinctive—*good*. You'll like the fine rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

Send 20 cents for the famous Peter's assortment package—plain—almond—croquettes. Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., 129 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

High as the Alps in Quality

(Continued from Page 50)

"I most certainly do know," she said, "and if you have any more comments to make you may keep them to yourself."

"We'll never speak of it again," he said.

"I sincerely hope not," she answered.

Another silence fell, but Keats could not let it continue. He had to talk to conceal his misery, for he was generous enough to desire not to exhibit to Faith how bitterly unhappy he was.

"Folks," he said, "have formed the habit of dropping things on me."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, some Italians in the mill dropped an iron pulley which nothing but my agility prevented from smashing me. Then, a couple of days later, they dropped a ten-by-ten timber that all but got me."

"Do you mean somebody has been trying to kill you before?"

"Oh, the two others were accidents, I guess. For a moment, once, I was sort of suspicious; but I was wrong."

"This last was no accident. Was it the same men who dropped things on you both times?"

"Yes."

"How many of them?"

"Three."

"And it was three men I saw Sunday—it was the same three. I know it was the same."

He shook his head.

"No; my men are just ignorant Italian laborers. No reason to do me harm. You don't kill a man without a motive."

"What motive had the three who dropped the rock?"

He scratched his head.

"And they're Italians. Maybe you've offended some of them and they've declared a vendetta against you."

"Italians!" He said the word slowly, amazed that this point had escaped him. Italians appeared everywhere in this mystery. An Italian passport for a Carlo Fillippi; Italians dropping things on his head, and ——

"Did you not tell me Still Face called you signorina?"

"Yes," she said. "But why should anybody want to kill you?" she demanded, unable to keep from her voice the anxiety she felt. "What have you done? Who stabbed you that first night you came?"

"Somebody," he said evasively, "seems to think there is one man too many in Westminster and they've picked me out to bring down the total." But what he was thinking was this: "Carl Phillips is back! Nobody else could have a motive! If it is Carl Phillips, then he came back for something. If Carl Phillips has been trying to get into this house, it is to get something out of it."

He turned suddenly to Faith.

"Will you tell me all you know of Carl Phillips' escape? Please omit nothing, no little detail."

"It was grandma who started it all. She suspected Carl and warned my father against him. Carl lived here—in this very room, you know. But my father wouldn't hear a word against him. But grandma hangs on. She's tenacious. After a while she discovered something that proved Carl Phillips was robbing my father. Poor dad! He was dreadfully upset and terribly angry. It was the ingratitude of the thing. He went about it very cautiously, and when he was sure himself—and Carl Phillips hadn't an inkling of his suspicion—father got a warrant secretly and went to the bank with the officers. They took him by surprise. But the instant he saw them he must have guessed, for he stepped quietly from his desk, walked around the grating, acting as if nothing had happened. Then, without warning, he struck both officers with something in his hand, knocked down father and ran. They were after him in a few minutes, but nobody has seen hide or hair of him since."

"He was taken by surprise?"

"I'm sure of it."

"No time to stop to get anything?"

"Not an instant. He was never out of their sight until he left the bank."

"Then," asked Keats, "when did he get the bonds he made away with? I'm told he carried off something like a quarter of a million in coupon Liberty Bonds."

"Yes. . . . He made straight for the mountains. . . . He must have taken them before. He must have had them hidden some place."

Keats nodded and his eyes narrowed.

"Planning to go, he was. But he was taken by surprise. . . . Hidden somewhere ——"

At this moment Huldy came to the door and announced, "Mr. Tyler wants to see Mr. Dodd."

"Please send him up," said Keats.

In a moment Mr. Tyler entered the room, nodded to Faith and greeted Keats.

"Thanks for coming up," said Keats. "They wouldn't let me out so I could come to you."

"I take it you want to talk business," said Mr. Tyler, and glanced at Faith.

Faith lifted her shoulders.

"Really," she said, "I'm not curious in the least. If you need me for anything, call."

Mr. Tyler took a seat by the bedside.

"Well?" he asked.

"I've been studying your atlas," said Keats. "Sunday I took a cruise down the valley. It was very interesting."

"What did you find?"

"That I'd like very much to buy two tracts of timber."

"Which ones?"

"The Mason and the Kimball land."

"Um—why?"

"They dam the valley," said Keats. "One tract comes down from the east and the other comes down from the west so that they meet in the middle of the valley, running along side by side for nearly a mile. The road runs through the Mason tract and climbs the hill there sharply. Must be a climb of six or seven hundred feet, and a steep grade. A logging road from the other end of the valley will have to pass through either the Kimball or the Mason piece. So the man who logs beyond will have to own that land or get a right of way over it, don't you see?"

"I do see," said Mr. Tyler.

"And as I see it, it doesn't matter who owns that land so long as I don't get it."

"Exactly. It could be bought at any time, or arrangements made for an easement over—with anybody but you."

"But it would take capital."

"Possibly not so much. What you have in mind is a resale, isn't it?"

"Naturally."

"It will have to be done very quietly, seems as though—if it is done."

"I'm in bed, laid up with a broken skull. That disposes of me. Nobody'll be keeping track of my movements."

Mr. Tyler smiled.

"I thought you looked sharp," he said. "But you haven't any money."

"The ten thousand you loaned us and a little besides. How much is that land worth?"

"I think you could buy for twelve to fourteen dollars an acre."

"Whee! That's a lot of money. But it was a pleasant dream while it lasted. There's twenty-odd thousand acres in the Mason piece and a town in the Kimball tract. Upwards of fifty thousand acres—over half a million dollars."

"I've heard of some big deals being swung with small capital," said Mr. Tyler. "Now the bank, or myself, will loan you twenty-five thousand. Maybe that will swing it—long enough to get results."

Keats paused.

"And what do you get out of it, Mr. Tyler? You must have a reason to be interested."

"In the first place, the Newtons are old friends. Maxwell and his father didn't give Amassy a chance. That's that. In the second place, I've a bone to pick with Orson, and I'm a revengeful man."

He smiled.

"In that case," said Keats, "will you carry on the negotiations while I remain safe in bed?"

"Yes; but be sure to remain safe. Don't let any more mountains fall on your head."

"I'm anxious to get back to the mill," said Keats. "It took me a long while to land a job that fitted me, and I don't like to leave it. It might shrink or wrinkle across the back. . . . You know, I was brought up to be a poet, but I wasn't any good at it at all."

He shook his head on the pillow. "No, I'm much better at potato mashers than at poetry."

"So I should judge. . . . Well, young man, take care of yourself until you're able to be around. And you may depend upon me to do the best I can."

"I'll hold my breath until I have news from you—and you know how grateful I am. Also, you understand, this is not for myself. It's not my party at all. All I want is to be allowed to run the mill. Whatever money is made belongs to the Newton family."

"Um ——" Mr. Tyler eyed Keats quizzically. "Then why not become a member of it?" he asked.

XX

ANOTHER ten days saw Keats Dodd, in his accustomed state of health, once more at the mill, where affairs had been conducting themselves as only the most optimistic could have hoped. Production was even greater than Keats had estimated, and the country at large seemed to have suffered from a shortage of those little wooden articles which it was the duty of his machines to create. Orders from jobbing houses arrived with rush-shipment dates, and it looked as if the little enterprise had stepped over the threshold into a period of most satisfactory prosperity.

The last three days of his confinement to his room he had utilized in a manner that might have indicated to Grandma Newton or to Faith that Reason did not sit balanced upon her throne. Had they watched his antics they would have made certain that his intellect had not been proof against the impact of granite. In the first place he showed an unmistakable desire to be alone, and whenever he was left to himself he locked his door that there might be no sudden intrusion. Having secured himself from observing eyes, he conducted himself in a manner peculiar and intriguing.

While he had lain in bed his eyes had scrutinized the room and every nook and corner of it—to no avail. Now, at large in the apartment, he began a systematic, meticulous search of it, allowing no square inch of wall, ceiling, floor or closet to retain a secret from him. He scratched and tapped and shook and wiggled and pushed. He recalled his fiction and supplemented it with mechanical intelligence to find secret recesses or concealed buttons which, pushed, might cause to open mysterious doors. Neither baseboard nor molding escaped his scrutiny; and as for the fireplace, each individual brick was so thoroughly tested as to its solidity as to make impossible the supposition that one had been removed to create a hiding place beneath. The furniture did not escape him, nor the springs nor stuffing thereof. What he could not probe with his fingers he jabbed with a hatpin secured to that end—but all without reward. If anything were hidden in that room—remained hidden after that scrutiny—it was apparent nothing could disclose it save to tear down the walls, pry up the floors and so lay it bare to the world.

It was disappointing, for it destroyed a theory. Now, as a theory is the fruit of the tree of imagination—and Keats' tree was at best but a tiny shrub—he had been inordinately fond of his theory and set a high value on himself for having evolved it. So to find nothing—in fact to convince himself that nothing could be hidden there was a stab to his self-esteem which threatened to let out its lifeblood.

"Unless," he said to himself, "I'm wrong about everything; unless there isn't any plot at all centered upon this house; unless Carl Phillips has nothing to do with what has been happening; unless the attempts to eliminate me never happened at all—then there must be something in this room. There's got to be. That isn't imagination; it's logic."

Nevertheless, all he succeeded in doing was to assure himself that nothing was concealed there, and the knowledge left him bewildered as to how to proceed. Not that he had any definite plan before, but now he began to doubt if there were any use to have a plan. He tabulated and considered every circumstance that indicated the presence of a malign purpose. These circumstances he found to fall under two heads—those having to do with the watch upon Newton's White Elephant, and those having to do with Still Face. Nowhere did the two sets of facts touch, nor was there the most tenuous connection between them.

On one side he set down the fact that the house was watched and that efforts had been made to enter it before his arrival; then the spying upon the house by a man with binoculars on the first day of his coming. There was his struggle with the prowler and the knife stab in his shoulder, and the entering of his room on the night when he was supposed not to occupy it—which led to the finding of Carlo Fillippi's passport. Finally there was the attempt to kill him with a rock two weeks ago, which might or might not be connected with the dropping of the split pulley and the rolling down of the big timber upon him. These

(Continued on Page 54)

Seeing a Big New Business through

A Hole in a Sock

Nothing on earth deflates your pride quite so much as going into a high-grade shoe store, with that on-top-of-the-world feeling, and suddenly discovering that you have—A HOLE IN YOUR SOCK.

I DON'T want to be personal or inquisitive, but—how recently did this happen to you? The last time it happened to me—and I say "last" advisedly, for it never can happen to me again—I was in one of those wonderful shoe stores where nothing in the world seems to matter much except the sole important problem of keeping your feet satisfied.

The salesman was a high-grade chap; and when he unintentionally revealed the hole in my sock, he tried to relieve my embarrassment by saying: "Don't mind that, sir. There isn't a silk sock on earth that won't wear out in the toe!"

Think of it—Vice-President of the largest silk hosiery mills of its kind in the world—and here I was *with a hole in my sock*. The fact that, up until then, we had concentrated on women's silk hosiery *exclusively* didn't excuse me in the least.

* * *

The moment I got back to the Mills, I sent for Jim Brinsley, our Mills superintendent.

"Jim," I said, "you're a silk hosiery expert—can you make me a pair of silk socks that won't wear out in the toe and heel?"

He laughed at me.

"Why, there isn't such a silk sock on earth!"

"Certainly not!" I fired back at him. "That's why I sent for you. There isn't such a silk sock yet; but before long there's going to be, and I dare you to be the man that makes it."

* * *

One morning, about three months later, Jim came back to me with a pair of black silk socks in his hand.

"Try those!" he said, flinging them at me. "If you kick through that pair of silk socks, the cigars are on me."

I wore those silk socks at discreet intervals for nearly a year, and it never fazed them. Then I had Jim rig up a friction testing machine, and we kept a piece of heavy brass rubbing that silk sock against another piece of heavy brass till I really got to feeling sorry for it. Still the lisle reinforcement held.

I had three dozen pairs of those identical socks made, and passed them out to my friends.

The verdict came in unanimous: "They wear like iron!"

That was the beginning of our great new business on men's silk socks. Today Real Silk Super-Service Socks are worn by millions of men, who revel in the new-found satisfaction of a silk sock that gives real wear.

—Forty per cent of our production is today on these Super-Service Socks.

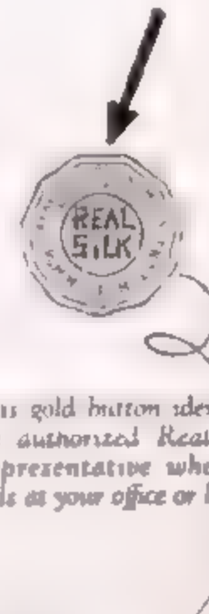
* * *

Real Silk Super-Service Socks are sold under guarantee direct from our Mills *at Mill prices. Our authorized representative comes to your office or home with actual samples and takes your order.*

—positively the only way in which you can get these unusual silk socks.

This is your opportunity to benefit from this wonderful, new service.

Call the Real Silk Branch office in your city (the number is in your telephone directory) and tell the manager you want to see a representative—specify whether you want him to come over to your office or out to your home.



This gold button identifies the authorized Real Silk Representative when he calls at your office or home.

Wm. C. Kobin
Vice-President and Gen. Sales Manager

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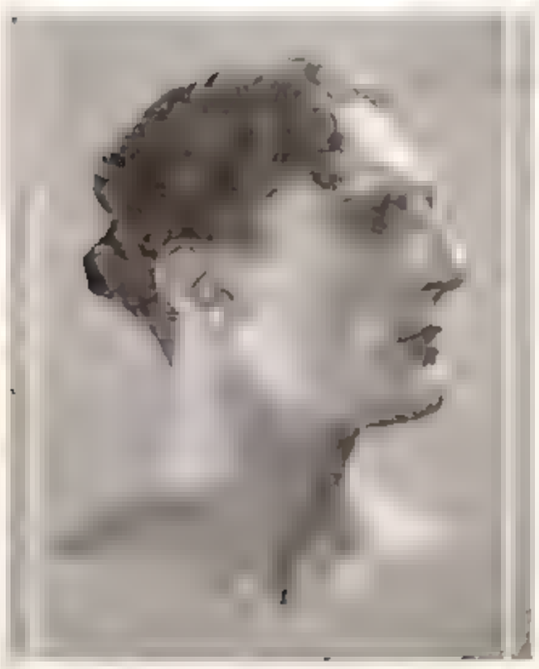
Watch This Column



CHARLES DE ROCHE

"Standing over him with naked sword, the commander of the Moors ordered the captured French bugler to blow the *retreat*. Looking death squarely in the face, and mentally saying good-bye to all things earthly, the heroic bugler blew—not the retreat, but the *charge*." This incident occurs in ***"Love and Glory,"*** a Universal Jewel, produced by Rupert Julian and adapted from the story by Robert H. Davis and Perley Poore Sheehan.

There is a strange and unusual twist to this wonder story which contains great battle scenes and a beautiful love story. It plays upon the entire range of human emotions and is a drama for the whole human race. The cast includes CHARLES DeROCHE, MADGE BELLAMY, WALLACE McDONALD, FORD STERLING and others.

The old West is not dead save in the minds of the unromantic. It still throbs as it used to do, and we, at least, are having a great new demand for stories of the wild riders of the range and their reckless courage. HOOT GIBSON, in ***"The Ridin' Kid from Powder River,"*** furnishes one of the best of these. If you have seen it, what do you think of it?

Have you seen VIRGINIA VALLI in ***"The Signal Tower"***; REGINALD DENNY in ***"The Reckless Age"*** and ***"The Fast Worker"***; GEORGE HACKATHORNE in ***"The Turmoil"***; MARY PHILBIN in ***"The Rose of Paris"***; VIRGINIA VALLI in ***"K—The Unknown"***; LAURA LA PLANTE, NORMAN KERRY, RUTH CLIFFORD and KENNETH HARLAN in Kathleen Norris' ***"Butterfly"***? Please see these, and watch for HOUSE PETERS in ***"The Tornado,"*** a most remarkable picture.

(To be continued next week)

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 52)

latter two occurrences might be accidental and in no way connected with Newton's White Elephant. This completed the first list.

On the second, or Still Face list, he put down the burning of the ledgers, which he was certain was done in Still Face's fireplace; the man's evident interest in Faith; then, most significant of all to Keats, his pretensions to a knowledge of the future, which he sought to prove valid by a reading of the past. Here was the only possible point where the two lists touched, for the facts out of Faith's history which Still Face recited were known also to Carl Phillips. That was a slight thing, but to Keats' material, efficient mind it loomed large. He did not believe anybody could read the future, nor that he could delve into the past by any but ordinary and comprehensible material means. It indicated to Keats that Still Face had learned his facts from Phillips.

He continued to set down what he had observed of the man, and it was little enough, for Still Face led a life not open to the village. He had never been seen near Newton's White Elephant or evidenced any curiosity about it. He was a strange man, living a strange life with a fantastic servant who practiced the rites of voodoo and delighted to torture animals. That was all, and it was little enough.

He looked up from his desk to see Grandma Newton enter the office, and arose while she took a chair across from him.

"Jest come in to see how things was," she said.

"They couldn't be better," he answered, his eyes shining with enthusiasm; "and Mr. Tyler has the options on the Mason and Kimball tracts."

"Um—quite a spec'lation we're enterin' on."

"It runs into money, but it'll return money."

"Mebby," said grandma. "Anyways, I hope so. But I been a-wonderin' what moved Tyler to git so int'rested. Don't seem quite nat'ral, in a banker especial."

"I really think there is no need to worry," he said. "I've every confidence in Tyler."

"So had Amassy in Carl Phillips," she answered dryly. "I hain't so prone to have confidence in folks as I used to be."

"But you had confidence in me—on pretty short acquaintance."

"Oh, you ——" said grandma.

"Don't you worry," Keats said.

"Don't calc'late to. I'm jest prepared."

"For what?"

"For the wust that kin happen. If I git ready for that and it don't happen, then I git a pleasant s'prise."

Keats' mind was still upon the tabulation of facts he had been making. Now his eye fell upon it and selected the item regarding the ledgers.

"I never told you," he said; "but somebody entered the mills weeks ago and stole three old ledgers."

"Lugged off three old books! Now what ailed 'em to do that?"

"I can't imagine, unless there was something there somebody wanted to destroy. I found the books had been burned."

"Um—what books was they?"

Keats gave her the years and grandma considered.

"Recall," she asked, "that day we was goin' over the old business affairs?"

"Yes."

"And Carl Phillips' name come up on account of findin' his handwritin' in some ledgers?"

"Yes."

"Was them the ones?"

Keats started. Were those the ones? If so it established a relation between Still Face and Phillips. If Still Face went to the end of breaking and entering to steal books in the handwriting of Carl Phillips, then Carl Phillips and Still Face had something in common—possibly a purpose in common. If grandma's question was answered in the affirmative, then Keats' separate tables of fact combined and became one table. He got hastily to his feet and with grandma at his shoulder, made his investigation. The burned ledgers were those written by Carl Phillips!

"Young man," said grandma, "I been convinced Carl Phillips is at the root of all this devilry that's been goin' on."

"You are! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Figgered you had enough on your hands."

"But what is he after, Mrs. Newton? Why, if he has come back, has he ventured into this neighborhood? What brings him?"

"If he's come," she said, "it's because he's pretty sure he's safe—and his reason for comin' is revenge. That 'ud fetch Carl from the ends of the earth. He was a reg'lar Eyetalian."

"He was Italian," said Keats. "His real name was Carlo Fillippi."

"I calc'lated you knowed too much," she said. "That's why they been pickin' on you. Besides," she said, "you wan't keepin' nothin' from me. Mr. Pinch he told me about your findin' that picture. 'Course I didn't know about the Eyetalian end of things, but I guessed you'd happened onto suthin."

"Yes," said Keats, and described the finding of the passport.

"Um—now here's another thing: We never had no Eyetalians in Westminster till jest lately—lots of French. You got three Eyetalians workin' in the mill."

"Yes."

"If I was you," she said, "I'd keep an eye on 'em."

"That," said Keats, "is precisely what I'm going to do."

Having made this resolution, Keats put it into effect. Covertly during that day he studied his three workmen. They seemed ordinary toilers, industrious, peaceful, not of the desperado type in any feature. Nevertheless, he watched; and when the whistle blew Keats loitered and, at a safe distance, followed them. He was not one to let grass grow under his feet, and it was his hope to have information about them that night which would place them certainly as factors in his calculations. They lived together, he found, in a shanty on the outskirts of the village. This they entered and became invisible; but Keats remained, hidden in the sumac, to watch. He was inclined to laugh at himself. It was like a boy playing some game; but, nevertheless, he settled down in such comfort as was available and kept the shanty under his eye. Smoke arose from the chimney and a clatter of tinware became audible inside, and the sun, hiding behind the hills to the westward, threw long shadows across the valley. Darkness was long in making its appearance, but not before it was complete did the three laborers stir from their home.

Then, nonchalantly, laughing and talking loudly in their own tongue, they emerged and walked toward the village. Keats followed discreetly. Apparently the men had nothing to conceal; they went noisily, now and then lifting their voices in snatches of foreign song. Presently they debouched upon Main Street and stood loitering on the bridge under the glow of the arc light, eating peanuts from the Brown boy's stand and throwing the shells into the water. Keats withdrew into the darkness of the bank's door and waited. Foolish as the project seemed, he was tenacious enough to see it through now that he was embarked upon it.

As he waited, Orson Maxwell strolled past, caught sight of Keats' figure and stopped.

"I hope you're a good loser," he said jocularly.

"If my dishes get broken in the game I shan't cry because I played, if that's what you mean."

"Good man! Then congratulate me. I've really turned a rather neat one, I think. I told you to keep your eye peeled."

"Which I've tried to do."

"What I really stopped for," said Maxwell, "was to tell you there's a job for you at the plant. I've watched you and I can use you."

"Thanks, but I'll stick to the one I have."

"That one," said Maxwell, "is played out."

"As how?"

"Ninety days at the outside. Then smack!—off comes your head. You know I'm not going to buy that timber. No, indeed. I was afraid you would scout around and see the situation and raise the money by some miracle to put it over. The Mason and Kimball tracts, I mean. So I took no chances. Got Tyler to put you on the track of it. Didn't you stop to wonder why he was so generous?"

"I did, rather; but what has that to do with the market price of putty?"

"I control the bank, you know. Not likely I'd finance a deal to trim myself, eh? Not many! So Tyler got his orders to loan you money. Ninety days, I believe, in which time it was planned to hook me for a nice profit. But as things lie, in ninety days your note will fall due, and no renewal, and no purchaser for your timber and you're high and dry."

"Um ——" Keats' heart was weighted with lead. The thing had been worked upon him so easily! He had been so credulous, and now grandma's fears were confirmed. Not only were his own hopes brought to nothing but he had dragged down the remnants of the Newton fortune with him. It was staggering, but it was his pride not to permit Maxwell to enjoy his dismay. "Um ——" he repeated. "Tyler was a plausible gentleman. . . . But I'll wait a few days before asking for that job. You never can tell what colored chicken an egg will hatch."

"Drop around when you're convinced," said Maxwell. "Good night."

Keats saw himself telling this to grandma—and to Faith—telling them that they were deprived of their last cent. Even the house would go—that he could see. There would be nothing—and he who loved Faith had done it. What would they think of him? What, especially, would Faith say to him, and what would she do? To what extremity of rashness would this fresh misfortune drive her? Perhaps, he thought, Maxwell was killing a brace of birds with one stone; destroying the competition of the mill and driving Faith in desperation to marry his money.

For a moment he hesitated. When he had some disagreeable thing to face it was his nature to face it quickly and have the punishment over with. Now he wanted to hurry up the hill to Newton's White Elephant and tell his story. But to what good? His eyes strayed to the three laborers, saw them detach themselves from the loungers upon the bridge and slouch away, crossing the bridge and passing in front of him not a dozen feet away. He watched them turn and take the road leading to the hill on top of which perches Newton's White Elephant, and when they had proceeded a hundred feet, he stepped from his concealment to follow. Perhaps, he guessed, they might be on their way to the house itself. It might be they who had acted as spies, who had been the midnight marauders. But halfway up the hill they halted under the black shadows of a grove of maples, apparently looking about them to make certain their movements went undetected. Then they veered off to the left through rock-strewn fields and along the slope of the hill, walking silently now, flitting along like three shadows, furtive, stealthy.

At the Stony Hill Road they paused to confer in whispers and then turned downward. Keats, keeping to the fields in the shelter of the sumac, followed. His heart was beating now with excitement. Below him he could see twinkling a light in the house of Still Face; and then, having progressed a quarter of a mile farther, he saw the light move. Some hand had carried it to the window and moved it once up and down, once crosswise. It could be nothing but a signal.

There came an exclamation from one of the men in the road, and guttural, low-voiced words. They, too, had seen the signal. Keats crouched, waiting to see what would follow. It was fortunate he did so, for the men broke their way through the undergrowth and made straight across the fields for the light. At a safe distance Keats followed until he saw the three seek shelter in the woodhouse just by the kitchen door.

Presently Still Face emerged and entered the shed; but though Keats' ear was close to the open window, he was none the wiser, for the conversation was carried on in Italian—rapid, liquid Italian, of which he understood not one word. It did seem to him, however, that Still Face was giving orders and the three were repeating them after him to make certain of faithful adherence. The conversation continued for upwards of fifteen minutes. Then the three emerged from the shed and went away as they had come; Still Face watched them from the door before he entered his house.

Keats crouched, undecided. Then it seemed good to him to do a bit of spying on his own account. He was conscious of a great curiosity to see Still Face in his own home, where he would be himself, off his guard, holding to no pose and playing no part.

The shade of the dining-room window was raised an inch from the bottom, and to this Keats glued his eye. Still Face was seated at the table, writing—with his left hand. He wrote and wrote with the manner of one copying exercises. Then he changed the pen to his right hand, with which he seemed to form letters with greater ease. He compared the work of the two hands

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High power, combined with Franklin road ability, easy handling, reliability and economy, gives astonishing results.

DEMONSTRATIONS DAY AND NIGHT

This famous Series 10-C is the Franklin that will be exhibited at the 1925 National Automobile Shows. Order now and enjoy the best motoring all winter. Your present car as first payment, the balance monthly.

(Continued from Page 54)

with evident pleasure. This seemed strange conduct to Keats, and incomprehensible. Then Still Face undertook a variety of exercises, all with his left hand. When one was performed awkwardly, he did the movement with his right hand a number of times, watching it intently, seeming to endeavor to sense the muscular feeling of it. Then he would essay it again with the left.

Keats understood.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "he's a right-handed man practicing to be left-handed. Now why?"

A right-handed man who trained himself to use his left hand! And why? A detail, perhaps, but it is attention to details that makes a successful whole. . . . If a man were right-handed all his life, and desired in all things to make himself unrecognizable, he would train himself to use the left, to use it as habitually as if it had been his custom from birth. . . . This was a thought. If it were so, then Still Face was making himself over from some individual he had been to one he wished to be. Even the handwriting—that would be of another character. Keats wondered what hand Still Face wrote with his right. A desire to see the product of the man's pen obsessed him. Then came a rash thought, a daring thought, perhaps an unwise thought. Yet Still Face was alone—and man to man he had little to fear. He put the thought into execution. Arising from his crouching posture, he walked to the front of the house, mounted the porch and boldly rang the bell for admission.

It was Still Face himself who responded, and standing in the doorway scrutinized Keats calmly, immobile, unguessable.

"Ah, Mr. Dodd," he said courteously. Then, standing aside to allow Keats to pass, he said, "You are welcome—very welcome, I assure you."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

EASING IN WITH EGBERT

(Continued from Page 34)

"Kind words, girlie," says I; "and a hunch as to where I shall stow my things. I'm Mr. Tonelli's shuffer."

"Huh!" says she. "First I heard about his havin' one, and I'll say he's a careless picker, at that. Why didn't he get a whole portion while he was at it?"

"You wait till you know me better, Maizie, and you'll have the answer," says I. "But if you'll soothe yourself long enough to go tell the boss I'm here, maybe ——"

"Say, listen," she breaks in. "Anybody that tries to tell the boss anything before one P.M. has got a sportier disposition than I have. If you're reely the new chauffeur you better go out to the garage and stick around until you get the word to come. But I ain't takin' your say-so for it, mind. You might be anything."

With that she slams the door, leavin' me to hunt up my quarters for myself. But I like these tabasco Tillies now and then. They're sure to be livewires, even if they do bite the tongue at first.

Out at the garage I finds a husky-built, middle-aged female settin' up a white iron cot in the half-story dormer, and she says she's Mrs. Costello, the housekeeper. When I tells her who I am she snorts.

"So it's a show-fure he's gettin' now, is it?" says she. "What next! A couple of butlers in short pants, I suppose. How quick a little bit of money does go to some folks' heads. Well, I got this to say: When the butlers come in, Mary Costello goes out."

"He'd be makin' a poor swap," says I, "and I bet he'd never let it stand. I expect you're one of the kind they just can't get along without."

"Oh-ho!" says she, restin' her hands on her hips and gazin' at me. "Listen to the blarney, will you? What put that thought in your head, young feller?"

"I've worked with your kind before," says I, "but not often; and I've seen 'em try to get along without the likes of you now and then. They had a poor time. You been with Mr. Tonelli quite a spell, eh?"

"I have that," says she. "Nine years next St. Patrick's."

"And he hasn't always had an outfit like this, I expect," says I.

"Has he?" says she. "It was a five-room walk-up on West Eighty-fifth off Ninth Avenue where I first started comin' in by the day for him and the missus."

"Oh!" says I. "There's a Mrs. Tonelli, is there?"

"There was," says she, "and I suppose the poor thing is still knockin' around somewhere, God help her. But you'll not see her here."

"Shunted her, did he?" I asks.

She nods.

"When they get money they usually do," she goes on, punchin' up the mattress and spreadin' on the sheet. "But some of it was her fault too. She had a tongue. There! That'll do for a bed for you—while you stay, which I'm guessin' won't be so long."

"I might fool you, Mrs. Costello," says I. "I'm plannin' on quite a stop. What's the idea? Hard to get along with, is he?"

"Did you ever see one of these musicians that wasn't?" says she. "And if you don't know how to handle him ——"

"Say, that's my specialty," says I, "humorin' finicky he-bosses. I don't claim I can get along with fussy old ladies always, but with a man it's different. All you gotta do is find out what they want and give it to 'em. That'll be my program with Mr. Tonelli."

"Then I wish you luck," says Mrs. Costello, givin' the bedclothes a final lick and hustlin' back toward the house.

'Course it don't sound so promisin', but that only gets me up on my toes ready to put over the snappy service. And when Betty of the peevish mouth comes out to give me the order for a 2:30 start I've got the car all slicked up inside and out.

"How's Egbert's mixture today, cutie?" says I.

"Do your own explorin', Mr. Gillan," says she, "and forget the pet names."

"I can forget everything but you, sweetie," says I.

"Watch out I don't give you sumpin' you'll remember a long time," says she, drawin' back one hand.

"Shoot," says I. "I'd sooner have a slap from you than a hug from most of 'em, and I'm figurin' on gettin' both before the week is through. What's your first evenin' off?"

"Thursday," says she, "but your name ain't listed opposite the date."

"Then scratch the entry and write Rusty Gillan in its place," says I, "for that's the night you and me are gonna do some fancy steppin'. I'll bet you're a bear at jazz, and I'm some spieler myself."

"Say, you don't owe yourself any grudge, do you?" says she.

But her little mouth ain't quite so peevish as she leaves, and the look she throws over her shoulder has kind of a cut-up twinkle in it. Yeauh, you gotta keep comin' with some of 'em.

Mainly, though, I'm concentratin' on pleasin' Mr. Tonelli. And you should have seen me throw in the frills as he comes out for his first official drive. Uh-huh. Hoppin' out snappy and standin' at the tonneau door with the light robe draped over one arm and the right hand up to the cap visor. It all registers too. He was lookin' kinda glum when he first steps out, but this high-class stuff seems to put him in a better humor.

"Ah, Gillan!" says he, lookin' me over approvin'. "Quite smart today, aren't we? I like that, for I am rather a fastidious person, you know."

"Yes, Mr. Tonelli," says I. "Where to, sir?"

"Now let me see," says he, stoppin' with one foot on the runnin' board and a forefinger on his chin.

"There's a polo match on at the country club, sir," I suggests. "Shall I ——"

"No, no," he cuts in. "There would be a crowd of curious persons there, and I try to avoid the public gaze as much as possible. You must understand, Gillan, that my wish is to live here very quietly and to have as much privacy as I can. Of course I cannot help being recognized, but I do not care to be stared at any more than necessary. If you could find some unfrequented roads ——"

"I get you, sir," says I. "Slow, fast or medium?"

"Oh, just an easy jogging along," says he. "I put in rather a hectic night, hammering out a chorus score for a new revue, and my nerves aren't what they should be. A quiet drive among peaceful scenes is what I crave, Gillan."

"Yes, sir," says I.

And that's what he got. I picked out all the back roads I came to, and some that wasn't much more'n lanes, and all the mobs we come anywhere near was once when we passed a schoolhouse where the kids were out for recess, but bein' only youngsters they didn't stand up and give three cheers for The Monarch of Melody. They just stood and gawped, except a couple of little pirates that slung green apples after us. Miles and miles we jogged along that way, and two or three times I thought I was lost completely, but whenever we'd strike a main highway I'd hunt for another back road and swing into it.

In fact, I thought I was bein' kinda clever at keepin' Egbert out of the public eye, and I was expectin' to be handed a few bouquets, but he sits there on the back seat without sayin' a word for more'n an hour. Then, in the windshield mirror, I notices that he's lookin' sort of annoyed.

"What a wretched road!" he says finally. "Can't you find a better one than this, Gillan?"

"I'll try, sir," says I.

I did come across a dirt road that wasn't so bad, but it was some job gettin' back home without exposin' him to the view of more or less people. I done my best, though, and when he climbs out at the lodge he's almost grouchy.

"Huh!" thinks I. "I slipped up somewhere. I wonder how?"

Next day we went through about the same performance, Egbert startin' out fairly chirky and comin' back with a sour look on his face. I can't dope it out either. Why, I couldn't have kept him out of sight more if I'd been smugglin' a Chink across the border.

Meanwhile I'd been gettin' on with Betty, and that night between dances I put the whole thing up to her.

She just snickers.

"Why, you poor simp!" says she. "Did you let him feed you all that? 'Course he wouldn't let you take him to the country club. He ain't a member, that's why; although he's been tryin' to get his name put up ever since he's been out here. Them sweils just won't have him."

"Oh!" says I. "But why should he get so sore on the back-road drives? Honest, I hardly gave anybody a peek at him except a few farmers, and if it's duckin' the public gaze he wants ——"

"Egbert!" says she. "Him duck bein' seen? Why, he just eats it up! That's what he lives on. Say, do you think he'd spend an hour shavin' and manicurin', and doll up in a different costume every day, if he thought he wasn't gonna be piped off by anybody but farmers? He's simply nuts on the publicity stuff, and he's sore because these society folks don't make any fuss over him. And you tryin' to keep the public off him! Oh, lady!"

"Well, that's where I flopped," I admits. "Lucky I've found a little playmate who'll wise me up now and then. Eh, Betty? How about our havin' another fox-trot? Ah, never mind about the dashin' plumber that brought you. He's got too many feet in his shoes, and his ears ain't mates. Let him stand there and glare. Come along."

"Oh, you sheik!" says Betty, slidin' into the side hold.

'Course that sounded like an inside tip, but I wasn't sure about Egbert until I'd brought in the mail next forenoon and had waited around the studio while he runs through it to see if there was any reply wires to be sent. He does have quite a bunch of stuff, and as he sorts it out he gets off a line of patter; mostly for my benefit, I suspect.

"Hah!" he snorts. "More infernal bills—the butcher, the grocer, the lighting company, and so on. You may take these all to Mrs. Costello, Gillan, and ask her to go over them. Then here we have —— Let's see. Yes, I thought so. Trashy jingles from amateur lyric writers who think I'll buy weak imitations of my own stuff. Quick, Gillan. The wastebasket. And these —— M-m-m. Murmurs from my dear silly public. 'An original Tonelli fan.' Says she's been singing my songs ever since I began publishing. Another wants to know if I will please write something just like my Mammy piece and if I'll send her an autographed copy. This one incloses her photo, inscribed 'A loyal admirer.' Rather a sweet face; eh, Gillan?"

I agrees that it is, although the pitcher looks to me like a sappy female had posed for it. But he sticks it up on his desk with a row of others, and I notice he reads every line of such letters, sometimes goin' over 'em twice and quotin' the choice bits to me, even some that was reg'lar mash notes.

"Poor things!" says he. "I suppose I must drop them each a line when I find time. One must be kind to the foolish creatures. And after all, it is such contacts which cheer me up and keep me pegging away. One can't stop them from voicing their appreciation, although it is sometimes embarrassing to have them stress the personal element so strongly. Fortunately most of them are at a safe distance and my immediate neighbors are more discreet. There! That will be all, Gillan, until 2:30."

But I'd got a new line on him. Also I'd seen the covers of his various pieces and I'd noticed how every one had a big pitcher of his face printed on it. He has that done, I expect, so no one will know him when they see him. I didn't spill a word, but from then on I works out a different program.

For one thing, I didn't drive on any more back roads. Not with Egbert. My first stab is to let on I'd taken the wrong turn as I swung in around the country-club grounds. Some sort of a hen party was bein' staged and the verandas was thick with women and girls, but I didn't see Egbert divin' down into the tonneau and hidin' under the lap robe. No. He lolls back on the seat tryin' to look bored and aristocratic as they turn and gawp at him, and it's only when we're out on the main road again that he gives me the gentle call.

"A bit stupid, Gillan," says he.

"Sorry, Mr. Tonelli," says I. "Them dames took an eyeful, all right. You shouldn't grudge 'em that much."

"Oh, it doesn't matter this once," says he.

Next he finds he's forgotten his cigarettes, and when he wants to go back for 'em I suggests I can get him a box at the big hotel a mile or two ahead. He don't object to that, so I parks right in front of the main lobby and dashes in.

"No, girlie," I says to the news-stand vamp. "They ain't for me. Gold-tip Russians, if you got 'em. They're for Egbert Tonelli, you know."

"Is he anybody special?" says she.

"Only The Song-Hit Kink," says I. "He's the one that writes My Miami Mammy, The Mush-a-Mush Blues, and them pieces."

"Reely!" says she. "Which one? Where?"

I points out Egbert, posin' temperamental, and drills around while she passes on the word to the desk clerk; and the clerk tells a couple of guests, and they swarm out to the veranda to spread the news. Say, it's wonderful how easy you

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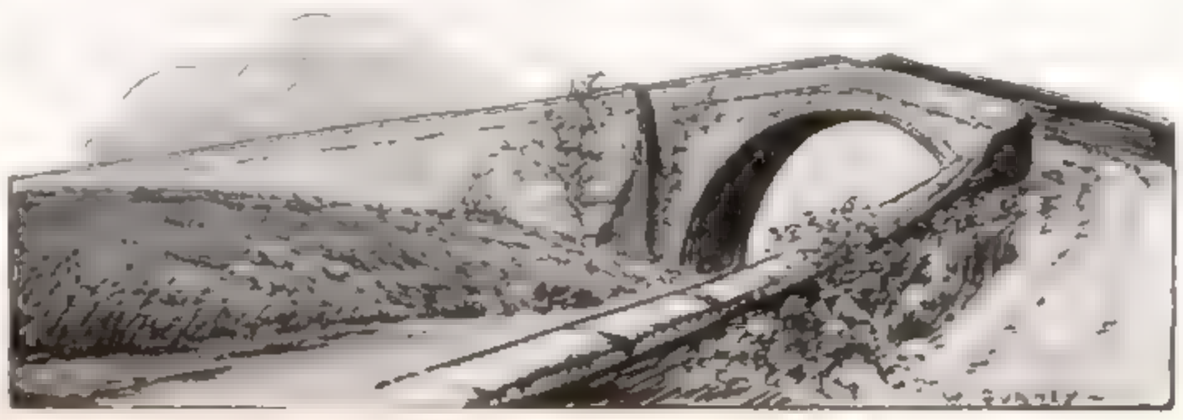

STEP on the gas! Let 'er out! Safety last! This is more than the lingo of the speed demon. It expresses the spirit of the age. It applies to our whole lives. We drive machines over the speed limit—and we drive ourselves the same way, forcing our spent bodies to new exertions, whipping our jaded nerves to alertness with artificial stimulants.

Too much speed! Speed relentless and uncontrolled. A destroyer of life, health, and happiness.

The United States Life Tables, 1920, show that the average American passes the period of full health and vigor at the age of 31. With half of his life yet before him he hits the long trail downward. Too much speed! We arrive at the end of health long before we arrive at the end of life. We cut corners. We step on the gas. We junk the human machine—the most precious vehicle in the world—while the most difficult part of the journey is yet to be made.

Fatigue—the danger signal!

Nature provides a stop signal—fatigue—to warn when the body needs rest. This signal was meant to be obeyed. Obeying it—allowing the body proper rest when the fatigue signal gives warning—is a sensible safety first measure. It makes possible the recharging of the exhausted batteries of energy.

Certain stimulants have the power to deaden the fatigue warning. One of the most common of these is caffein. Caffein appears to create new energy. Actually it paralyzes the danger signal, and draws on the body's necessary reserve.

The person who regularly overrides the stop signal of fatigue is exhausting, bit by bit, his reserve of energy. He is storing up trouble for the future. Figures of indisputable accuracy show that this trouble begins, in the average American, at the age of 31. Too much speed!

Life is a long-distance race

It is time for Americans—men and women—to slow down, to conserve some of their energy, instead of squandering it recklessly. Life is not a sprint, but a long-distance race, and the race is not won by those who spurt their strength away in the first lap.

In 2,000,000 American homes people have learned the wholesomeness and enjoyment of Postum. In these homes Postum has replaced beverages containing caffein, the nerve stimulant. Instead of caffein, their hot meal-time drink contains only the wholesome *food*, wheat. For Postum is *all wheat*. It has the rich, full flavor of roasted wheat.

This is a drink for every member of the family, every meal of the day! There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour, or a headache in it. A drink which builds, rather than tears down—which contributes, rather than robs.

In the interest of your health and happiness during your later years—for the sake of a strong finish in the race of life, instead of a faltering one—we want you to try Postum for thirty days. And we will give you, free, your first week's supply of Postum for this thirty-day test.

But it isn't fair to expect to throw off the effects of a habit of years in a week. So we want you to carry this test through for the full thirty days—check up on your feelings at the end of this period—*then* decide.

In addition to the week's free supply, we will have Carrie Blanchard, nationally famous food demonstrator, send you her own directions for preparing Postum in the most delicious way.

Too much speed! Don't trifle longer with your destiny by continuing to override the danger signal of fatigue. Accept Carrie Blanchard's offer now!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you a week's supply, and my own directions for making it.

"You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less per cup.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply and my personal directions right away."

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Convenience and economy! Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is the quickest drink in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. Either form is delicious drinks.

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Ford Motor Company

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You drive up and ask for a certain brand of oil. No matter what you ask for, the unscrupulous dealer has it; he frequently gets all brands of oil out of the same tank.

What does he care what happens to your motor? As long as you can't tell what you are getting, he thinks it's safe for him, and profitable. The cheapest oil he can buy will do for you.

We'll say this for the man who gives you Sunoco, the distilled oil; he's doing more for you than for himself. He's giving you a high quality oil that costs him more than most oils.

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can work up excitement that way. I'll bet half them people never heard of Egbert or his Blues, but that don't stop 'em from waggin' their heads important and whisperin' to perfect strangers that the handsome young gent sittin' there in the new tourin' car is Tonelli, the great composer.

Honest, the first I knew, everybody in the front of the house had either gone streamin' out on the veranda or was crowded around the windows, and they was all buzzin' away like a lot of flies around a lump of sugar.

"Yes, that's him. The Song-Hit King—Tonelli. Royalties run up to a thousand a day, some say."

"Looks like a genius, don't he?"

"Yeauh. Something like an Italian too."

And one gushy female keeps remarkin', "How pale and interesting! The dear boy!"

Why, before I could crowd through the door even the bellhops and some of the waiters had caught the fever. For a minute or so there while I was blocked off I didn't know what I'd started, and I wouldn't have been surprised to have found Egbert in a dead faint on the tonneau floor.

But nothing like that happened. As I squeezes my way through the young mob I discovers Egbert leanin' back languid holdin' the picture and pretendin' he didn't know a soul was lookin' at him. Just as Betty said, he was eatin' it up. Well, I didn't do a thing but play up—touchin' my cap as I passes out the cigarettes and holdin' a match for him to light one. Then I hops in behind the wheel and steps on the button. Must have been some of the help that takes this as a signal to start the cheer, but anyway a lot of the guests joins in and most of the ladies wave their handkerchiefs. It's what you might call quite a little ovation. And, just as if he was wakin' out of a trance, Egbert straightens, works up a cheek flush, droops his black eyelashes, and lifts his hat graceful. I swings the bus out around the flower beds like I was drivin' a deputy chief to a third alarm.

Egbert don't say anything until we're a mile away, and then he leans forward to remark, "Glad you could find my favorite brand. Thanks, awfully, Gillan."

That's all. The gazin' crowd, the chatter, the cheers, he passes over as if it was something that was pulled every day. But durin' the rest of the afternoon he's in a better humor than I'd ever seen him before, and as we lands at the lodge he slips me a five-dollar tip.

Which was where I begins doublin' as personal press agent and private ballyhoo artist. I didn't exactly lay awake nights to think up advertisin' stunts, but after that I didn't miss many chances that came up for toutin' the Tonelli stock. On every drive we made I'd fake excuses for stoppin' at places, and I did everything except carry a bass drum and cymbals. At fillin' stations, at the post office in the village, at different stores, I'd tip off the bystanders as to who I was drivin' for, and though they didn't always cheer I never failed to get 'em stretchin' their necks. I got clever at it. Just while I was steppin' around to open the gas tank, or as I'm mailin' some letters, or leavin' a grocery order, I'd manage to announce confidential to somebody that the distinguished-lookin' party on the back seat was Tonelli, The Monarch of Melody.

Also, by readin' the local papers and watchin' the window posters, I kept track of all the events that was goin' on, from land auctions to church weddin's and horse shows; and if the time fitted in with our afternoon schedule you bet I saw that Egbert was among those present. I had to stall the motor, work up a slow leak by unscrewin' a tire valve, and pull all kinds of phony stuff to do it, but I gave him a good display at least once every trip.

'Course he protests feeble now and then that he's bein' stared at, but I apologizes and promises it won't happen again, only to steer him into another crowd the very next day. And more and more Egbert seems to enjoy his drives. He orders new costumes and takes to makin' up elaborate. I notice, too, that he's fond of bein' exhibited to groups of females, whether they're flappers or middle-aged dames, and if I've managed to get a bunch of 'em smilin' at him I can figure on a nice tip as already stowed away in my pocket. For I've discovered that Egbert ain't quite the youth he passes for. Before he gets gussied up for an outin' he's apt to be baggy under the eyes and show gray hairs on the neck, and my guess is that he'll never see forty again. But when he appears in public he looks almost as young as in the pitchers on his pieces. There's no doubt, either, but that he loves the ladies—all of 'em. Accordin' to Betty, he writes mushy letters to more'n a dozen long-distance mashes, and keeps three or four near-by affairs runnin' all the time.

"Egbert!" says she. "Say, he ought to be out in Hollywood."

"Ah, don't be rough on him," says I. "Them geniuses are apt to be like that, I expect."

"What he needs," says Betty, "is a two-eyed wife to keep him from runnin' wild. You ain't helpin' him any either, Rusty. He's been growin' worse since you came"

"How foolish!" says I. "Why, I'm just givin' his dear public a close-up of him now and then. It keeps him chirked up and it don't do anybody a bit of harm. Got something rich for him tomorrow. There's one of them big charity bazaars bein' sprung over on the north shore, and I'm gonna land Egbert in the middle of it if I have to lose a wheel off. He'll make a big hit there too. You'll see."

I thought I was braggin' some, at that, for all the plans I had was to wander over with Egbert and trust to luck. I might think up something offhand after we got there. Well, I did, but it wasn't until I'd tried to drive through the gateway to a big private estate where the affair was bein' staged and got held up by a couple of sweet young things in Spanish costumes. They wanted two bones for tyin' a yellow tag on the radiator cap.

"I say!" protests Egbert. "What's all this?"

"It's for the benefit of some kind of foreign orphans," I explains. "I expect you don't want to invest that much, though."

"Oh, certainly," says Egbert. "Here, give them this." And he passes over a ten-spot, which gets the girls squealin' delighted.

"Now I suppose we may drive along," goes on Egbert. "We are not obliged to go in, are we?"

"If you wouldn't mind for a minute or so," says I, "There's an old boss of mine here that I'd like to ——"

"Very well," says he, flashin' his eyes at the flappers.

So we rolls in through the grounds until we comes to a big lawn stuck around with fancy booths, where the real highway robbery was takin' place. I parks as near as I can to where the mob was thickest and tells Egbert it won't take me long to find my man.

Well, I scouted around givin' the outfit the quick once-over. It's a swell crowd, all right, the men in nifty afternoon regalia and the ladies got up fine and flossy. There's all kinds of junk for sale, tents for amateur fortune tellers, games of various kinds goin' on, and tea and trimmin's bein' served. You could have a rosebud pinned in your coat for a dollar, or buy a chance on a tourin' car for five. I ducked everything by pointin' to my shuffer's badge and askin' for Mr. Rollins. Not that I knew any guy by that name, but it seemed as good as any. And it worked fine. That is, it did until I drifted over by this buntin'-draped platform where a card announces that at 3:30 and 5:30 some musical-comedy star was gonna sing. I'd been tackled by a classy dame to buy a ticket.

"Sorry," says I. "I'm huntin' for Mr. Rollins."

"Which Mr. Rollins?" says she.

"James H.," says I.

"Why, I don't believe he has come out yet," says she, "but there is Mrs. Rollins, right over there."

"Oh, never mind then," says I.

"No trouble," says the lady. "You may leave the message with her. It might be important. Come."

And before I knew it I'd been towed up to the music platform and shoved in front of an imposin' old girl with three chins and bulgy eyes.

"Well, what about Mr. Rollins?" she demands.

"Why," says I, diggin' my toe into the turf, "I kinda thought I'd—er —— Well, you see ——"

"Oh, tell it!" says she. "About what?"

"About Mr. Tonelli," says I. "He—he's here."

"Tonelli?" says she, starin' sort of vague.

"Egbert Tonelli," I goes on. "The composer. My Miami Mammy, and all that."

This seems to get over. "Oh, really!" says she. "How fortunate! Did you hear that, Mrs. Boomer-Day? Tonelli has arrived. He is the -the "

"The Song-Hit King," I puts in.

"Yes," adds Mrs. Rollins, "he is the great composer—writes those delightful Mammy songs, you know. And he's here."

"He is? Actually!" says the Boomer party, starin' around excited. "Where? We must capture him. Get him to do something."

"Of course," says the other. "What will he do? What can he do? Play, perhaps? Or sing for us?"

"I don't know about that," says I. "He's mighty shy, Mr. Tonelli is. And I never knew of his performin' in public."

"At least," says Mrs. Rollins, "he might be induced to autograph programs, or something. We will see."

"Well, you'll have to make it snappy," says I, "for he ain't plannin' to stay more'n a few minutes. He's just down the line, sittin' in his car. You'll know him by me."

"We shall come right along," says Mrs. Boomer.

"But listen," I adds, "don't say who told you or I might lose my job. He hates gettin' in the spotlight, and I'm takin' a long chance. I'm an orphan myself, you see, and I had to."

"We shall pretend to discover him," says Mrs. Rollins.

"Say," I puts in, "if you want to cinch gettin' him, send a committee of girls, easy-lookers. Not that you couldn't ——"

"I quite agree, young man," says she. "Alicia, call in some of those flower girls."

Havin' started 'em, I stalls around a few minutes, and I hadn't more'n got back to the car before I sees the two ladies sickin' on a bunch of young society buds, and the next I know we're surrounded by a gigglin' squealin' group.

"Why, there is Mr. Tonelli!" calls out one.

"Not the great Tonelli?" asks another.

"Why, of course it is! The King of Song Writers. Oh, Mr. Tonelli!"

With that the mobbin' process begins. They climbs on the runnin' boards and all gushes at once.

Won't he please come and do something for the dear little orphans? Oh, he must help out—a real celebrity is just what they need to make the bazaar a success. For a little while anyway. The committee will be thrilled if he will.

And I gotta hand it to Egbert for puttin' over his modesty act well. Honest, by the way he hung back and got pink in the ears he almost convinced me. But I notice he let himself be dragged out of the car and waltzed off to the platform with a pippin on either arm. Durin' which time Mrs. Rollins and her helper has been soundin' the tom-tom industrious and folks begun gatherin' from all parts of the grounds. I trails along, too, and views the scene from the background where new arrivals was explainin' to each other who it was that was stirrin' up all the excitement, and if they didn't know I threw in the details. Yeauh. If bein' made a fuss over was what Egbert yearned for, I sure had filled the order. He was posed up there at a little table signin' his name to programs at a dollar a throw with peachy girls around him so thick he could hardly move his elbow. Eddie Cantor or Nat Goodwin never had a thing on him, and there's no doubt but that he's havin' the time of his life.

I was standin' back grinnin' when I notices this red-haired maid with the kinda sharp nose and the blazin' blue eyes. She ain't any young thing, but in the black dress with the cross-tied apron she looks sort of slim and neat. She'd been carryin' a tray of little cakes out to the tea table, but has stopped to take in the performance at the music platform. Seems to interest her a lot.

"He don't like it or anything, does he?" I suggests.

"Huh!" says she, not shiftin' her eyes.

"Know who he is?" I goes on. "Tonelli, The Monarch of Melody."

"How do you know so much about him?" she asks.

"Easy," says I. "I'm his shuffer."

"Chauffeur!" says she. "He's got to that, has he? Must be living in style."

"All the style there is," says I. "Why not? Ain't his pieces sellin' by the million? No wonder the ladies are after him. And he's gettin' to be some gay bird, I'll say."

"Oh, he is, is he?" It comes out kinda hard and choky, and the next thing I know she's bust out cryin'. "The beast!" says she. "And me slaving like this. Here! Take this tray."

I finds myself holdin' the cakes and watchin' her push through to the platform. She's got some sharp voice when she lets it out too.

"Egbert!" she fairly shrieks.

As he hears it he loses all his color, and the smug smile fades from the thick lips as he gawps down at her.

"Maggie!" he murmurs.

"Yes," says she, high and shrill; "the Maggie you married when you was a drug-store clerk; the Maggie you ran away from five years ago and left to starve. No, I'll not hush. I'll tell 'em all what a wretch you are, and how you wouldn't even send me a few dollars when I wrote you from the hospital. A fine one you are, to be cuttin' up like this, you—you ——"

She found the stingin' word that suited her after a second or so, and outside of that little hitch there was no break in the flow of language. For it was some bawlin' out she gave Egbert. It was what you might call a masterpiece; a complete, finished piece of work. Nothin' seemed to be left out or slurred over.

I expect it was the big scene of Maggie's life, one she'd probably rehearsed over to herself a good many times, and she sure did justice to the subject. There didn't seem to be one of Egbert's weak points that she failed to touch on, nor any of his mean traits that she omitted; from the fifty dollars he borrowed off'n her brother to get married on, to the night they had their final row and he sneaked out with his suitcase at daylight, never to show up again. It was a tenement-house tongue-lashin', all right, with a de luxe settin'. Maggie simply let herself go.

Startin' in at a fairly high pitch, her voice got shriller and shriller, her eyelids redder, and the cords in her neck stood out stringier than ever. As she clawed at the platform and shook her fist in the air she wasn't a pretty sight.

Egbert? Say, he took it lyin' down. After one feeble attempt to hush her up he just sits there with his eyes set stary and his face the color of a piece of cheese. Then his shoulders slump and his chin sags as Maggie makes a sad wreck of what had promised to be a perfect afternoon.

And you should have seen the dazed look on the faces of the swell dames standin' around as this human tornado cuts loose sudden out of a clear sky with no warnin'. Mrs. Rollins turned purple clear into her third chin, and the Boomer-Day party stood there wringin' her fat fingers. As for the bunch of society buds that had been hoverin' around Egbert, they begun backin' away with their hands over their ears.

'Course this couldn't go on indefinite, but it ain't until Maggie has worked up a fine fit of hysterics that a couple of special cops come puffin' in important and drags her off towards the back of the house. Even then nobody seemed to know what to do, and Egbert is still sittin' there sort of stunned when I edged in, climbed on the platform and took him by the arm.

"I guess it's all over, Mr. Tonelli," says I. "How about beatin' it home?"

I'd almost got him down the side steps when Mrs. Rollins comes to life and glares at me over the rail.

"I hope you realize, young man," says she, "that you have ruined everything for us—you and your disgusting Mr. Tonelli."

"Huh!" says I. "Wasn't you just as anxious to exhibit a celebrity as I was to push him on? How did I know he had a past that needed chloride of lime on it? And maybe the orphans'll never know."

All the way back to the lodge, never a peep comes from Egbert, who rides most of the way with his head in his hands. But as I stands sheepish by the car door when he drags himself out he stops to give me a sorry look.

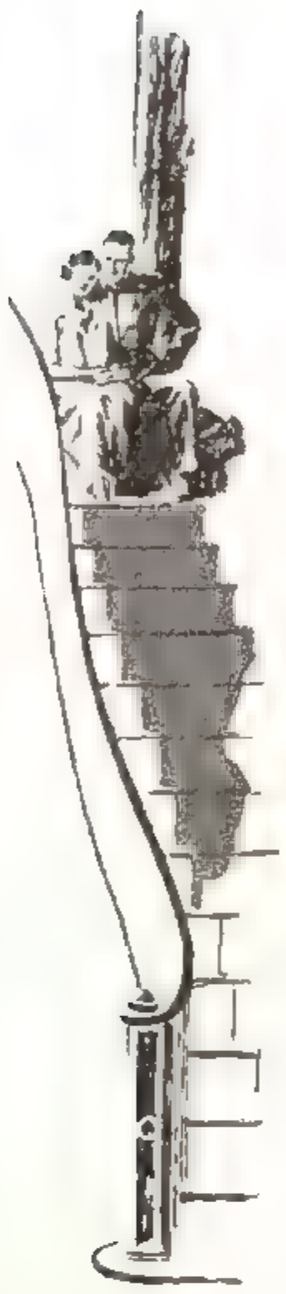
"So it was you who arranged all these—er—little affairs, eh?" he asks

I nods and hunches my shoulders. "I was only tryin' to give you what you wanted," says I, "but I expect this last trip I kinda overplayed my hand."

"I am quite sure you did," says he. "I shall leave a check for you with Mrs. Costello, and I mean to see that your successor confines his talents merely to driving the car."

Oh, well! I guess there is such a thing as bein' too good at a game. As I was tellin' Betty when we was breakin' our final clinch, "Look what they handed Columbus and Napoleon. Huh!"

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of stories by Mr. Ford. The next will appear in an early issue.



Step by Step

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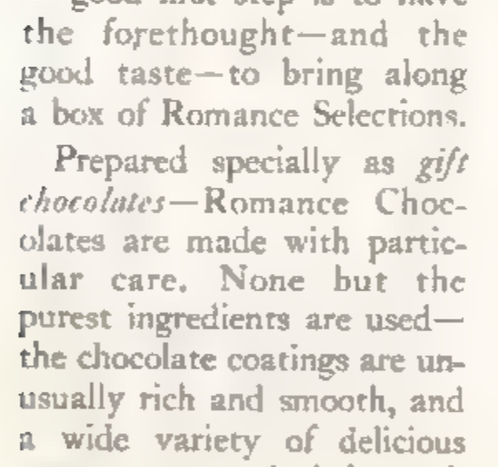

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

IN PICARDIE

(Continued from Page 17)

"Old sauerkraut," I said, "you keep your own chemise on and I'll keep mine."

Honestly, I thought his attitude was both quaint and charming, but I changed my mind when a few days afterward he came to me and said, "My friend, I regret that I am under the necessity of notifying you, formally, to discontinue your calls upon my cousin."

Naturally, it gave me a jolt.

"Why," I said, "that's a little crude, isn't it? Especially since we're leaving in four or five days anyway."

He looked me straight in the eye.

"I am very sorry," he said; "but in view of the circumstances, I cannot possibly go on that trip with you."

That was a harder jolt. But the oddest thing about it was the way it made me think of Louise.

She was a nice girl, of course, and I'd grown rather fond of her, in a way; but if Jean-Paul hadn't adopted the air of a *grand seigneur*, and then broken our arrangement, I don't suppose I'd ever have put on my rose spectacles. But I was fairly young and obstreperous myself, so when he tacked up that no-trespass sign, I simply obeyed the impulse and shot it full of holes. Or you might say that at that specific instant I fell in love with her. No, I didn't exactly fall in love; I was pushed.

"My friend," I said, "are you engaged to her? Have you even proposed to her?"

"Proposed to her!" said Jean-Paul furiously. "You mistake yourself! In France, that is not how it is done. And how can my parents even communicate with her parents? I have no income; I have no reputation; I have not yet arrived. But between cousins, everything could have been settled. And then merely for pastime, and meaning nothing, you divert her attention to yourself! You! My friend! And under my roof!

"That is why I cannot go on the trip with you; I must stay here to repair the damage you have already caused."

Jean-Paul was a Picard, but back in Mechanicsburg they used to call me Muggsy. At the same time, I'd eaten his salt, to say nothing of his tripe and onions. So I tried to calm down.

"Jean-Paul," I said, "what if I am now taking this affair more seriously, myself, and perhaps resent your interference?"

He stared at me until—well, until I was glad I weighed a hundred and eighty.

"If any other man had so insulted our hospitality," he said, "I should have demanded satisfaction. But you are a foreigner, and you were once my good friend. I salute the recollection of that friendship, but it is dead."

"I'd better move over to the inn, then," I said.

If you put any stock in current fiction, of course, then when two pals get into a jam about the same girl they ought to play a round of golf to see which one takes the 4:57 for South Africa, leaving the winner to monopolize the lady. But Jean-Paul and I didn't even eat a philopena. In fact, he was extremely cold and glassy, and when I shifted over to the inn I growled at my lunch as if somebody was trying to take it away from me.

It was rather embarrassing, too, to have to run out on Pa and Ma Delvaille under those particular conditions, only I was so young and shortsighted that I couldn't appreciate anybody's perspective but my own. I mean, according to the local standards, I was nothing but a rank outsider who'd sneaked in and stolen the west wind out of the new mah-jongg set. But how could I have known that Jean-Paul had been smitten to his very core? In America, when a man wants to marry a girl he gets a facial massage and tells her so; but in France he drops a hint to his grandmother, and she whispers it to his mother, and his mother bolts the door and confesses it to his father, and his father goes stealthily by night and betrays it to the girl's father, and he bates his breath and hisses it to his wife, and she sends for her great-aunt Stephanie and all the other relatives, and in about two months, after the eighty-sixth ballot, they vote that the young man can have the girl, plus the silver and linen. And then, as a kind of afterthought, they tell the girl. And in the meantime the young folks have met as much as twice, in the presence of competent witnesses, and prattled about the weather and the best fertilizer for beets. So how could I have known what was fermenting between Jean-Paul's ears?

At any rate, in the afternoon I saw Louise and gave her a broad, general outline of what had been going on. Oh, I was quite the cavalier! I didn't even tell her that Jean-Paul had owed me two hundred francs since Christmas. I didn't tell her that I hadn't begun to worship her until quarter of eleven that same morning either. The main point was that I was seized with romance and that it was an acute attack. You see, Jean-Paul had cranked up my imagination again. He'd made me visualize a cute suburban villa covered with roses, and Louise in a leghorn hat, and plenty of sunshine and rapture, and no butcher's bills, and about nine graded cherubs, all lifting up their sweet little trebles in concert. I never stopped to consider that they'd all have to be housebroken and taught to shut up occasionally. No, I was very young. But I've grown older since.

We were on the edge of the forest. I dashed in and snapped off a twig and dashed back and gave it to her. And she was quite familiar enough with regional traditions to guess what it meant. Do you remember?

There the youth, on a blue May night,
Soft to the maiden's home steals he;
Binds a bough to the lintel's height
From dark fir tree.

Gaston sigheth for Bernadette,
Sorrow to come and joy to be;
This she knows from the token set
In secrecy.

I don't think I told you what she looked like. It's curious, though, how young fellows don't think of anything but looks. Never bother to ask themselves if the girl can mend socks, or how many tantrums she can have, but just get foolish about her complexion or her eyebrows. I tell you, it isn't old age that's the tragedy—it's youth. Laugh that off!

Well, Louise said she liked me tremendously, but she liked Jean-Paul too. And she said that what made it harder for her was just that very difference in customs. I could talk to her and Jean-Paul couldn't. I could go walking with her, because I was an American, and he couldn't dream of it, because he was French.

"But, you see," said Louise, "I am the only one who understands. I am French, but I am also American. So I ask both you and Jean-Paul to be generous. I accept each of you according to his own code. And it is difficult for me, too, for even though I understand both of you, we are, nevertheless, in Picardie, and I am criticized."

So I said hoarsely, "Would you rather I went away then, and tried to forget?"

Instead of braining me, as she should have, she drew a long breath and cuddled the fir twig.

"No," she said. "I should be lonely without either of you."

Nifty, what? That was putting life in the party! But it's born in 'em.

Naturally, I wasn't going off on any painting expedition now, any more than Jean-Paul was. No! I roughed it at the inn—built in 1650 and nothing changed since; not even the napkins—and nearly every day Louise and I would saunter in the "misty green of the orchard grass," and sometimes she'd let me make sketches of her. As a matter of fact, I made a lot more sketches of her than I painted landscapes.

Meanwhile, Jean-Paul was reporting at her farm pretty often, ostensibly to swap a brace of pullets for a turkey gobbler, and by sheer chance, no doubt, he'd usually find Louise in the courtyard. But one of her cousins was sure to be there as a chaperon; otherwise he might have told her that she was looking well that morning—which for a Frenchman would have been pretty underhand and subtle.

And then I heard from my uncle—and the worst had occurred. As an artist, I had been awarded the Order of the Decaying Melon.

There was a job ready for me in the bank at Mechanicsburg, but if I still craved to forge a niche for myself in the ladder of fame, I'd have to do it under my own power. There was also a draft for a hundred dollars, to use either for steamer fare or for a grubstake, just as I preferred.

It was a mighty judicial letter, but it certainly did make me feel like a yesterday's cheese soufflé.

It hurt to tell Louise, but I thought I had to. Good, clean, manly competition—that was me all over.

"What you really want to do is to paint, isn't it?" she asked. "Then I'd go ahead and paint, no matter what sacrifice it cost."

I said, "Yes, but if you were cut up about a girl, too, you'd think of the element of time."

She said, "If a girl were really going to care for you, time wouldn't make any difference—or geography either."

I said, "Geography? What's that got to do with it?"

She said, "We're going back to America in September. They want father to teach at Columbia. So if I were in your place, I'd only think of my talent."

I don't remember if I described her to you; did I? Oh, well, it isn't important; a boy doesn't think of anything but looks anyway. But you add Louise to July, and then add Picardie, and divide the total by twenty-two years, and the result is midsummer madness.

Picardie! If you could just have seen that seventeenth-century inn I lived in! Why, after I once got into the atmosphere of it, I shouldn't have had the slightest quiver if D'Artagnan and Porthos and Aramis had galloped up, all covered with dust and blood, and stable boys in jerkins and with matted hair had rushed out, and the landlord had bent double and said, "What is there for the service of the king's musketeers?" I'm getting maudlin about it again. But it was bully country, and so unspoiled. And it still is, in spots, because, thank heaven! the tourists always cling to main roads and hors d'œuvres and souvenir post cards.

Well, counting the draft, I had almost three hundred dollars; but that wouldn't last me more than six months, unless I lived on bread and garlic and slept in the morgue. And Fernand-Brossier had estimated several more years of study, and even if Louise finally picked me as the prize strawberry, and I could manage to stagger through somehow, just how long would she wait? To be sure, she'd said that time and geography wouldn't count, if she were really going to care for me; but would she still say so two or three years later and four thousand miles away? And on the other hand, why should I expel art from my system and slink back to Mechanicsburg, unless for matrimony aforethought? But Louise wouldn't be definite; I had to take a blind chance. So I resolved to fight it out where I was and either succeed or starve.

It's an amazing thing, when the world is so absolutely infested with women, how a

(Continued on Page 65)

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OIL STOVE

(Continued from Page 62)

boy can lose his balance over a single individual. And yet the greatest thrill I ever had was when I heard that Jean-Paul had suddenly gone back to Paris. The idea struck me that it wasn't so much a return as a retreat; I fancied I had him licked and he knew it, so he was making a clean getaway. Oh, Lord! For the next week Louise had to take my proposals like soda mints, three times a day, after meals. But still she wouldn't say anything definite; and more than that, it seemed that she actually missed the blighter, so I wasn't quite so conceited.

Then I got another terrific wallop. Absent-mindedly I felt in my pocket for my bill fold—and it wasn't there. It had just simply vanished. I hadn't had any occasion to use it since I'd paid my last reckoning at the inn, and in the meantime I'd roamed over about five square miles of territory. So it was almost as bad as hunting in the Mediterranean Sea for one particular sardine.

The whole village had been rooting for Jean-Paul and hoping I'd break a leg, but as soon as they knew I was in trouble, the searching parties looked like a census enumeration. Oh, they're wonderful people, those Picards!

And the *patronne* gave me chicken for dinner without charging extra for it, but I never found the bill fold.

It was really a mighty ticklish situation. I hadn't the price to stay where I was, and I hadn't the price to go anywhere else. I couldn't even cable my uncle for more cash, except to go home on—and I'd only just decided not to go home! Try that complication on your ouija board!

Louise was so sympathetic that I made rather more of an ass of myself than usual. And the day we gave up hunting I think I offered to commit suicide, to demonstrate how desperately I loved her. The project didn't appeal to her, though, so I crawled back to the inn. And at the inn, the first person I saw was Jean-Paul. But what a transformation! He'd bloomed out like a *boulevardier*—new suit, new hat, new shoes, new everything.

"Jean-Paul," I said, "you've sold a picture!"

"All three of them," he said, "and I have two commissions besides. So I am here to pay my debt." And he handed me the two hundred francs he'd borrowed at Christmas.

Wasn't it a knock-out? I mean, the money itself was a blessing; but imagine your hated rival marketing his stuff and breezing in as a capitalist just at that precise moment!

"And I can inform you," said Jean-Paul, "that hereafter you will find me a more vigorous opponent. Until today, I have been ashamed by this indebtedness. But now we are quits financially and also morally, for I consider that your previous kindness is offset by your present conduct. You excuse yourself on the ground that you are American. Very well; now that I have obtained some money and taken strides toward a reputation, I too will be American. I will put aside my heritage of etiquette, and without delaying for our parents to discuss the question, I go to declare myself openly to mademoiselle—and I am your humble servitor."

I tell you it seared me. Because if Jean-Paul had kept level with me when he could only talk to her about beet culture, what wouldn't he do if he stepped on the gas? And remember, I was thoroughly persuaded that without Louise to scramble my eggs and dust off the rubber plant, life was going to be a fatal disease.

I patrolled my room for two hours before I knew what I was going to do. Then I wrote a long, lurid epistle to Louise, packed up my belongings and hired a blue cart without any shock absorber to jounce me over to the station.

From Paris I wired out to Fontainebleau to a very distinguished painter I'd happened to meet, named Chaigneau, who was diametrically opposed to Fernand-Brossier. But this was my scheme: If two men on opposite sides of the fence agreed about me, I might as well get behind a bronze grille at the Mechanicsburg Loan and Trust. And if they didn't, why, I'd try to hang on somehow. I left the details until later. That was principally because I couldn't seem to make any headway with them at the time.

Chaigneau sent word for me to come on out, so I put six canvases under my arm and went. Another man was lounging about the studio, but he was tactful enough to disappear while Chaigneau listened to my autobiography.

He was awfully paternal, Chaigneau was; but at the first landscape I showed him he began to paw his chin, and when he shook his head at the fourth, I felt lower than a mole's toenails. Then suddenly he stopped.

"What's this?"

"Oh, just a sketch," I said. "I brought it along because of the background. I hoped you might like those willows."

He gazed at it quite a while, and then he said, "You've been studying Steinlen's posters?"

"Never!" I said.

I was really offended. Posters! But Chaigneau went to the door and beckoned in the other chap and aimed his thumb at my sketch of Louise. The other chap gave it a hard look, and then gave me one, and said, "Have you done many more like this?"

"Oh, a couple of dozen," I said; "but honestly, please don't think this is the best I can do!"

"Well, for all that are as good as that," he said, "I'll give you three hundred francs apiece, provided you retouch them according to my directions. Is that satisfactory?"

"And if they're as bad as this collection," said Chaigneau, referring to my landscapes, "you need much, much more tuition, my son. You have a natural ability for figure painting in broad effects, but your landscapes are not good. But here is an opportunity to support yourself while you study."

"Glug!" I said to the visitor. "What on earth do you want them for?"

"Lithographs," he said. "I am the proprietor of the largest lithographic plant in France."

It was manna from the clouds, and I was utterly paralyzed by the miracle. But, you see, they were sketches of Louise and that made it different. Yet Louise was going back to America in a month or so, and Jean-Paul had bumped me against the rail just as we were coming into the stretch. And in retouching, I could take out all the resemblance, if any, and then plug ahead and learn to do some really good work.

So for the sake of one ideal I throttled another, and when I headed for Picardie again I had five thousand francs in my jeans, and I was quite confident that in a season or two I was going to elbow Millet and Diaz and Rousseau and the rest of the Barbizon school back to the minors.

But the nearer I got to Louise, the less gloating I did. In Picardie those sketches seemed so much more personal and intimate. So I didn't tell her specifically what it was I'd done; I just said I'd found a purchaser for some of my things and I displayed the evidence, with the largest bank notes on the outside. And she said she was proud of me, and I yammered, and I'd have kissed her hand only she was too quick for me.

The month went by like lightning. Louise was to sail in a fortnight. I didn't paint any more; I wrote poems. Love and turtle-dove poems, flower and bower, June and moon.

And then Louise and I went walking through the beeches, and we stopped at our favorite pool, and ——

Francis paused and scowled at his subject's shirt front and at the fading light. He whistled softly.

Long lagoons where the lilies lie,
Blossoms and buds of ivory;
Sweet the meadows and fair the sky
Of Picardie.

Then, with great deliberation, he put down his palette and brushes and stood peering up through the huge window and smiling askew.

We looked in the pool—said Francis tardily—and we looked at each other. I wasn't thinking whether she could cook chops or not; I was the average imbecile of my age, and she was pretty.

I said, "Louise, nothing can prevent my being a success, if you'll only wait a little while. Won't you please promise?"

She said, "I—almost—believe—I—will."

I was such a chump that I didn't even kiss her. I was thinking madly about the *droit de vin* and betting that Jean-Paul wouldn't claim Louise when a stranger's engaged to a Picard, all the young men in the neighborhood have the right to hold him up for a free drink as a sort of indemnity for losing the girl out of local society. And I was thinking what a riot there'd be at the inn that night when I told the crowd to step up and name its poison. It would be Jean-Paul's official notice that he was disqualified. Poor old duffer! He'd lost and I'd won! Meaning that a girl I really knew next to nothing about had agreed to let me support her and interrupt my serious work. Lord! If men ever had courage enough to admit the facts! But twenty years ago I hadn't it myself.

Then we came out on the main highway, a mile below the inn, and suddenly she gasped and caught my sleeve.

Across the road there was a barn, and on the barn there was a three-sheet in full color. Most of it was taken up by the figure of a girl, and the text read: "She Is Beautiful Because She Used Bernajoux's Boudoir Cream." And in retouching the infernal thing I'd unconsciously made it look more like Louise than ever.

I tried to explain, but she was crying, and she wouldn't see that I'd really done it for her so I could stay in France and learn to paint salable landscapes. And I hadn't known what use would be made of the stuff, anyway. And she hadn't even begun to be convinced when we came to the edge of the village, and there was another barn and another poster. It was Louise standing beside our favorite pool—where I'd just proposed to her for the last time. And the text said—it said—it said just two words: "Guyot's Soap!"

When I emerged from my trance she was gone. My guardian angel told me not to trail her. The chapter was closed and I wasn't going to have to pay any *droit de vin*. And to prove that I was right, I had a note from her even before I was packed. You can probably guess what it said. And I hadn't the sense to see that I'd been emancipated!

I went to Paris to murder the lithographer, but when he heard what had happened he cried too, and gave me an order for twelve more poster drawings. So I sat down and communed with myself, and for the first time I realized my own limitations. As a landscape painter I'd never be anything but punk. I also realized my own gifts. I could do figures. So I went and joined another life class and actually made money while I was a student. And I've been an illustrator ever since. And not so bad, either, if anybody should ride up in a hearse and ask you.

Louise never went back to America at all. She married Jean-Paul, and they've got about nine whooping brats and a ratty little villa in Montigny. I drove past it the last time I was over. If he hung all his gold medals around his neck he'd sink in his bath, but I understand he has a hard time to make a living. And he was a good man too. That's the trouble with art; there's so little difference between mediocrity and the top of the heap. And there's a lot of luck in it too.

For instance, if it hadn't been for that song, freshman year, I wouldn't have been so hipped about Picardie. I wouldn't have gone up there with Jean-Paul and met Louise. And then if I hadn't lost my bill fold I wouldn't have gone to see Chaigneau and met the lithographer. No, I'd have scratched along somehow, and today I'd be spoiling good canvas and listening to the brats squall and worrying just as Jean-Paul must be. And instead of that, I'm worrying about my income tax. Lucky? Well, imagine me tied down to a family! Gold medals, but nothing in the bank. The Legion of Honor, but in wrong with the tradesmen. And I've got forty thousand a year and absolute freedom—and what has Jean-Paul had? Twenty years of subordinating himself to a woman who used to be pretty! I really hadn't thought of Louise for ages until that invitation came in this afternoon. . . . It's too dark for me to do any more; let's have a cigarette and then go and eat. I'm afraid I've bored you.

Francis was fumbling among his brushes, but he couldn't keep his back to me forever. And when I glimpsed his profile, and observed how solidly his jaw was set and how tremulous his lips were, I was abruptly reminded of the last verse of Graham Tomson's song:

Where are the waters that drown regret?
Where are the leaves from sleep's own tree?
Nowhere else in the world—nor yet
In Picardie.

"No, you haven't bored me," I said; "far from it."

But it was many minutes before either of us cared to light a cigarette in the gathering dusk.

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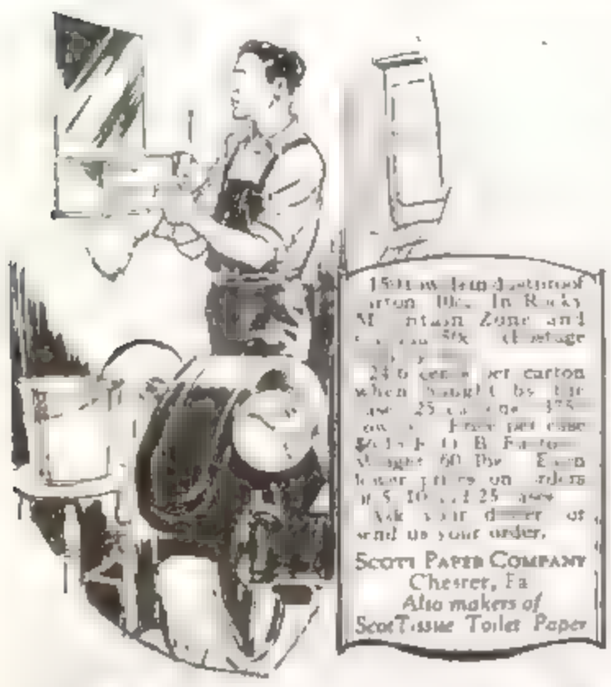

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THE CUSTODY OF THE PUMPKIN

(Continued from Page 7)

"Pass along there, please. Pass along," he commanded austerely. "Ought to know better than block up a public thoroughfare like this. Pass along!"

He moved off, shepherding the crowd before him. The Roman emperor with the rimless glasses advanced upon Lord Emsworth, extending a large hand.

"Pleased to meet you at last," he said. "My name is Donaldson, Lord Emsworth."

For a moment the name conveyed nothing to his lordship. Then its significance hit him, and he drew himself up with hauteur.

"You'll excuse us, Angus," said Mr. Donaldson. "High time you and I had a little chat, Lord Emsworth."

Lord Emsworth was about to speak, when he caught the other's eye. It was a strong, keen, level gray eye, with a curious forcefulness about it that made him feel strangely inferior. There is every reason to suppose that Mr. Donaldson had subscribed for years to those personality courses advertised in the back pages of the magazines, which guarantee to impart to the pupil who takes ten correspondence lessons the ability to look the boss in the eye and make him wilt. Mr. Donaldson looked Lord Emsworth in the eye, and Lord Emsworth wilted.

"How do you do?" he said weakly.

"Now listen, Lord Emsworth," proceeded Mr. Donaldson. "No sense in having hard feelings between members of a family. I take it you've heard by this that your boy and my girl have gone ahead and fixed it up? Personally, I'm delighted. That boy is a fine young fellow ——"

Lord Emsworth blinked.

"You are speaking of my son Frederick?" he said incredulously.

"Of your son Frederick. Now, at the moment, no doubt, you are feeling a trifle sore. I don't blame you. You have every right to be sorer than a gumboil. But you must remember—young blood, eh? It will, I am convinced, be a lasting grief to that splendid young man ——"

"You are still speaking of my son Frederick?"

"Of Frederick, yes. It will, I say, be a lasting grief to him if he feels he has incurred your resentment. You must forgive him, Lord Emsworth. He must have your support."

"I suppose he'll have to have it, dash it," said his lordship unhappily. "Can't let the boy starve."

Mr. Donaldson's hand swept round in a wide grand gesture.

"Don't you worry about that. I'll look after that end of it. I am not a rich man ——"

"Ah!" said his lordship resignedly. A faint hope, inspired by the largeness of the other's manner, had been flickering in his bosom.

"I doubt," continued Mr. Donaldson frankly, "if, all told, I have as much as ten million dollars in the world."

Lord Emsworth swayed like a sapling in the breeze.

"Ten million? Ten million? Did you say you had ten million dollars?"

"Between nine and ten, I suppose. Not more. But you must bear in mind that the business is growing all the time. I am Donaldson's Dog Biscuits."

"Donaldson's Dog Biscuits! Indeed! Really! Fancy that!"

"You have heard of them?" asked Mr. Donaldson eagerly.

"Never," said Lord Emsworth cordially.

"Oh! Well, that's who I am. And, with your approval, I intend to send Frederick over to Long Island City to start learning the business. I have no doubt that he will in time prove a most valuable asset to the firm."

Lord Emsworth could conceive of no way in which Freddie could be of value to a dog-biscuit firm, except possibly as a taster: but he refrained from damping the other's enthusiasm by saying so.

"He seems full of keenness. But he must feel that he has your moral support, Lord Emsworth; his father's moral support."

"Yes, yes, yes!" said Lord Emsworth heartily. A feeling of positive adoration for Mr. Donaldson was thrilling him. The getting rid of Freddie, which he himself had been unable to achieve in twenty-six years, this godlike dog-biscuit manufacturer had accomplished in less than a week. "Oh, yes, yes, yes! Most decidedly!"

"They sail on Wednesday."

"Splendid!"

"Early in the morning"

"Capital!"

"I may give them a friendly message from you?"

"Certainly! Certainly, certainly, certainly! Inform Frederick that he has my best wishes."

"I will"

"Mention that I shall watch his future progress with considerable interest"

"Exactly"

"Say that I hope he will work hard and make a name for himself."

"Just so."

"And," concluded Lord Emsworth, speaking with a fatherly earnestness well in keeping with this solemn moment, "tell him—er—not to hurry home."

He pressed Mr. Donaldson's hand with feelings too deep for further speech. Then he galloped swiftly to where Angus McAllister stood brooding over the tulip bed.

"McAllister!"

The other's beard waggled grimly. He looked at his late employer with cold eyes.

"McAllister," faltered Lord Emsworth humbly, "I wish—I wonder —— What I want to say is, have you accepted another situation yet?"

"I am conseederin' twa."

"Come back to me!" pleaded his lordship, his voice breaking. "Robert Barker is worse than useless. Come back to me!"

Angus McAllister gazed woodenly at the tulips. "A' weel," he said at length.

"You will?" cried Lord Emsworth joyfully. "Splendid! Capital! Excellent!"

"A' didn'a say I wud."

"I thought you said 'I will,'" said his lordship, dashed.

"I didn'a say 'A' weel': I said 'A' weel,'" said Mr. McAllister stiffly. "Meanin', mebbe I might, mebbe not."

Lord Emsworth laid a trembling hand upon his arm.

"McAllister, I will raise your salary."

The beard twitched.

"Dash it, I'll double it!"

The eyebrows flickered.

"McAllister—Angus," said Lord Emsworth in a low voice. "Come back! The pumpkin needs you."

In an age of rush and hurry like that of today, an age in which there are innumerable calls on the leisure time of everyone, it is possible that here and there throughout the ranks of the public who have read this chronicle there may be one or two who for various reasons found themselves unable to attend the annual Flower and Vegetable show at Shrewsbury. Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe of Badgwick Hall was there, of course, but it would not have escaped the notice of a close observer that his mien lacked something of the haughty arrogance which had characterized it in other years. From time to time, as he paced the tent devoted to the exhibition of vegetables, he might have been seen to bite his lip, and his eye had something of that brooding look which Napoleon's must have worn after Waterloo.

But there is the right stuff in Sir Gregory. He is a gentleman and a sportsman. In the Parsloe-Parsloe tradition there is nothing small or mean. Halfway down the tent he stopped, and with a quick manly gesture thrust out his hand.

"Congratulate you, Emsworth," he said huskily.

Lord Emsworth looked up with a start. He had been deep in his thoughts.

"Thanks, my dear fellow. Thanks. Thanks. Thank you very much." He hesitated. "Er—can't both win, if you understand me."

Sir Gregory puzzled it out.

"No," he said. "No. See what you mean. Can't both win."

He nodded and walked on, with who knows what vultures gnawing at his broad bosom? And Lord Emsworth—with Angus McAllister, who had been a silent witness of the scene, at his side—turned once more to stare reverently at that which lay on the strawy bottom of one of the largest packing cases ever seen in Shrewsbury town.

Inside it, something vast and golden beamed up at him.

A card had been attached to the exterior of the packing case. It bore the simple legend:

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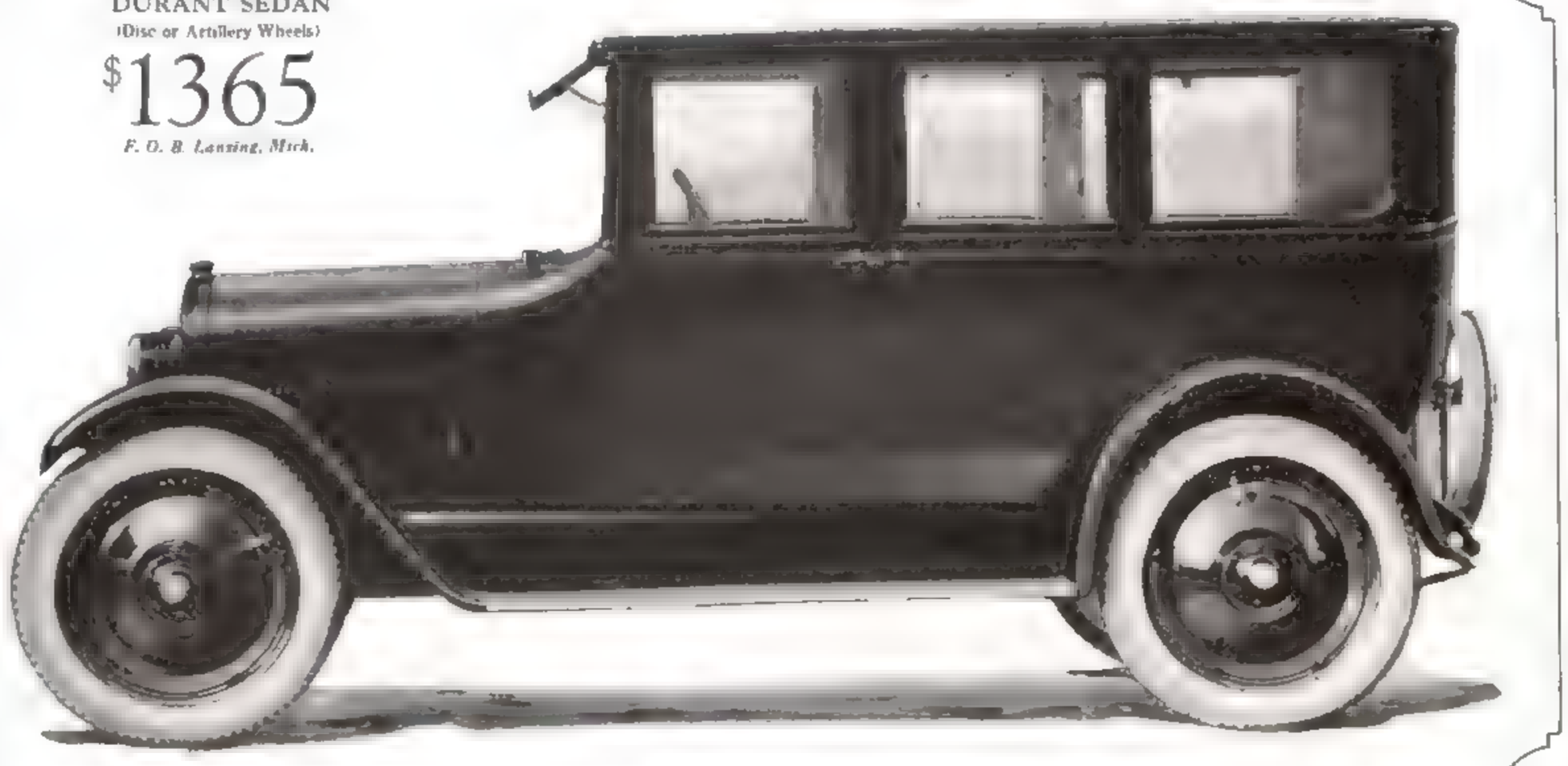

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WHY I AM FOR HENRY FORD'S OFFER FOR MUSCLE SHOALS

(Continued from Page 30)

In order to determine the accuracy of this statement, I wrote to Gen. C. C. Williams, chief of ordnance, and received a reply stating that property valued at $1,998,236.31, consisting principally of lumber, construction equipment, fittings, housing equipment, and the like, had been transferred to the Wilson Dam. Further inquiry develops the fact that it was used for temporary accommodations for the workmen, and for other temporary construction purposes. The office of the chief of ordnance also stated that "in addition to that transferred to the Wilson Dam, very appreciable quantities of certain materials have been used on plant maintenance during the last five years. A recent estimate covering surplus property at Plant No. 2, and including ammonium nitrate, construction equipment, railroad equipment, tools, electrical equipment, building material and miscellaneous other equipment, but not including reserves which may be required for plant maintenance in the near future, has been prepared by the plant organization. The estimated sale value of this property is $506,175.70. . . . In general, the most valuable property has been used at the dam, leaving items of more uncertain value."

Instead of finding $2,000,000 worth of building material which has been placed in sheds and well taken care of, and for which there is a ready market, as the senator declares, Mr. Ford, on the acceptance of his offer, would find that the serviceable portion of this material has been used for temporary construction purposes at the Wilson Dam and that on completion of the job, its value will be practically nil. Moreover, under his offer, it would become leased government property, not subject to sale.

This is a fair example of the lack of accuracy which appears throughout the reports of Senator Norris which he has issued on behalf of a majority of our committee. Such inaccuracies do not inspire a great deal of confidence in the majority's report.

Many well-intended editorials inspired by these inaccuracies have denounced Mr. Ford's offer and have referred in glowing terms to the superiority of the offers of the power companies and others, but in spite of this widespread and expensive publicity, neither the House nor the Senate committees would report any of them. I have stated the reason. My space is limited, but I will state it again:

No other bidder combined a return equal to that of Mr. Ford's with a definite obligation to manufacture fertilizer to the full capacity of Nitrate Plant No. 2 except at the expense of the Government.

Was Judge Gary Asleep?

There are perhaps half a dozen objections to the Ford offer which the opposing interests have heralded through the press from one end of the country to the other. First, there is the claim that Mr. Ford would receive "the greatest gift ever bestowed on mortal man since salvation was made free to the human race," as Senator Norris extravagantly puts it. The senator has been supported in this view by similar statements of the fertilizer interests and the power interests, which have consistently opposed the development of Muscle Shoals from the very outset. The record of these interests does not support the statements made either by them or by the senator from Nebraska.

If it were true that the Muscle Shoals properties possessed an earning power so great as to enable Mr. Ford or his estate under his offer to accumulate $14,500,000,000 in 100 years by virtue of their possession, and enable his corporation to dominate all the business of the entire world as Senator Norris declares, then any schoolboy would know that when the Federal Government decided to dispose of these properties there would have been a veritable stampede to secure such marvelous earning capacity. Who could imagine the United States Steel Corporation, for example, overlooking a chance to accumulate $14,500,000,000? But did it undertake to secure this wonderful bonanza? It did not. When, in 1919, the Government, through its nitrogen director, Mr. A. G. Glasgow, attempted to secure an offer for this property, his proposal was coldly received and the fertilizer and allied interests all declared that they were not interested.

The testimony shows that Mr. Glasgow went personally to the president of each of the large fertilizer companies and offered him the nitrate plants free of any rental whatever until they should earn 9 per cent on whatever investment was necessary for their operation, thereafter dividing profits evenly with the Government; but, with one accord these interests declined to make an offer, in spite of the fact that then, as today, the dam was under construction, with attractive prospects for water power for economical operation. An appeal was made also by the nitrogen director to the by-product coke operators—leading firms of which are controlled by the Mellon interests, which also control the Aluminum Company of America—with the same result. The Muscle Shoals properties went begging and no one would have them. The situation was repeated in 1921, when General Beach asked the power companies for bids.

Failing to interest private capital, Mr. Glasgow proposed a government corporation to be financed by the sale of surplus war materials, which should undertake the operation of this property. The Wadsworth-Kahn Bill, which carried these provisions, was vigorously opposed in both the House and Senate by the same interests which had declined to bid; and though it passed the Senate, after having been destructively amended, the bill died in the House Committee on Military Affairs. It is these same interests which have been looking to the Senate to defeat the will of the people and reject the Ford proposal.

Values Overestimated

The truth of the whole matter is that these properties have no such value as Senator Norris suggests, but that their value would be utterly insignificant compared with the losses that would be incurred by anyone who undertook to operate Nitrate Plant No. 2 in the production of fertilizer as it now stands, and as it will continue to stand until scores of millions have been expended to establish the electrochemical fertilizer industry successfully at Muscle Shoals. Realizing this, the Union Carbide Company and the Hooker-Atterbury-White people offered to operate the nitrate plant only on the condition that the Government paid all the expense. The Alabama Power Company did not offer to operate the plant at all, but merely to keep it in idleness, while its offer to produce 50,000 tons of nitrogen for fertilizers annually was a conditional one. Its unconditional offer was limited to 5000 tons annually.

The claim is not true that Mr. Ford receives a warranty deed in fee simple to this nitrate-plant property, however questionable its value, for the provisions of his offer must be written into his deeds and become covenants running with the land. The sale is conditional, and if Mr. Ford or his company at any time violates its provisions, the Government can cancel his deeds by court procedure and take its property back, and neither Mr. Ford nor his company can give a clear title to the property for 100 years.

As for the $700,000 worth of platinum which Senator Norris suggests that Mr. Ford might sell, this platinum is made up into special catalysts that are an absolutely necessary part of the military equipment of Nitrate Plant No. 2, and Mr. Ford could not sell these catalysts without violating his agreement to maintain the nitrate plant ready for war service by the Government on five days' notice.

But, say the opposition, even if the nitrate plants are not so valuable, there is this great water power. Yes, I reply, but all the reliable power—all the 241,000 horse power available all the year round with the help of the steam-power plants—must be used in order to carry out Mr. Ford's minimum fertilizer obligations, and in these operations his profit is limited to 8 per cent on the fair actual annual cost of production, with a board of farmers to tell him what is fair and to fix the price and control the distribution of his product. As for the irregular and unreliable power, sooner or later this largely will be needed for fertilizer manufacture to meet the demand. At present it has little or no value and will have none until millions are spent in making it dependable and valuable.

It should be remembered in discussing what Mr. Ford should or should not have offered, that he was asked merely to state what arrangements he would be willing to make to assure the Government a reasonable return on its investment if the United States should complete the unfinished dam and power plant. There was no suggestion that this nitrate enterprise, the peacetime purpose of which was the production of fertilizers and not the distribution of electrical power, should be required to come under the terms of the Federal Water-Power Act. The legality and enforceability of many of the provisions of that act were in dispute at that time, and still remain so, the states of New York and New Jersey having brought suit in the Supreme Court to test its validity and to defend their states' rights; and two national party platforms call for its amendment. It is a law designed to apply to projects in which water-power development and distribution are the purposes of the enterprise, and the act can hardly be affected whatever the outcome at Muscle Shoals.

There was no suggestion that offers to lease the dam must be limited in their lease period to fifty years. On the contrary, the only offer for Muscle Shoals which has ever been recommended to Congress by the United States engineers was made by the Alabama Power Company in 1913 for a lease period of 100 years, and offered a return of only 3 per cent on the Government's investment. One way to defeat the Ford offer was to provide that Mr. Ford should come under the Federal Water-Power Act, and this was attempted in the House of Representatives; but a large majority, recognizing that the House had no authority to change Mr. Ford's offer without his consent, voted down the proposed amendments.

If the benefits of the regulation to be had under the Water-Power Act are really what is claimed for them, then they should be applied to all developments affecting the navigable capacity of our streams; such, for example, as that of the Aluminum Company of America on the Little Tennessee River; but I have yet to find a single particular in which the public would be benefited by bringing the Aluminum Company under the Water-Power Act, for the only difference in the situation would be that the annual operating expenses of the Aluminum Company would be increased by twenty-five cents for each installed horse power of its development. If there is no public benefit to be gained by bringing the Aluminum Company of America under the Water-Power Act on the Little Tennessee River, then why should Henry Ford be required to come under the Water-Power Act in the production of fertilizers and aluminum at Muscle Shoals?

State Control

As for the lease period, I agree with Secretary Weeks that this is not a vital question, for its length is absolutely immaterial if the interests of the public are protected. Neither Mr. Ford nor anyone else can distribute power to the public in any Southern state without his plant automatically becoming a public utility, subject to the rules and regulations of the state public-utility commission in the state in which he does business. If any one has any doubt about this, or sees the need for further regulation, let him remember that aside from navigation, the control of the use of the water of a navigable stream for beneficial purposes is not in the Federal Government but in the state; and if it should be found that any further regulation of Mr. Ford and his company becomes desirable, a simple remedy is immediately available, for the governor of Alabama can call the legislature of the state together and pass whatever laws are necessary in the public interest.

The statement of Senator Norris that Mr. Ford's bid actually "provides that the Ford corporation shall have the electricity developed at Muscle Shoals without regulation by either Federal or state authority" is entirely incorrect and unjust to Mr. Ford. No such provision is made anywhere in the Ford offer, and if it were it would be entirely void and unenforceable. The powers of Congress and of the state legislatures and of the courts cannot be set aside by contract. As to the legality of Mr. Ford's guaranties and pledges, this is a purely legal question in which I, like other laymen, must be guided by legal opinion; but I find nothing in the record to warrant the apprehension of our chairman; on the contrary, I find that the Judge-Advocate-General testified that these guaranties were satisfactory.

The senator claims that Mr. Ford has asked the Government to insure him against the destruction of the dams; but the proposal says merely that (as in the case of all other navigation dams) the responsibility for maintenance expense is left to the Government, and it is a well-known principle of law that any contract becomes void by the destruction of its subject matter. As for the cost of this maintenance, Mr. Ford pays $55,000 annually for this purpose and the chief of engineers has testified that this is sufficient. I am willing to trust the judgment of our chief of engineers.

Both nitrates and dyes are necessary for national defense; the same organic chemicals which become our dyes can be converted to poisonous gases for chemical warfare, or, when combined with nitrogen, become explosives. The crude materials for the dye industry are obtained from the by-products which are recovered in the manufacture of coke in by-product ovens.

When war was declared, the American manufacturers, who as a whole were about 90 per cent dependent upon German synthetic colors, found that their supply was cut off in the face of an unprecedented demand for their own products in which the dyes were needed. As a result the price of dyes skyrocketed to a level as much as 2100 per cent above normal. The demand far exceeded the supply, regardless of price, and it was under these conditions, with the opportunity for enormous profits, that the American dye plants were built.

The Dye Interests

In the Senate hearings on dyes in 1919 it was shown that the National Aniline and Chemical Company, owned by some of the largest interests which are fighting the Ford offer, was capitalized in 1917 with $25,000,000 preferred and $25,000,000 common stock, and that eighteen months later that company had been able to set aside for plant depreciation, obsolescence, Federal taxes, and so on, a sum equal to their entire common stock, or about $25,000,000.

Having thus had an extraordinary opportunity to pay for their new plants out of wartime profits, the dye industry, led by the General Chemical Company and the DuPonts, came to Washington and declared that the high tariff of 30 per cent ad valorem, plus five cents a pound, which had been placed on foreign dyes by Congress in 1916 was not sufficient. In declaring to the Senate Committee on Finance what the dye industry wanted, Mr. Irénée DuPont, president of E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Company, stated:

"What do we want? I say an embargo, with a permit to bring in these things we do not make for a ten-year period. I say we want, second, a tariff in addition to the embargo. The embargo may miscarry; put as high a duty as you can get behind the embargo wall. I want further, then, and at the risk of seeming to get a monopoly, to urge that you should provide that the Sherman Law does not apply to the dye industry, if it is thought necessary in the opinion of some government official."

So the dye industry, whose unregulated profits had been absolutely protected by the President's wartime embargo on dyes of 1917, secured a continuation of the embargo in 1921 which continued until 1922, when the tariff was increased to 60 per cent ad valorem and seven cents a pound; and today only a few specialty dyes are imported, while the average cost a pound of the dyes used in this country is about three times their prewar cost.

On one hand we have this dye industry, owned by the powerful Eastern financial interests, with its war-built plants long since paid for out of wartime profits, securing this remarkable aid at the expense of the American people in the name of national defense; on the other hand we have the Ford offer to establish a nitrogen industry for the production of the nitrogen that is absolutely necessary for every pound of our military explosives, and of the greatest benefit to agriculture as well. One readily receives an absolute embargo against competition from abroad at the hands of Congress, free from any limitation

(Continued on Page 73)

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(Continued from Page 68)

whatever on its profits; the other, asking no tariff protection and with a voluntary limitation of profit to 8 per cent on the fair actual annual cost of production, and with a board of farmers to fix the price and to say what is fair, is denounced as a subsidy and denied a decision for more than three years.

Why the difference? It is this: In the case of the dye industry Congress has heard and promptly responded to the voice of big business, while in the case of the Ford offer Congress has failed to answer to the appeals of the farmers for a decision.

I have nothing whatever against the American dye industry—I recognize its great value as a military asset; but I protest against the discrimination which says that these favors to the dye industry are justifiable and the acceptance of Henry Ford's offer is unjustifiable.

Though the power and fertilizer interests which are fighting the Ford offer are willing to deal with government bureaus or special officials, they have shown no inclination to deal directly with the representatives of the people in Congress or to deal with the consumers themselves. Consistent with this attude, their spokesmen have recommended that all offers be rejected and the entire matter be referred to a commission as a means of defeating a vote on the Ford offer in Congress. In this connection they have pointed to the President's message in which he suggested a small joint committee of Congress to deal with the Muscle Shoals question. This is a very different proposal from the commission plan. It does not recommend that jurisdiction of the Muscle Shoals question shall be taken out of the hands of Congress. A commission with power to act would relieve Congress from its responsibility to the farmers, however, and if it chose to recommend the distribution of the power and to leave the farmers at the mercy of the Chilean Nitrate Producers Association, the way would be open for it to do so.

Armies and not arbitration have settled the fate of nations for centuries, but civilization has come to realize that neither armies nor arbitration can assure national safety in these days of deadly scientific achievement.

A high naval authority recently said, "The poison-gas clause of the Limitation of Armament Treaty is merely an internationally expressed hope that may be expected possibly to prolong the régime of peace. . . .The discovery of a new gas may mean the routing of an army, the annihilation of a navy or the loss of a war."

I am very much opposed to war, but I realize that under these conditions our country well may observe a day dedicated to the national defense. The voluntary mobilization of 17,000,000 men and women is inspiring and impressive, but it is a pitiable mockery of preparedness if our patriotism is not backed up by industries prepared to furnish the necessities of present-day warfare on short notice.

Peacetime Necessities

Men may be mobilized quickly, but no general order will produce great tonnages of nitrates for explosives nor of light metals and other materials for efficient aviation equipment nor of deadly toxic gases for chemical warfare, unless we have in this country large, well-established industries making peacetime products which can supply these war needs when called upon—strong industries, able to carry on the intensive research which we must have if we are to continue in reasonable security.

We may agree to the limitation of armament, but we cannot limit the production of peacetime necessities; and when these necessities can be turned quickly to present-day military purposes they become an unbridled menace in the hands of a foreign enemy. Nitrogen, for instance, has its peacetime use in fertilizers, chemicals and refrigeration. Aluminum and other light metals are needed for motor cars, household utensils, commercial airplanes, welding and electrical uses; while chemicals for war gases are used in dyes, textiles, paper and a multitude of other manufactures. No limit can be placed upon the peacetime production of nitrogen, light metals and gases, and no nation need feel secure which ignores or neglects them.

Applying this to Muscle Shoals, the possibilities of the future are nothing short of bewildering.

First there is the opportunity to combine nitrogen fixation for fertilizer purposes with the production of light metals, such as aluminum, by a number of processes. For example report No. 100 of the United States Fixed Nitrogen Research Laboratory describes a modification of the so-called aluminum-nitride process whereby an electric furnace product called ferro-aluminum is employed, and cites references showing that the production of ferro-aluminum is nothing new, for it has been known to electrometallurgists since 1885.

Estimates of the cost of production are given showing that with conditions to be had at Muscle Shoals the entire cost of nitrogen for fertilizer purposes can be charged against the aluminum and even then the cost of the purified raw material from which aluminum is made can be reduced 40 per cent.

When our government nitrogen laboratory, which since 1919 has made a specialty of the study of improved processes, admits that the raw materials for aluminum can be reduced 40 per cent in cost and at the same time the nitrogen, which is the most expensive element in commercial fertilizers, can be supplied free of charge for fertilizer manufacture, it must be admitted that the prospects for the production of fertilizers at Muscle Shoals and their sale to farmers at about half of the present prices is a reasonable expectation. Since the production of aluminum is an important factor in reducing the cost of fertilizers at Muscle Shoals, I would be disposed to give preference to any satisfactory offer which provides for its production in connection with fertilizer manufacture; not only at Muscle Shoals but at the magnificent power site at Croil Island in the St. Lawrence River and at Priest Rapids in the Columbia River, to which I referred in my previous article. Geologists are predicting the early exhaustion of the best of our copper deposits and the cheapening of aluminum will may become an important factor in maintaining the leading position of the United States among the industrial nations of the world.

Chemical Possibilities

Nitrate Plant No. 2 is the greatest calcium carbide plant in the world, and the products of calcium carbide alone rival those of coal tar in their possibilities of variety and usefulness. One great branch consists of the derivatives of carbide after it has been combined with nitrogen, forming the well-known fertilizer compound, calcium cyanamide. The United States Fixed Nitrogen Research Laboratory reports that it has studied a few of the many compounds which can be made from cyanamide, such as urea, the most concentrated form of exclusively nitrogen fertilizer known, dicyanodiamide, melamine, guanylurea, guanidine and urethane. Among others which have received less attention might be mentioned carbamic acid, amidodicyanic acid, carboxyguanidine, biguanide, ammeline, biuret, allophanic acid, cyanaminoformic acid, iminodicarboxylic acid, and others. As Dr. F. G. Cottrell, director of the Government's nitrogen laboratory, states in his annual report, "Some of the large number of cyanamide derivatives have already found distinct uses in the manufacture of military explosives, in medicine and in the arts. This class of compounds forms the natural starting point for a whole new field in chemistry much as certain coal-tar compounds lay at the base of the present dyestuff industry."

Another series of products of calcium carbide are the derivatives of acetylene, the gas which is formed when calcium carbide is treated with water. Acetylene is most generally used for illumination, and in connection with oxygen produces in a special torch a very hot flame useful for cutting and welding steel and other metals. Combined with water, acetylene forms acetaldehyde, which, when oxidized, becomes acetic acid, which was used in a large way during the war for the preparation of materials for smokeless powder and dope for airplane wings. Acetic acid, however, when heated in the presence of a catalyst is converted to acetone, a valuable solvent especially useful in the making of smokeless powder, celluloid, chloroform, iodoform, sulphonal and many other organic compounds. Acetone is the base used to produce bromoacetone, which was used by the Germans as a tear gas. Its uses in organic synthesis defy enumeration. To mention one interesting example, when acetone is reduced by nascent hydrogen generated by the action of an amalgam of sodium on water, a dihydroxyalcohol is formed, called pinacol. This was made by the Germans in large quantities during the war and converted by heat and pressure into dimethylbutadiene, which, when merely stored in a sealed vessel, maintained at a temperature of about 60° centigrade for about two months, was converted by a process called polymerization into synthetic India rubber.

Cheap power and cheap salt at Muscle Shoals naturally lead to another varied field of valuable products. First, there is cheap metallic sodium by a number of available processes. The making of sodium has been suggested in recent scientific literature as a feasible means for the chemical storage of electrical power. Cheap metallic sodium opens the door to another series of electro-chemical processes for producing combined nitrogen for fertilizers along with many useful by-products, particularly aluminum and magnesium. I would not venture an estimate of what it will cost to bring these new processes to successful production on a commercial scale, and no advocate of government operation at Muscle Shoals has suggested any approximate estimate. The amount, however, certainly will be large, and under the Norris bill it will come out of the Federal Treasury. I much prefer to let Henry Ford undertake this job at his expense.

Other applications of salt, in connection with fertilizer production, yield chlorine, the well-known war gas; or, combined with sulphur, produce sulphur monochloride, useful in vulcanizing rubber, and which, when combined with ethylene, produces the mustard gas which nearly won the war for the Germans. Another combination of chlorine is chloride of lime, useful as a bleaching powder and disinfectant, from which are obtained chloroform and phosgene, another war gas with a peacetime usefulness in dye manufacture. Another branch of the electrochemical salt tree produces sodium cyanide, a useful disinfectant and of great value in extracting gold and silver from their ores, and in the manufacture of insecticides and fungicides for spraying fruit trees, and in the production of a deadly war gas called cyanogen chloride. Caustic soda is another product from which there are obtainable various soap compounds and drugs valuable in medicine, while as a by-product is produced the hydrogen gas that is essential in the manufacture of nitrogen fertilizers by several of the most modern processes.

Risks and Hazards

It has always been thought difficult to cause clay and salt to react upon each other directly at high temperatures because of the volatility of the salt. It now appears that this difficulty has been overcome, and patents have been issued for processes which indicate that this reaction promises to be made commercial. This may mean substantially cheaper metallic aluminum, for it indicates that the problem of large-scale production of anhydrous aluminum chloride at low cost may soon be solved. This is very significant aside from chemical warfare, for the Bureau of Mines reports that the use of sixteen pounds of this chloride per barrel of oil increases the yield of gasoline from the present average conversion of 30 per cent of the crude oil to a conversion of 60 to 85 per cent, so that the production of gasoline from a given amount of crude oil can be more than doubled without material changes in the present refining plants. This chloride also has a multitude of other uses in the manufacture of many dyes, perfumes, drugs and pharmaceuticals and is employed on a large scale in carrying out the Friedel-Crafts organic reactions.

Has Henry Ford offered to double the production of gasoline from crude oil, or to carry out any other particular one of these interesting chemical possibilities at Muscle Shoals? No, of course not; but it is along just such a road of by-product production that success in the large-scale manufacture of cheaper and better fertilizers will be found, and his offer of commercial research will surely and inevitably lead him along just such roads as I have described, for Mr. Ford proposes:

"To determine by research whether by means of electric furnace methods and industrial chemistry there may be produced on a commercial scale fertilizer compounds of higher grade and at lower prices than farmers and other users of commercial fertilizers have in the past been able to obtain, and to determine whether in a broad way the application of electricity and industrial chemistry may accomplish for the agricultural industry of the country what they have economically accomplished for other industries; and if so found and determined, to reasonably employ such improved methods."

Those who desire to see the policy of government ownership and operation succeed in this country will do well to let this complex and uncharted field of industrial chemistry, with its inevitable succession of mistakes, loss and great expense, severely alone. That is one of the compelling reasons why I am for the offer of Henry Ford.

As a chemist, I have every confidence that at Muscle Shoals processes can be made commercial for producing nitrogen for the preservation and increase of the fertility of our farmlands, with aluminum as a by-product to give us light metal alloys for aircraft. Thus we will free ourselves from our dependence upon a foreign country for nitrates.

Again I say, I am opposed to all wars; but I have just read a translation of an article lately published in Japan insisting that a Japanese-American war is unavoidable and the sooner it comes the better it will be for Japan, and stating that after America has developed its air forces, Japan, struggle as it may, can do nothing. I refuse to believe that we ever will have any war with Japan; yet I can understand what Mr. Ford meant in his recent public statement that Muscle Shoals might prevent war.

Foreign Eyes on Congress

At two P.M. on December 3, 1924, the Norris and McKenzie bills come up for consideration in the United States Senate. If the Norris bill is passed, then it will probably fail in the House. If both bills are voted down, no legislation for disposing of Muscle Shoals can be expected at the short session. Without legislation, the 260,000 horse power which will be ready for service at the Wilson Dam in June, 1925, will stand idle till Congress passes legislation for disposing of the Muscle Shoals power in 1926.

In conclusion no better confirmation of the position which I have taken regarding the Ford offer could be found than that contained in a recent dispatch from Santiago, Chile, published in the Wall Street Journal as follows:

"Henry Ford's withdrawal of his offer to take over the Muscle Shoals project has resulted in a considerable boom in the Chilean nitrate industry," and a United Press dispatch goes on to say that "Chile has followed the whole Muscle Shoals controversy with the keenest interest and considered Ford the greatest menace to the future of the national nitrate industry. Withdrawal of his proposal was little short of a boon to this country. Nitrate shares in London—the principal market for Chilean nitrate stocks—rose from two to three points last week as soon as news of withdrawal of the Ford offer was received."

Other offers for Muscle Shoals were submitted to committees of Congress and Senator Norris has declared to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that any and all of them were better than the proposal of Mr. Ford. The facts are, however, that neither the announcement of any of these offers nor their rejection by the committees produced the slightest flurry in the Chilean nitrate industry, either in London or Chile. The nitrate industry, however, quickly recognized that the Ford offer meant that something effective would be accomplished in freeing the farmers of this country from the domination of these monopolists, and their industry made no secret of its satisfaction and relief when the Ford proposal was withdrawn.

In view of these undeniable facts I can only express my regret and chagrin that the United States Congress, by delay and inaction, should have lost this great opportunity to secure a boon for American agriculture. It is my earnest hope that it will be possible to secure another proposal that will be the equal of the Ford offer, but I fear that the Government will never receive another like it.

The President claims that common sense is the country's greatest asset; if so it appears that the time has come for the President to join with Congress in applying some of this asset to the Muscle Shoals situation.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles on Muscle Shoals by Senator Ladd

When these muscles weaken—*physical middle age begins*

THE cause of this weakening is easily explained. Most of our exercise today has little effect on these vital trunk muscles.

Furthermore, say famous surgeons and physical directors who have studied this problem, constriction at the waist-line tends to cause these muscles to *relax further*—to fail to support themselves properly.

That is why they advise today not only exercise which develops the trunk muscles, but the wearing of suspenders.

The President Sliding Cord Suspender, by its special self-adjusting feature, adapts itself to every movement of the body. It permits that thorough physical freedom and ease which we know today is essential.

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The President Suspender line today includes not only this self-adjusting sliding cord suspender, but, for men who prefer it, a straight "cross-back" style. Also extra heavy, wide-webbed suspenders for out-door work.

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President Suspenders

DOLLY MADISON

(Continued from Page 4)

and tea. For dinner in the afternoon she served soup and several kinds of meat, cabbage in thin slices, pastries and puddings, and the best claret and Madeira. In the early evening people came to supper and ate oysters, while she filled the teacups over and over again, until the guests signified their refusal by turning them upside down in the accepted manner.

The town had never been more gay—crowded with carriages, resonant with the gossip of routs and balls, stately with dinners at which were gathered all the official aristocracy of the land; a continually changing pageant of foreign guests and ministers, a brilliant scene, graced, moreover, by the presence of many of the emigrated nobility of France. In her new rôle, as Mrs. Madison of Montpelier, Dolly plunged into these festivities with all the stored-up zest of her restrained girlhood. For three years she brought a fresh bright personality to enliven Lady Washington's somewhat stuffy levees in the old brick house on Market Street; with her dear friend Sally McKean—the beautiful, vivacious Sally, daughter of Chief Justice McKean, who was to become the bride of the Spanish minister, Don Carlos, Marquis d'Yrujo—she watched Mr. Washington driving by in his scarlet-paneled coach with the white horses; she attended the assemblies at Oeller's Tavern, in the big room decorated with French republican wall paper, and looked on while the ladies called the dances in turn and the managers saw to it that no gentleman presented himself in "boots, colored stockings or undress"; for three years—while the more sober-minded of her sect smiled tolerantly at their daughter's unorthodoxies—she made friends in all camps for Jim Madison.

And Jim Madison did not care for it; all this pother of gossip and flirtation, all this commotion of dinners and balls; and he would have resigned his seat and retired to his beloved Montpelier, to his solitude and his books. But they would not, they could not, let him go. Little Madison was too great a man in the councils of the republic.

"Present me respectfully to Mrs. Madison," Mr. Jefferson wrote, "and pray her to keep you where you are, for her own satisfaction and for the public good."

And for the public good, no doubt, but certainly for her own satisfaction, she did so, until a new Administration in 1797, with Federalist Mr. Adams in the President's chair, sent them home for four years, to Montpelier at last. Except for a passing visit or two—a sojourn under the great Doctor Physick's care, caused by an injury to her knee, and a journey to New York many years later—Dolly's Philadelphia days were done.

▼

AND on the morning of March 4, 1801, crowds stood in front of Conrad's boarding house, in Washington City, to catch a glimpse of Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Adams had gone rattling out of town the night before in his coach; the Federalists were defeated; in a few moments the Mammoth of Democracy was to take his place as President of the United States, the first to be inaugurated in the Federal City.

Conrad's—built originally as a residence by Mr. Thomas Law, and placed by him as a boarding house at the disposal of members of Congress assembled in that unfinished city, that village in a dusty wilderness, in which there was nothing to be seen "save brick kilns and laborers' huts"—stood on the south side of Capitol Hill.

"It was on top of the hill, the precipitous sides of which were covered with grass, shrubs and trees in their wild uncultivated state. Between the foot of the hill and the broad Potomac extended a wide plain, through which the Tiber wound its way. The romantic beauty of this little stream was not then deformed by wharves or other works of art. Its banks were shaded with tall and umbrageous forest trees of every variety, among which the superb tulip poplar rose conspicuous; the magnolia, the azalea, the hawthorn, the wild rose and many other indigenous shrubs grew beneath their shade, while violets, anemones and a thousand other sweet wood flowers found shelter among their roots. . . . The wild grapevine, climbing from tree to tree, hung in unpruned luxuriance among the branches of the trees and formed a fragrant and verdant canopy over the greensward, impervious to the noonday sun."

Aside from that, Washington was not a pretty place, nor an agreeable place, nor yet a healthful one, with its malarial marshes. Nothing was ready. Long, cheerless, empty vistas stretched between public edifices scattered about at inconvenient distances; the city's squares, according to Tom Moore, were still morasses, its only obelisks the trees in its encircling forests; the President's House, situated on barren ground separated from the Capitol by impassable swamps, was incomplete and surrounded by piles of rubbish; Mrs. Adams had only recently been using its audience chamber as a drying room for laundry. But the place was become the seat of government; the House of Representatives must convene there, the Senate, the diplomatic corps, with many groans—General Turreau, from France, who wore diamonds and beat his wife; the Marquis d'Yrujo from Spain, who surpassed them all in the matter of gorgeous apparel; Mr. Anthony Merry from England, and his tall, mannish lady whom Mr. Jefferson called a virago, possibly because she thought him a boor—and the members of the cabinet must live there.

And so, as soon as the death of his father made it possible, Secretary of State Madison—they had dragged him away from Montpelier again—and his wife came to reside in Washington, in Mr. Voss' house on F Street. And because Mr. Jefferson was fond of them both, and because he was a widower, whose married daughters, Martha Randolph and Polly Eppes, were away in Virginia most of the time and the President's House consequently without a lady to do its honors, Mrs. Secretary of State Madison found herself presiding at the head of the Executive board, receiving all officialdom in the parlors of the Great House—such of them as were habitable—and supervising the republican amenities of that socially somewhat abrupt Administration.

For while politically the new President was engrossed in the task of putting the ship of state on her republican tack, it became immediately evident, also, that the social formalities of the previous régime were to be abandoned for a more democratic simplicity of deportment, a less meticulous observance of former rigidities of etiquette as practiced by the Federalist Presidents. In fact, they were not to be observed at all. In spite of the ladies of Washington, who attempted to force their continuance by appearing uninvited at the Great House on the customary day, Mr. Jefferson promptly abolished the weekly levees of the "court," and in the same breath did away with precedence.

A perfect equality, he proclaimed, was to exist between the guests at all public and private dinners, and—"to give force to the principle of equality or *pêle-mêle*"—a principle highly distasteful to Mrs. Minister Merry, for instance, who resented the spectacle of Mrs. Madison's being taken in to dinner by the President, while she herself was left to crowd her way through the door as best she might on the arm of her own husband—"and to prevent the growth of precedence out of courtesy, the members of the Executive at their own houses will adhere to the ancient usage of their ancestors, gentlemen en masse giving place to the ladies en masse." It was to be noted, however, in the midst of all this *pêle-mêle* en masse republican simplicity, that "the President and his family take precedence everywhere, in public or private."

Mrs. Merry and her humorless husband—and the Marquis d'Yrujo, for political reasons of his own—were not inclined to accept this Jeffersonian hurly-burly without protest, and for some time the Washington teacups were agitated by the most violent of diplomatic tempests, which ran its course in a perfect gale of hearty American laughter. But Mr. Jefferson was not moved—either by Mrs. Merry, whom he detested, or by Dolly Madison, who strove to mitigate the more ungraceful aspects of the new era. Mr. Jefferson remained incorrigible. He persisted in appearing publicly in thick hairy waistcoats and insecure woolen stockings; to foreign ministers he would give audiences in dilapidated slippers and scabrous red undervests and green velveteen breeches; he lounged, he shambled; to many he presented a picture of unnecessarily plebeian clumsiness, utterly without dignity and presence.

(Continued on Page 76)

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But he gave excellent dinners, no matter how one went in to them. There were eleven servants at the Palace—as the Federalists dubbed it—a French cook and a French steward. There was company, usually a dozen, every day, and they sat at table from four o'clock in the afternoon until well on in the evening, enjoying a very considerable *pêle-mêle* of refreshments.

"Dined at the President's," Senator Mitchell records. "Rice soup, round of beef, turkey, mutton, ham, loin of veal, cutlets of mutton or veal, fried eggs, fried beef"—and a curious dish which stumped the senator—"a pie called macaroni, which appeared to be a rich crust filled with the strillions of onions, or shallots, which I took it to be, tasted very strong and not very agreeable. . . . Ice cream, very good, crust wholly dried, crumbled into this in flakes; a dish somewhat like a pudding—inside white as milk or curd, very porous and light, covered with cream sauce—very fine. Many other jimcracks, a great variety of fruit, plenty of wines, and good."

There was no precedence at the President's table, but the wines were always plentiful and excellent. And if Mr. Jefferson had occasion to disagree publicly with the Marquis d'Yrujo on sundry questions of international policy, in the matter of vintages they were apparently in perfect accord.

"Dear Sir," Mr. Jefferson once wrote to the collector of the port at Philadelphia, "Mons. d'Yrujo, the Spanish Minister here, has been so kind as to spare me two hundred bottles of champagne, part of a larger parcel imported for his own use, and consequently privileged from duty; but it would be improper of me to take the benefit of that. I must therefore ask the favor of you to take the proper measures for paying the duty; for which purpose I enclose a bank check for twenty-two and a half dollars, the amount of it. If it could be done without mentioning my name, it would avoid ill-intended observations."

A conclusion perhaps characteristic of that most prudent of Presidents.

VI

FOR eight years, Queen Dolly, as they called her, ruled over the social destinies of the Executive Mansion, in spite of the demands upon her strength and the humidity of the malarial marshes, which crippled her with inflammatory rheumatism, from which she suffered all the rest of her life.

In the summers there were frequent visits to Monticello—and a special chamber set aside for them there, known as the Madison Room—and there was Montpelier, and an endless stream of guests, fifteen and twenty at a time, rolling up uninvited and unexpected, and always welcome in the good Virginia fashion. In the winters there were gayeties and functions; Dolly's sister Anna came to live with them, and married Mr. Richard Cutts; the President's daughters were there occasionally, Dolly's great friend, Martha, and the beautiful Polly, whom she admired so much; there were gowns and wigs monumental, pyramidical, five-dollar wigs to be procured at Philadelphia; there were horse races and games of brag and loo, although Dolly finally renounced gambling at cards; there was a brilliant cosmopolitan society, for all the crude simplicity of its surroundings; there were receptions and balls, attended by the beautiful young ladies of Georgetown, at which "one danced and sang sentimental songs", and there were scandals.

"I am half tempted," Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith wrote to her sister in 1801, "to enter into details of our city affairs and personages, but really I shall have to be so scandalous that I am afraid of amusing you at such a risk."

What a pity! However, concerning a certain well-known lady she thought it no harm to speak the truth:

"She has made a great noise here and mobs of boys have crowded round her splendid equipage to see what I hope will not often be seen in this country, an almost naked woman. An elegant and select party was given to her by Mrs. Robt. Smith, her appearance was such that it threw all the company into confusion, and no one dared to look at her but by stealth; the window shutters being left open, a crowd assembled round the windows to get a look at this beautiful little creature. . . . Her dress was the thinnest sarcenet and white crêpe without the least stiffening in it. . . . There was scarcely any waist to it and no sleeves; her back, her bosom, part of her waist and her arms were uncovered, and the rest of her form visible. She was engaged the next evening at Madm. P's; Mrs. R. Smith and several other ladies sent her word if she wished to meet them there she must promise to have more clothes on."

Dolly was in the midst of it all; she had "good humor and sprightliness, united to the most affable and agreeable manners"; she had tact and charity, and endless common sense; she was frank and hearty and simple, and always accessible. People liked her; she was good fun; she attracted to her the men of all political faiths and made them her friends—and Madison's, as she called him. In her home there were no parties, no factions; there was simply a brilliant gathering of notable personages, and Queen Dolly. She was not brilliant herself, not intellectually remarkable, not a wit. Her letters are almost entirely concerned with an infinity of unimportant little matters; she had nothing noteworthy to say about the great events and issues of her time. Hamilton was killed and she talked about glassware; Burr was captured and "we are quiet and have but few parties." It was one of her "sources of happiness never to desire a knowledge of other people's business." She was not interested in their business, only in their personality.

It was, in part, a deliberate attitude. In 1804 already she was "learning to hold my tongue well"; in 1805, though she was "extremely anxious to hear what is going forward in the Cabinet," still she was "not much of a politician," and she believed that her husband would not desire his wife "to be the active partisan that our neighbor, Mrs. L, is; nor will there be the slightest danger, while she is conscious of her want of talents and the diffidence in expressing those opinions always imperfectly understood by her sex."

It was, to a certain extent, deliberate; but much of it was the result, one suspects, of temperament. Dolly took life as she found it; her husband was in Mr. Jefferson's party and she was intensely Republican; if he had been a Federalist, she would have been just as intensely Federalist. She had no consuming convictions of that sort; great events were simply accidents which caused a change of domicile, a shifting of faces at her dinner table; she had no fundamental interest in politics except as they influenced the career of her Madison. Those were matters for the men to rant over. For herself, she was content to discharge her social duties, to make his home the shrine of contemporary society, to be a great lady. In these respects she had perhaps no equal in her day. She was, of course, a tremendous, an incalculable help to him as Secretary and as President, and she had a tremendously good time doing it.

Although from a domestic standpoint it was not an easy task. Servants were most unsatisfactory. In Mrs. Smith's home, for instance, there was an old woman in the kitchen, a drudge who could not cook; there was a "miserable, idle, dirty girl" as a waiter; there was Milly, the "standby," who cleaned the house, made the beds, ironed and clearstarched; and there was "a fine little girl of five years old bound to me by Doctor Willis," who played with the baby. Mrs. Smith spent two or three hours in the kitchen every day, and prepared, and even dished up, every dinner eaten by the family. All the mornings and evenings she sewed, but the interruptions—and they were probably more frequent at Dolly's—from company and family calls were so numerous that her work was always behindhand.

"It is," she complained, "so entirely the custom to visit of a morning here that if we keep up any intercourse with society our mornings are most of them sacrificed. Of an evening some one or more of the gentlemen of Congress are always here. . . . An unprofitable way of life, but there is no alternative in this place between gay company and parties, and perfect solitude."

There was never any question of solitude at Dolly's, and though she probably did not cook them herself, she gave bountiful afternoon dinners which Mrs. Merry thought were more like harvest-home suppers. There was usually "bouilli," with spices and herbs in the dish and a rich gravy; there was cabbage, "much boiled, then cut in long strings and somewhat mashed"; there was a large ham and other meats, a good dessert with "two dishes which appeared like apple pie in the form of the half of a muskmelon, the flat side down, tops creased deep, and the color a dark brown"; and there were Madison's excellent port and Madeira.

VII

AND then, in March, 1809, Mr. Jefferson retired, smiling, to Monticello. Mr Madison inevitably became President, and Dolly moved into that great house of which she had already been mistress so long. And if the barbers of Washington bemoaned the elevation to the Presidency of "this little Jim Madison with a queue no bigger than a pipestem," the inaugural ceremonies were none the less brilliant and impressive. There were processions and troops and salutes; there was a great reception at Mrs Madison's, who, in a beautiful bonnet of purple velvet and white satin with plumes was "all dignity, grace and affability"; and there was a grand ball at Long's Hotel, concerning which Mr. John Quincy Adams, was of the opinion that "the crowd was excessive, the heat oppressive and the entertainment bad." But the three hundred and ninety-nine other persons who were present thought it most respectable and elegant; and as for her majesty ——

"She looked a Queen. She had on a pale buff-colored velvet made plain, with a very long train but not the least trimming, a beautiful pearl necklace, earrings and bracelet; her headdress was a turban of the same colored velvet and white satin—from Paris, with two superb plumes of the bird-of-paradise feathers." Quaker Dolly! "It would be absolutely impossible for anyone to behave with more perfect propriety than she did. Unassuming dignity, sweetness, grace . . . such manners would disarm envy itself and conciliate even enemies."

There followed years of stately gayety, a restoration of graceful pomps at the President's House—the Castle, as that era knew it—a pageantry of four-horse chariots and gilded ambassadorial coaches, a perpetual round of reëstablished levees and drawing-rooms. The house was still unfinished, poorly furnished in spite of belated congressional expenditures; but there were mirrors, and in Dolly's parlor upholsteries of yellow satin and festoons of valanced damask and high-backed chairs and sofas. Mr. Gallatin came there, and Mr. James Monroe, George Clinton, Calhoun, John Randolph, Henry Clay, John Marshall, and their ladies; Dolly and her famous sisters, Anna Cutts and Lucy Washington, were to be seen everywhere together; Mrs. John P. Van Ness gave parties. Washington was coming into its own, blessed with "more attractions than any other place in America."

"There are here," Mrs. Smith found "peculiar facilities for forming acquaintances. . . . The House of Representatives is the lounging place of both sexes, where acquaintance is as easily made as at public amusements. And the drawing-room—that centre of attraction—affords opportunity of seeing all those whom fashion, fame, beauty, wealth or talents have rendered celebrated. . . . The debates in Congress have this winter been very attractive to the ladies." As for the Supreme Court, "a place in which I think women have no business; the effect of female admiration and attention has been very obvious, but it is a doubt to me whether it has been beneficial. . . . A member told me he doubted not there had been much more speaking on this account, and another gentleman told me that one day Mr. Pinckney had finished his argument and was just about seating himself, when Mrs. Madison and a train of ladies entered; he recommenced, went over the same ground, using fewer arguments but scattering more flowers." In fact, "the women here are taking a station in society which is not known elsewhere. On every public occasion . . . in the court, in the representative hall, as well as the drawing-room, they are treated with marked distinction."

In other respects Mrs. Smith thought "the manners here different from those in other places. At the drawing-room, at our parties, few ladies ever sit. Our rooms are always so crowded that few more could find a place in the rooms; the consequence is the ladies and gentlemen stand and walk about the rooms, in mingled groups, which certainly produces more ease, freedom and equality."

There, perhaps, was the keynote of the Administration—more ease, freedom and equality, adorned with a very considerable elegance. The President was "a little man with powdered hair, having an abstracted air and a pale countenance, with but little

(Continued on Page 79)

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(Continued from Page 76)

flow of courtesy"; he labored incessantly, his face was "pallid and hard," and although he appeared daily in society, he only relaxed "towards the end of a protracted dinner with confidential friends," when he became "anecdotal, facetious, a little broad occasionally in his discourse, after the manner of the old school."

"Jemmy Madison," so Mr. Washington Irving sized him up. "Ah, poor Jemmy! He is but a withered little apple-John!"

But Dolly was "a fine, portly, buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody," and her sisters were "like the two Merry Wives of Windsor." She was in her forties now, but young looking and in the best of spirits, in spite of Friend Rebekah Hubbs, whose "soul's desire for thee is that thou may more and more come out of all that cumbers the earth" and "put away from thee all the fading pleasures of this world." Dolly painted and powdered a little, although the question was hotly argued among contemporaries; she took snuff constantly, from lava and platina boxes, and used large bandanna handkerchiefs.

"This is for rough work," she is once supposed to have explained to Mr. Clay, whereas her little lace handkerchief was merely her "polisher."

She towered above the crowded levees in her rose-colored satin robes trimmed with ermine and her ostrich-feathered turbans and her amethyst eardrops; her honest laughter was always ringing out; perhaps not always so sure of herself, she contrived painstakingly to put everyone at his ease, even the young gentleman who in his excitement at meeting her tried to cram a teacup into his pocket—a lady who always appeared in her parlor with a book in her hand.

Not that she ever had leisure to read, but—"in order to have something not ungraceful to say, and if need be to supply a word of talk."

A cheerful, sweet-tempered, gracious, jolly lady; a charitable lady, who found time to cut out hundreds of garments for the city orphan asylum; a wise, clever lady in her own appointed ways, who invited Mrs. Gallatin to represent her at drawing-rooms after the President had quarreled with Mr. Gallatin, and who had Mrs. William Seaton to dinner when her husband became editor of the important National Intelligencer, and who did many little kindnesses to many people—so that finally Madison was allowed to have a second term.

VIII

AND in the meantime there was war. "The world"—Dolly was moved to so deep a thought—"the world seems to be running mad, what with one thing and another." An embargo to begin with, in April, 1812, which kept ships idle in the ports with protecting tar barrels at their mastheads—Madison's nightcaps; and, in June, a war with England, an unpopular war throughout the Eastern and Middle states—Madison's War. The "Immortal Twelfth" Congress, filled with young Republican "war hawks" and speakered by Henry Clay, adjourned. In all the toasts at Federalist gatherings Mr. Jefferson was Jeroboam, who made Israel to walk in sin, and the President was Nadab, the son of Jeroboam, who walked in his father's way; at Washington—after Bladensburg—a well-known Federalist lady drove up to Mrs. Madison's door, arose in her carriage and loosening her long and celebrated hair, prayed that an opportunity might be vouchsafed her to sacrifice it as a halter for Mr. Madison.

But still he was reelected, thanks primarily, perhaps, to Dolly, who never lost her head, as a more imaginative person might well have done, "what with one thing and another." In spite of the fiasco of Mr. John Henry's supposedly portentous New England secession letters, which the fascinating Count Edouard de Crillon—who owned vast estates at St. Martial, in Lebeur, near the Spanish border, and who had temporarily incurred the displeasure of Napoleon—had persuaded Secretary of State Monroe to purchase for fifty thousand dollars. And in spite of the Government's, to say nothing of society's, mortifying discovery—after his departure from these shores with official dispatches for the American minister at Paris, and some part, at least, of the gullible John Henry's thousands—that the fascinating De Crillon was not at all a count, nor did he possess any vast estates at St. Martial, in Lebeur, near the Spanish border, nor yet had he incurred the displeasure of Napoleon, except so far as he might have fallen short in his capacity as a police spy of the emperor's.

And the war was not going badly, in spite of Hull at Detroit. For a while, indeed, the country was ringing with victories, splendid victories on the sea. In seven months the Americans had taken five hundred English merchantmen and three frigates; the gridiron flag was doing well. The English papers said so and tried peevishly to explain it. There were bonfires and a constant tolling of bells, and naval balls—such as the one at Tomlinson's Hotel, at Washington, in celebration of the capture of the Alert and the Guerrière; in the midst of which Lieutenant Hamilton came stamping into the room, bringing with him the flag of the newly taken Macedonian to place at Dolly's feet, with a flourish of trumpets, and a great buzzaing and many tigers. So the much disputed, and frequently denied, story goes; and it must have been so, for there was a lady present who wrote afterward that in her opinion Mrs. Madison did not use rouge, since "I am well assured I saw her color come and go at the Naval Ball when the Macedonian's flag was presented to her by young Hamilton."

IX

AND then on Tuesday, August 23, 1814, Mrs. Secretary of the Navy Jones found it necessary to write to Dolly that "in the present state of alarm and bustle of preparation for the worst that may happen, I imagine it will be more convenient to dispense with the enjoyment of your hospitality today, and therefore pray you to admit this as an excuse for Mr. Jones, Lucy and myself. . . . Lucy and I are packing with the possibility of having to leave."

It was to have been a big dinner for all the cabinet—a dinner which subsequent legend has placed on the following day, with the viands all on the table and the wine ready in the coolers; but the British fleet was in the Chesapeake, British troops were marching through the woods to Washington, and the cabinet officers were with the President at General Winder's camp, taking such haphazard measures for the capital's defense as occurred to their improvident minds. As the famous John Gilpin parody recounts:

Monroe was there, and Armstrong bold,
No bolder man mote be,
And Rush, the Attorney Gen-e-ral,
All on their horses three.

But the British kept right on marching, by the Bladensburg road, which no one had thought to obstruct, and instead of dining at Dolly's the cabinet went streaming across country to Bladensburg with the army, "a motley throng," according to Mr. McMaster, "made up of militia, regulars, volunteers, sailors, generals, secretaries and the President." And on Wednesday, August twenty-fourth, there was a battle; an unfortunate battle in which the base British fired rockets at the astonished militia, so that they departed in some confusion to their homes, along with the rest of the soldiery—all but the sailors, who conducted themselves with a tenacity as glorious as it was hopeless. As for the secretaries and the President—poor Mr. Madison was no sailor; he had spent his time writing pencil notes to Dolly, and halfway through the engagement he came to the conclusion that it would "now be proper for us to retire in the rear, leaving the military movements to military men." He had not, however, foreseen the direction which these movements were so soon to take. It was, in short, a disgraceful afternoon, but as Mrs. Smith explained it later:

"We are naturally a brave people, and it was not so much fear as prudence which caused our retreat. Too late they discovered the dispreparation of our troops." They had certainly not expected to have rockets fired at them.

And at Washington that afternoon there were tumult and clamor in the streets. Dolly scanned the horizon with a spyglass and saw nothing to encourage her—only groups of soldiers hurrying in every direction except to Bladensburg. There was a dust of departing family coaches. In the dining room at the Castle Paul Jennings had laid the table for Dolly's dinner—a fact no doubt responsible for the legend of the cabinet function—but she was not to partake of it, and it remained for Admiral Cockburn to find when he entered the city, just as she had "precipitally" left it. Because at three o'clock a messenger came galloping up and she must fly. For the second time in American history the British were coming! They sent the plate and such movables as could be taken away in a wagon; at Dolly's suggestion, French John Sioussa and Magrau, the gardener, broke the frame containing Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Mr. Washington and gave the picture to some gentlemen for safe-keeping; Dolly herself passed through the dining room, crammed some things into her reticule and was then driven to Georgetown in her carriage, with Mr. Carroll and Sukey, her maid; or, according to the ballad:

Sister Cutts, and Cutts, and I,
And Cutts' children three
Will fill the coach—and you must ride
On horseback after we!

The Castle was abandoned; to be raided, first, by American stragglers—Mrs. Smith is authority for the statement—who drank up two thousand dollars' worth of wines in the cellar; and then to be burned by the British, who "conflagrated" it after marching fifty sailors and marines silently through the avenue, "each carrying a long pole to which was fixed a ball about the circumference of a large plate. When arrived at the building, each man was stationed at a window with his pole and machine of wildfire against it. At the word of command, at the same instant the windows were broken and this wildfire thrown in, so that an instantaneous conflagration took place, and the whole building was wrapt in flames and smoke."

Mrs. Smith's report of Mrs. Thornton's description of the episode differs somewhat from the customary account of ransacked rooms and furniture piled high to be fired with a picturesque coal brought from a neighboring tavern. The British burned several other public buildings, a newspaper

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GENERAL OFFICES WASHINGTON, D. C.

office and some private houses from which they had been sniped at, otherwise all the officers and men "were perfectly polite to the citizens," and Admiral Cockburn "bade them complain of any soldier that committed the least disorder."

On the other hand—"Oh, my sister, how gloomy is the scene! I do not suppose Government will ever return to Washington All those whose property was invested in that place will be reduced to poverty!"

But Government did return to Washington, and in a very few days. For there was a terrible hurricane, and the British retired; and after various vicissitudes and discomforts, and a hasty flying from pillar to post—during the course of which Dolly was driven out of one house by an angry matron who screamed at her to come down and go out, because "your husband has got mine out fighting, and damn you, you shan't stay in my house!"—the President and the cabinet and Dolly all found themselves once more in the Federal City. And so:

Now long live Madison, the brave,
And Armstrong, long live he;
And Rush and Cutts, Monroe and Jones,
And Dolly, long live she!

■

THE Castle was "conflagrated," only its blackened walls remaining, and after a temporary sojourn at the home of her sister, Mrs. Cutts, Dolly established herself in the Tayloe mansion; the famous brick Octagon with the pillared portico adorned with traceries, in the chambers of which—while the cabinet passed through the circular vestibule and up the white winding stairs to the round boudoir above—the pomps and amenities of days before the war were soon again in full observance.

For on February 4, 1815, there was news in the streets of victory at New Orleans and the name of a President to be on every tongue; on February thirteenth an express rider came foaming into town from the North, with tidings of the sloop of war Favorite at New York and an envoy come home bearing articles of peace; and the next day, in the midst of jubilating bells and guns, Mr. Carroll arrived in person, and there was peace.

"Peace and plenty! Peace, commerce and prosperity!"

Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Adams, Mr. Clay, Mr. Bayard and Mr. Russell had made a treaty. To be sure, it carried with it no increase of territory, it said nothing about impressment, it did not refer to the rights of neutrals on the sea—these burning questions which had brought on the war—but there were to be commissions to arbitrate future disputes, and there was peace; a hundred years and more of peace could they but have realized it. The whole town went to Mrs. Madison's; someone was ringing a dinner bell; someone else thought to tell the domestics. "Peace! Peace!" Down in the servants' hall there was wine, and Paul Jennings played the President's March on the violin and French John Stousa got very drunk.

It was a gay winter, that Peace Winter of 1815, one brilliant gathering after another spread its turbaned and gold-laced splendors across the presidential drawing-rooms at the Octagon, and later, in the mansion on Pennsylvania Avenue where Mrs. Madison sat "with Mrs. Monroe, Mrs. Decatur and a dozen other ladies in a formidable row"; the last years of Madison's presidency came and went, with Dolly queening it as perhaps never before; and then it was March, 1817, and Mr. Monroe was to have his turn, and the play was done.

"You are," Supreme Court Justice Johnson wrote to Dolly, "about to enter upon the enjoyment of the most enviable state which can fall to the lot of mankind—to carry with you to your retirement the blessings of all who ever knew you. Think not, Madam, that I address to you the language of flattery. . . . And be assured that all who have ever enjoyed the honor of your acquaintance will long remember that polite condescension which never failed to encourage the diffident, that suavity of manner which tempted the morose or thoughtful to be cheerful, or that benevolence of aspect which suffered no one to turn from you without an emotion of gratitude."

XI

AND now there was nothing but Montpelier and the calm monotonous beauty of the Blue Ridge. Madison was sixty-six, his mother—wonderful Nellie Madison, alert and occupied with her knitting and her ancient books—was eighty-five, Dolly was only forty-nine. After the Castle and the Octagon, after the dazzling pageant of sixteen magnificent Washington seasons, after the music and the laughter and the companionable hubbub of crowded drawing-rooms, there was a quiet, slightly dilapidated, colonnaded mansion against a background of unchanging trees; there were some rooms "furnished with French carpets, large windows, a good many paintings, and some statuary—altogether without any fashionable or very elegant equipment, yet in a gentlemanlike style of rural prosperity"; there was a path lined with box, and a garden.

There—with the exception of one brief visit to Washington—Dolly was to spend the succeeding twenty years, quite cheerfully and serenely, with "all the elegance and polish of fashion, the unadulterated simplicity, freshness, warmth and friendliness of her native character and native state."

She was still "one of the happiest of human beings," she seemed to have "no place about her which could afford a lodgement for care or trouble"; she looked young and felt so, and received "a succession of visitors, among whom . . . a great many foreigners"; sometimes as many as "ninety persons to dine with us at one table fixed on the lawn," at a banquet which was "profuse and handsome, and the company very orderly."

Twenty years; ministering to Mother Madison until her death, in 1829, reading to Madison when his eyes began to fail, and asking that novels less melodramatic than those of Mr. Cooper be sent to her; enduring the pains of rheumatism and the tribulation of her own weakening eyesight; listening—after the first welcome days of rest, perhaps a little wistfully, but never impatiently—to the echoes that came drifting to her from the world which she had loved so well.

And then the accumulating years brought separation and sorrows.

The dear friend at Monticello passed away in 1826; Mr. Monroe died in 1831; Dolly's sister, Anna Cutts, in 1832; and at last, in 1836, Madison himself. Dolly was very sick afterward. However, a visit to the White Sulphur, in 1837, did her good. They sent her niece, Anna Payne, to her to keep her company; and she found something to occupy her in the editing and publishing of her husband's Reports of the Constitutional Congress. But she was sixty-nine now—for Dolly nothing remained, surely, but the lonely contemplation of fading scenes.

Dolly Madison

Montpelier—The Home of President Madison

XII

NOT at all. Back there in the world people were still attending receptions, carriages were still rolling by to drawing-rooms, there were still music and laughter and the same companionable hubbub to be heard.

Dolly went back, in 1837, accompanied by her niece, to the Old Cutts house on President's Square, in friendly, welcoming Washington.

It was a new Washington in many ways; new Brussels carpets and chandeliers, green blinds and red and white curtains at every window; new manners, new names, new faces

But all this new Washington, and all that was left of the old, seemed ennobled and more stately for her coming, and turned to her with respectful affection. The "venerable Mrs. Madison," for they always supposed her to be older than she was, forgetting how much younger than her husband she had been; Mrs. Madison, in her old-fashioned gowns and turbans; in her favorite black velvet with the leg-of-mutton sleeves, and the open bosom filled with white tulle rising to a ruff about her face, a bright Roman shawl around her shoulders; Mrs. Madison, "the Dowager," whom all the town visited on state occasions, who went everywhere and saw everything—she was aboard the Princeton when the disastrous explosion took place—who held her court as graciously and sweetly as ever in other days; a cherished old lady who was still "eminently beautiful, with a complexion as fresh and fair, and a skin as smooth, as that of an English girl."

"A young lady of four score years and upwards"—Mr. Philip Hone was exaggerating a little—"goes to parties and receives company like the queen of this new world."

Although it was not always so easy now to maintain the old standards of Virginia hospitality, the old abundant table. Congress had paid for Mr. Madison's Reports but Montpelier itself had to be sold finally, for there was always John Payne Todd, the scapegrace son, with his debts and his scrapes and his heart-rending neglect of his mother—he who was himself so negligible.

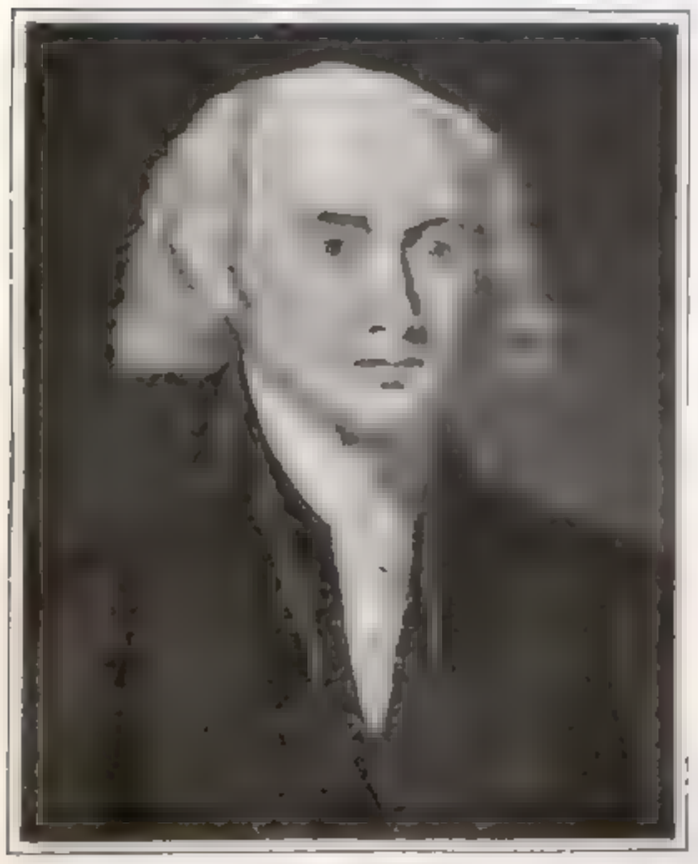
But Washington did not neglect her; they sent her baskets of fruit and provisions, little gifts which she might accept as tokens of the deeply rooted esteem in which she was held. And Congress did not forget her, but placed in trust for her the sum expended for the purchase of Mr. Madison's letters, and gave her the franking privilege, and a seat on the floor of the House during her lifetime. For she was more than the venerable Mrs. Madison—she was a national treasure, a precious relic of the past, a very great lady to whom little children were brought.

And then, in 1849, President Polk, recording in his diary the incidents of his last levee at the White House, wrote:

"All the parlours, including the East Room, were lighted up. The Marine Band of Musicians occupied the outer hall. Many hundreds of persons, ladies and gentlemen, attended. It was what would be called in the society of Washington a very fashionable levee. Foreign Ministers, their families and suites; Judges, members of both Houses of Congress, and many citizens and strangers were of the company present. I stood and shook hands with them for near three hours. Towards the close of the evening I passed through the crowded rooms with the venerable Mrs. Madison on my arm."

A very fashionable levee, all the parlors lighted up, a brilliant company, crowded rooms, and Mrs. Madison passing toward the close of the evening. All the things that she had loved, that she had done so much to grace; music, laughter and a companionable hubbub; those reconstructed chambers of the Castle, a President of the United States at her side; a splendid fitness to the scene such as seldom glorifies human events. Mrs. Madison passing—did they, perhaps, suspect it as they bowed her out with tender courtesy?—for the last time.

It was February seventh; Dolly was at the close of her eightieth year; she was in white satin, with the inevitable turban; and on July twelfth she died.



James Madison

The FOOT ARISTOCRATIC

ELUSIVE
($12.50)

YANTONY
($15.50)

OXFORD
($12.50)

MEDALLION
($14.00)

NATOMA
($12.50)

FENTON
($18.50)

Saks Fifth Avenue features Vici kid exclusively

IN their exclusive models, as shown on this page, Saks-Fifth Avenue use Vici kid as the leather that accurately interprets the new styles and offers the richest expression of the vogue for kid footwear.

It is significant that at Saks & Company's beautiful new Fifth Avenue store, where only the highest quality of merchandise is offered, Vici is used exclusively for these smart models.

For the benefit of their customers, Saks & Company have had the Vici trade mark stamped in these shoes to identify the leather as the one and only Vici kid.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
PHILADELPHIA

VICI kid
REG U.S. PAT OFF.

You will find the Vici trade mark inside all kid shoes offered by Saks & Company. This identifies the leather as the one and only Vici kid.

THERE IS ONLY ONE VICI KID --- THERE NEVER HAS BEEN ANY OTHER

A Man's Gift and Woman's Opportunity

THE ELEGANCE and sentiment a thoughtful woman associates with the gift she selects for a man are blended in the Hickok Belt and Buckle. Never has the feminine heart been so effectively touched or the feminine purse so slightly hurt. For, here is the gift supreme, modestly priced. It is one a man will cherish mightily because it will heighten his smartness and influence the graceful hang of his trousers. It will force him to discard that shabby old belt and don a wonderful new one. Men are hard to please and often neglected, most of them receive impractical Christmas things. Win the enthusiastic acceptance of your gift by giving a HICKOK CHRISTMAS SET.

GLANCE AT the Belt, Buckle and Beltogram Sets shown on the opposite page. Never in the history of Christmas time has a gift for men been more artistically or ingeniously encased, or splendidly made. Never has woman been given such a perfect opportunity to cater to masculine vanity in such a practical way. Hickok Buckles of Sterling Silver are initialed and engraved with the precision and elegance associated with precious metals. Buckles of HICKOK PLATE are also beautifully engraved and initialed. Hickok Leathers are the finest in the world. $2.00 to $10.00 in Gift Boxes of unique HICKOK design.

Sold by Leading Men's Shops, Department Stores, Etc.

HICKOK

THE CHRISTMAS BELT

HICKOK BELTS

BUCKLES: BELTOGRAMS

$5
SET NO. 51
Beltogram and Buckle, Special Hickok Belt. Other sets at $2.50 and more

$2
SET NO. 22
Buckle of Hickok Belt

HICKOK Belt and Buckle

$1

SET NO. $3

Different in Principle — a two-layer Fabric

More winter comfort than you ever experienced from Underwear

Duofold's fabric is in two *thin, separate* layers, held together by interlocking stitches at intervals.

It makes use of the *principle* of the storm window. The two *thin*, finely knitted layers of Duofold, separated by a film of air give you the *warmth* of a heavier fabric, with the comfort of a light fabric.

This light two-layer fabric also provides better protection against chills caused by dampness in underwear. The inner layer, which absorbs perspiration is completely covered by the *drier* outer layer. Cold air is thus prevented from coming in direct contact with a *damp* fabric.

Try a few suits of Duofold this winter. *Feel* the difference. You'll never want to go through another winter without it.

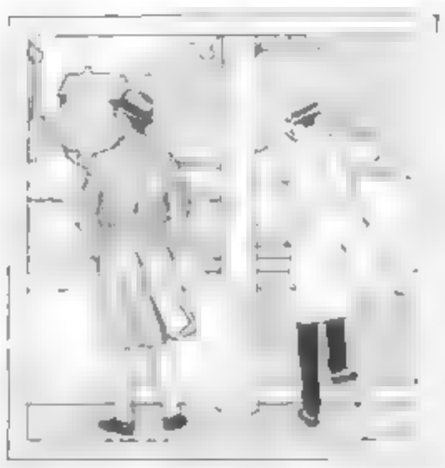
Buy it at underwear departments and haberdasheries. Ask for it by name.

Two kinds

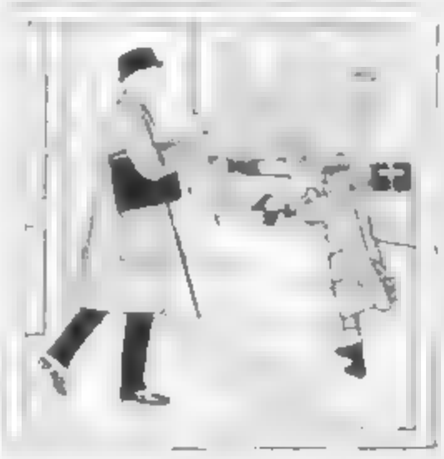
1. Both layers made of cotton.
2. For those who prefer the *extra* protection of wool—outer layer made with wool, inner layer made of cotton. The wool *can't* touch the skin.

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.
MOHAWK, NEW YORK

Write for free samples of Duofold Fabric, and names of local dealers.

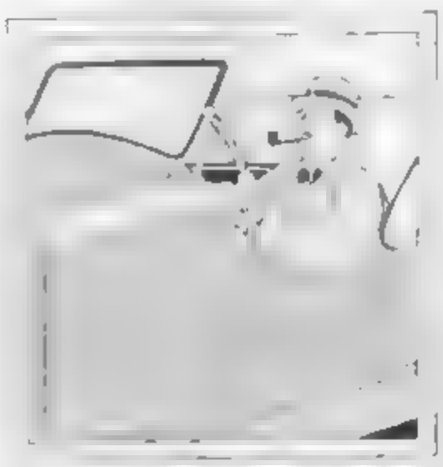


Waiting at exposed places. Warm and comfortable in Duofold.



Out from a heated building into biting winter's cold—you'll appreciate Duofold!

Sitting still—outdoors. Enjoy yourself in snug comfort. Wear your Duofold.



Driving in winter—cold, chilly business—unless you're wearing Duofold.

Duofold
Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants

A SUNKEN GARDEN

(Continued from Page 11)

exactly nothing at all. In this case it was a stroke of art, robbing little Lucie, as it did at a blow, of all remorse, triumph and significance.

But this sort of thing was wearying: Handling Robert's women, or the women who wanted to be Robert's women. The ones to whom she herself was a barrier, a stumbling-block, an object of criticism, who sized up her looks, her mentality, her power to charm, her special position with Robert.

Not that this last was ever publicly endangered. Robert's manner to her was perfect. But he was a man of vanity—and his clientele wide. Women like these who were leaving; women like Bess Chew, Ann Rodney, Aurelie Painter, locally—who offered the brimming cup of heady personal homage—were bound to get in an effect. A man of temperament was apt to be swayed. Most novelists claimed the right to be swayed.

Robert was willing to flirt—that much was certain! Just now he was having what was known locally as a flirt with Bess Chew. The nuances and overtones were unmistakable to Miriam's experienced psychic periscope. Harmless enough, meaningless even—and quite usual in the set Robert affected at the country club. Robert was fond of the country-club set. He played golf with them in the afternoons, he danced with them in the evenings. As with any other country club, parked limousines, a flock of glassy-winged beetles, stood on the dusky plaza outside during the evenings—for whom it might concern. It concerned a great many men who got in and out of them between dances. Quite likely when in Rome Robert was a Roman. It wasn't conceivable anyhow that, given sufficient provocation, Robert wouldn't kiss a pretty girl; little flappers in powder blue. It didn't raise Miriam's pulse—much. This was 1924, and she had been married to Robert eighteen years. Besides, what were you going to do about it?

She loved Robert deeply. And Robert loved her. She knew that. She knew—if he didn't—that he couldn't get along without her. That compound of genius, naïveté, charming manner, selfishness, indigestion and utter dependence, known as Robert Jardine, could never manage without her. That wasn't the point. The point was, standing here stale and bored in Robert's study, that she realized—most amazingly—that she could get along without Robert. For an interval. That she hadn't had a vacation from her rôle in years and years.

"That," she reflected, "is what's the matter with me this past hour. I am just plain sick and tired of being the wife of Robert Jardine, the famous author. What I'd like to be for a little is—me!"

Then as a hay-sweet breath of air stole through the open window and she looked out and surveyed Robert's latest expenditure, a comparison sprang to her mind

"What ails me is that I've lost my personality. To Robert. Personalities are like gardens. Mine is a sunken garden."

The reason for this image was that she could see the new sunken garden outside. When the Cheespire checks began to come in Robert had had the whole west side of the grounds torn out and relaid in a formal Italian parterre. Sunk at least six feet below level and laid in rectangular beds, with intersecting walks of red tile, spindly Alice-in-Wonderland rose trees, a lily pool, an Etruscan well curb. At present it was bare and new—hardly more than an architect's map of a garden—but that was all the better.

"All laid out as flat as paper; like a plan for a sunken garden. That's what I've let Robert do to me. What," added Miriam to herself, "would it be like to be my own self—for just twenty-four hours?"

It is quite likely that what the next twenty-four hours held for her was influenced completely by an object that hove into sight at that moment beyond the stretch of hedgerow.

It looked like a huge maroon-colored scorpion waddling rapidly down the road. It was one of the enormous unwieldy-looking busses that began infesting state roads last summer—binding rural points together or offering special travel tours. This one—called the Crabapple—was making its third trip, and was the largest in the state. Indeed, its glories of dimension, horse power and equipment had had a paragraph in print, and its itinerary flashed back to Miriam's mind readily: Tassett, Mohawk, Baysville, Free's Gorge, Cressit Peak. Even as it came abreast of her home—a bouquet of heads popping out to look at the sunken garden—a resolve that was utterly Bolshevist formed in her mind, overpowering her usual caution, timidity and sense of the expedient so entirely that she gave it to Robert as he entered, like the popping of a champagne cork.

"Robert," she cried, "I have just decided something. Do you remember old Aunt Sue who lives up at Cressit Peak and whom I haven't visited since I married you? Well, Robert—tomorrow I'm going to take the day off and go up and see her—all by myself. I know I'm terrible, but you've got to manage somehow and let me—because I'm going anyhow."

Robert came out of his flushed, bored mood with difficulty. He looked surprised. Miriam had not been away—alone—in six years.

"Tomorrow! We promised Bess Chew to go on her picnic in the afternoon."

"I said—alone, Robert. You'll never miss me. There'll be Bess and Roger. And Bess has asked the Courtneys too."

"But I'm going to use the gray car—at least I promised—and take Anderson. And the black's being dismantled. How would you go? You can't take the milk train."

"I'm going in that." Miriam pointed out of the window at the maroon scorpion now gathering headway down the road. "I'm going cheap and hoi polloi and proletarian—the way we used to before we got so rich and famous."

If she expected protest she got none—except Robert's startled, slightly darkened face. He had strolled over to the little table of books and picked up the limp-leather Harvest of Desire.

"See that you aren't A. W. O. L.," he said after a slight pause; then, "Did you hear what that Mrs. Keyes of the Zoro delegation said about my Celia Clare here—the thing she read in Black's Review. It's queer you overlooked that one, Miriam. 'Timeless, with something of all women in her—she is in reality the Everywoman of the modern American picture.' Rather good, don't you think?"

II

BY DINT of very early rising Miriam set Robert's day going successfully before she left. She prepared his malted orange juice, toasted his Austrian digestive bread; timed his egg, went over his mail, culling the personal missives for his attention; paid some bills, sorted and filed press notices, wired love and birthday greetings to his mother; sharpened his store of pencils, filled his bowl of apples, laid out his pads and notebooks, checked up his appointments, planned his luncheon and dinner; put out his sports clothes for the afternoon—his shaggy English plus-fours and camel's-hair jacket, in which Robert resembled a handsome yak; madras shirt, India calico tie and kerchief, and so on; arranged his tuxedo outfit conveniently; gave copious orders to Bridget and Ellie as to phone calls, interruptions and would-be interviewers; was bathed, dressed and breakfasted herself and down at the garden gate by 9:30. Ellie had carried down her little dressing bag, for, emboldened by success, Miriam had announced that she might spend the night, returning and catching up her arrears the following afternoon. This much—and indeed the whole thing—had peeved Robert. He walked along to the gate with her.

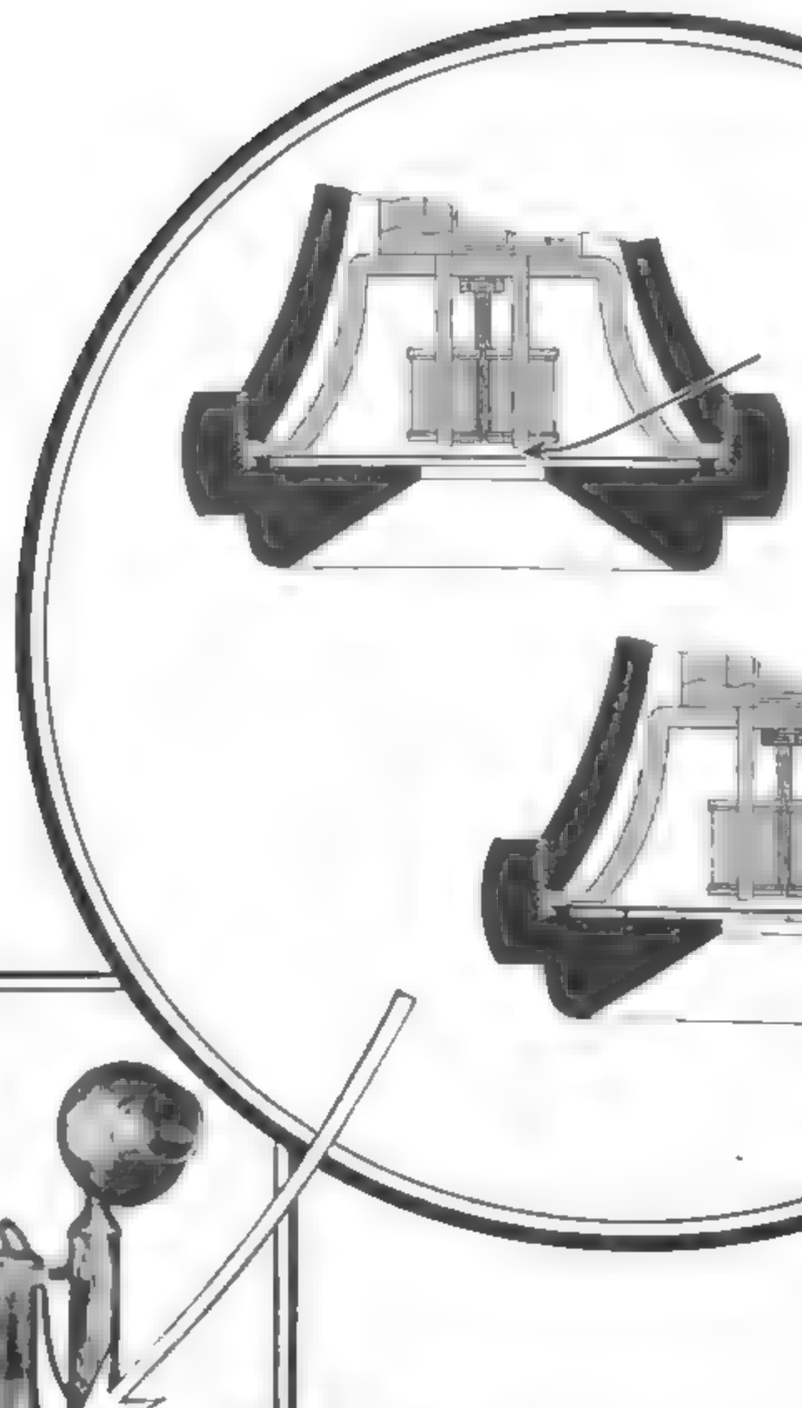
"I must say I think this is a very strange notion, Miriam," he said discontentedly.

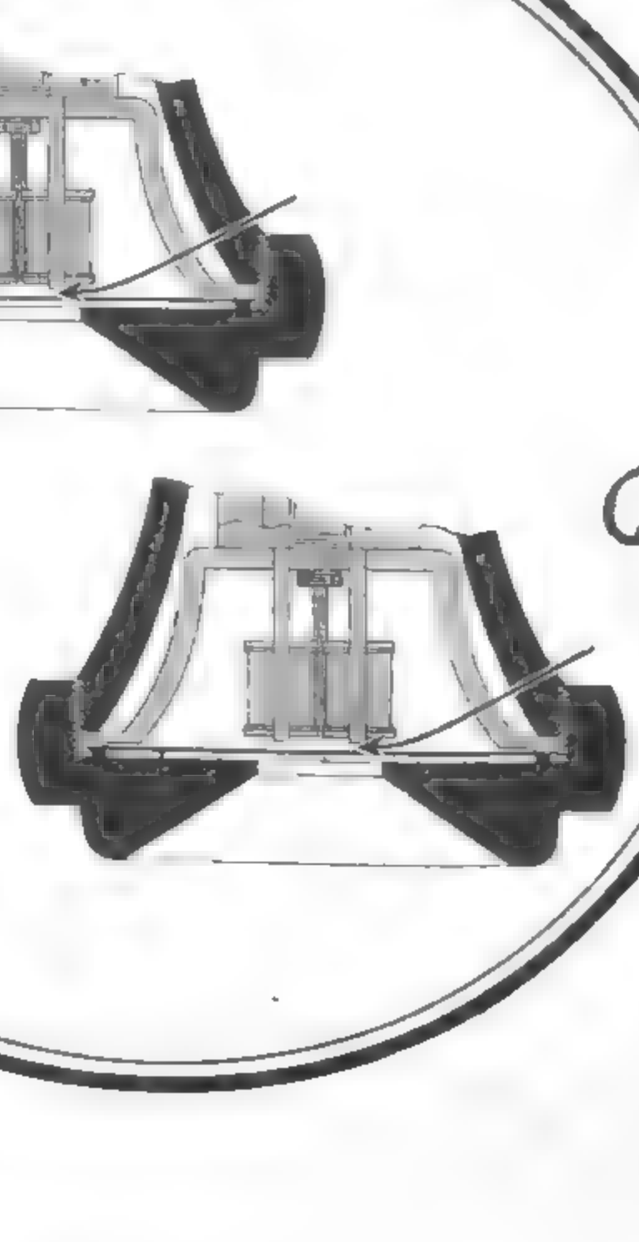
"You must remember that I haven't seen old Aunt Sue in years; the strangeness lies in not having gone sooner."

"You could have gone, I think, some other time—with me."

"But I always go—when I go—with you. And you wouldn't care a bit for Aunt Sue, dear. Besides, you said yourself—you said it in Fool's Feather—'The human soul makes its own secret reconnaissance, its own pilgrimages. Souls are always alone . . . seeking in a lonely wandering that sense of unity and completion they find only in a return to duality.' That's what's the matter with me, Robert. I go away in order—to return." She laughed suddenly. "You know that's what you always say when

Continued on Page 86





Which space is bigger?

by the thickness of a bee's wings

THE picture shows the ends of two telephone receiver magnets. The spaces indicated by the black arrows are equal in size—to the unaided eye.

But the extremely fine measuring instruments which Western Electric uses, show one space to be wider than the other by the thickness of a bee's wings. Even so small a difference is too great to pass the rigid inspection which watches over the making of your telephone.

This care for detail is one reason why your telephone is so dependable. It is typical of the whole work of producing Western Electric equipment, and is a manufacturing habit which dates back to the very beginning of telephone history.

Under the receiver cap is a thin disc of iron. For proper voice reception, the distance between disc and magnet must be fixed with minute accuracy. The operative shown here, by grinding the magnet unit, makes this distance just right.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

The Life of the Party

The model shown is the "C" Melody Buescher Saxophone

When young folks get together, the first note of the Saxophone puts pep into the party. It's an irresistible joy-maker for all social occasions. It combines the ringing notes of the cornet with the soft sweet tones of the reed instruments. With piano accompaniment, Why! It's almost like a full orchestra.

The ability to play a Saxophone lifts a young man out of the crowd, puts him in the social spotlight and develops his personality. He's the life of the party with a

BUESCHER True Tone SAXOPHONE

You don't have to "study" the Saxophone as you do other instruments. There's no practice drudgery. You don't have to be "talented." Three lessons sent free start you. In a week you can play popular airs. No teacher needed. It's great fun, and even though you're only interested for pleasure now, you can in 90 days, if you wish, join a band or orchestra. You might become a wizard like Tom Brown, Clyde Doerr or Ross Gorman. First class Saxophonists make big money. Try it out free for six days in your own home.

Send the coupon or postal for a free copy of our very interesting Saxophone Book. Tells about the various styles with pictures of the famous professionals and orchestras of America. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested. No obligation. Do this today.

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This beautiful book shows how easy it is to learn to play a Buescher. In it you will find the first lesson chart. It shows all the different models and tells what each is used for. Hundreds of pictures, 64 pages. You must have this fine book

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Easy to Play—Easy to Pay

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Gentlemen: I am interested in instrument checked: Saxophone
Cornet . . Trombone . . . . Trumpet . . Mention any other
Write plainly, Name, Address, Town and State in margin below

(Continued from Page 84)

you've got through a book and run off to Florida or down to the Algonquin; or last summer—when you dashed off to London and I stay behind and fight the proofs for you."

"You look pretty," Robert announced irrelevantly.

"I'm sure I don't know why," said Miriam airily.

But it was the truth. Excitement and a sense of adventure had colored her. She was in mauve homespun—Robert's pet shade—very beautifully made, and a wide-rimmed purple leghorn hat that threw a delicious shade over her large dark eyes. Two spots of delicate carmine had bloomed in her cheeks.

"I hate to be left here all morning alone—without you," said Robert.

Miriam's conscience writhed. Robert's need cried out to her—this was home, this was duty. But the Crabapple was coming. She fought conscience. "One, two, three—one, two, three," she counted silently with a closed soul. A moment later she was kissing Robert and springing up on the step.

"Looks like a six-year-old moron instead of a brilliant author, when his wife goes away for the day," she reflected. She waved a small white-gloved hand at him comfortingly, then held it against her mouth as they sped off.

"Remember—going away—in order to come back," she called.

Surprisingly the Crabapple was almost empty. Only a very old man occupied a rear seat—besides the driver who handled the wheel. This last was a tanned youth in khaki, and Miriam never hesitated. "Youth calls to youth," she decided pertly, and made her way through the tuna-mahogany and nickel and gray corduroy tunnel and plumped herself down on a seat beside him.

"I didn't know this thing was ever empty," she said.

He turned a mild freckled face active with chewing gum upon her. It was not, he told her, empty now. Or only apparently. It was traveling on a special charter.

"It's a good thing," he said, "that you ain't more'n one person. Ef you'd ben I couldn't of stopped to take you. Even this old feller gits off at Tassett—next stop—and I dassent take no more. Becuz they's a big Sunday-school picnic gittin' on at Baysville. That's the charter. This bus holds seventy-two, but they's a hundred an' sixteen gittin' on there at special rates. Baptists—with their lunch baskets. They'll be settin' two in a seat, I guess, pretty near all day singin' and wavin' flags—and mebbe eatin' candy and pop corn too. Gosh, they won't do nothin' to these corduroy seats—the kids."

"How far will they be going?"

"Oh, the hull way. It ain't a reg'lar picnic. It's a travel tower this year—with a stop at the end fur the lunch spread. We'll git to the end of the rowt 'bout two o'clock and haul 'em back by evening."

The end of the route was Cressit Peak—her destination. "Good heavens!" cried Miriam. Was she going to ride all the way up with two-in-a-seat little Baptists feasting and singing? The Crabapple stopped suddenly and the venerable man behind got off. He inspired Miriam.

"I'll get off too. I don't have to go up there. Aunt Sue's waited so long—she won't mind a little longer. Besides, I'll naturally be myself more thoroughly if I'm by myself. Will you," she asked aloud, "stop at some point I may pick out—this side of Baysville?"

The driver assured her he would. The loneliness of his craft moved him to be conversational—even discursive. He fell to boasting a little about the Crabapple. There was none, it seemed, to touch her in renown. And from the glories of the car it was a natural, simple transition to certain capacities and skill of his own. Drivin' a bus was fine work, but it wan't nothin' to guidin' a truck overseas; that was somethin' that got you a real thrill. This here boat—all was to it was to watch out fur your len'th goin' round a sharp turn—to be a little careful and all—matter of a kind of 'rithmetic sort of—the Crabapple bein' so extry long—but fur that matter, drivin' a bus was easy—he'd drove one all last summer—though she was a smaller one.

Miriam listened absently—picking out and rejecting stopping places as they rolled along. There was fifteen miles of road before Baysville—a span of hard white trail lying between curves of wooded green loveliness that vanished in purple distances and in the ultimate keeping of remote, faintly visible peaks. The sky was a tranquil blue, the sun poured a wash of gold over the countryside, the air smelled of cut grass, and now and then through the growth beside the road one could glimpse the shimmer of a silvery river that here and there paralleled it. Suddenly she decided.

"I'll get off here," she announced. It was the wildest spot she had seen. The driver intimated as much.

"'Tain't nothin' hereabout but woods," he suggested as the Crabapple paused.

"Nothin' but woods is just what I need," Miriam thought as she watched the big craft vanish; then, with no hesitation whatever, slipped from the road and made her way through a screen of hemlock and down a steep bank to the call and allure of that distant stretch of water.

With the first slipping, crushing plunge of her foot on the slope where last year's oak leaves, this year's wintergreens, thimble and poke berries, bittersweet, ferns and mosses mingled; with the first dank sweet breath of forest odor Miriam realized how much she adored a day out in the woods, and how long this type of pleasure had been denied to her. Robert did not like the woods. Robert was highly civilized. He liked the more ordered trammeled ways of life. Parks, landscaped lawns, Italian gardens, golf courses—anything, as he put it, that was saturated with the presence and ideas of man. There was, of course, Miriam decided, sitting down on a flat stone behind some huge brakes, no idea in a piece of rough woodland.

The woods here came down to the very edge of a shallow river from which dark bowlders rose like a flock of terrapin. There were enormous willows, all pale and furry now, and evergreens and dogwood, beech and alder and wild cherry and birch all tangled together; and all over the wet mossy bank violets the color of her hat, with clumps of late anemone, wild geranium and vivid skunk cabbage. Even Robert must have admitted the beauty of this place—if you could have lured him to it.

But Miriam remembered suddenly that it was fourteen years since Robert had stood in a piece of woodland. They had had a couple of days in the Catskills then—eked out of a frightfully meager period. And the accommodation had been cheap and poor. Robert had complained bitterly of the food, and the second day he had developed an earache. He had never repeated the experiment. As Robert's wife, naturally neither had she.

But there was nothing to prevent her today from enjoying the woods.

"Why, it's the time, the place and the girl, all together. Why not? There must be twenty miles of this stuff around here, with only a few houses here and there. I couldn't ask for a lovelier holiday. I can prowl and ramble all day—and nobody ever be the wiser."

She stood up in excitement before her plan. Then conscience stirred again. Her clothes. She was not dressed like a woodland nymph. Her pale gray suède shoes with the chased silver buckles, thick pale gray clocked silk stockings, her delicate mauves, her dull pure white gloves, little gold-mounted morocco bag, her platinum watch, her purple cart-wheel hat trimmed with hand-painted silk fruits from No Man's Land—these had cost a pretty penny. Then she steeled herself. The price of three cases of whisky for Robert's locker at the country club. Besides, Robert was always writing more novels and Felix Cheespure buying the movie rights.

"Robert will give me more," she decided, "if I spoil 'em." Robert was very generous about clothes. He took decidedly an artistic interest in them. Her own were affairs subject entirely to his Cæsarian thumb. She dressed in forms and colors only of Robert's approving; which was only right in his capacity of dresser and tirewoman to so many delightful heroines. Equally she discarded when Robert pleased. Therefore to risk the wreck of one of his carefully planned schemes, under the impetus of a mere selfish desire for pleasure, seemed little less than anarchy. But Miriam saw something that decided her.

A little farther downstream she saw a clump of wild iris growing, like slender blue-hooded wading ladies. Wild iris had been a passion from her childhood and she set her teeth.

"I'll pick 'em. I'll stay with 'em—and I'll pick 'em. I'll stay here all day and

(Continued on Page 89

Give them Health

WE are told that three wise men followed the Star and journeyed to Bethlehem that first Christmas night, carrying gorgeous gifts—Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.

And so the beautiful custom of Christmas gift-giving began. But as time went on many people made drudgery of this lovely practice. Making up Christmas lists became almost as perfunctory as making laundry lists. Tom, Dick and Harry received the usual neckties, handkerchiefs and socks. Betty was put on Mary's list and Mary on Betty's because both hesitated to break a social custom.

Would it not be a sensible thing this Christmas to give more as our hearts may prompt?

* * * *

Twenty-one years ago on Christmas Eve, a young man stood at his work in a post-office in far-away Denmark. Thousands of Christmas letters were pouring through his hands. And as he worked he thought how wonderful it would be if all the happy people who were sending glad Yuletide messages would add a special Christmas stamp to their letters and cards. That extra money would build a hospital in his town for the children sick with tuberculosis!

The young man took his big idea to the King and Queen of Denmark. His plan was enthusiastically greeted. The first Christmas Seals appeared in Denmark in 1904—and the little children got their hospital.

From this simple beginning grew the widespread custom of selling Christmas Seals to fight the Great White Plague.

* * * *

Tuberculosis can be cured—can be prevented and eventually wiped from the face of the earth. But the great battle against it cannot be left solely to those who support our welfare institutions.

Vast amounts of money are needed to bring back to health those who have been stricken with this most cruel of all diseases. Money for open-air camps out in the woods or on sunny mountain slopes—money for long, restful vacations free from worry—money for proper food and care. Still *more* money is needed for the great work of prevention. And this money will be raised through the sale of the little Christmas Seals.

* * * *

Plaintive voices are calling to you for help. Will you help them? Let's *all* get together to help rid the world of this dread disease that shows no mercy for rich or poor.

Buy Christmas Seals as you never bought before. Buy till it makes you happy. Place a voluntary "health tax" on all your cheerful Yuletide letters and thus brighten your gift packages with these gay little symbols of hope. The Christmas candles in your heart will burn more brightly because you have helped to smooth away some of the troubles of the world. This Christmas give the greatest gift of all—the gift of health!

In spite of the splendid work already accomplished in the way of prevention and cure, there are still in the United States a million sufferers from Tuberculosis. A majority of these lives can be saved if right steps are taken immediately.

In twenty years, the tuberculosis death rate in the United States has been cut one-half. In some places, the improvement has been even greater. For example, for seven years, the Metropolitan has assisted in a demonstration of health work in an industrial city, and there the deaths from tuberculosis showed a decline of 69 per cent. The Metropolitan has also been able to obtain most excellent results in its Mount McGregor sanatorium for employees. About 70 per cent of the 1,354 sufferers from tuberculosis discharged from the institution during the last nine years are still at work.

Tuberculosis can be detected in its early stages and can be checked. If men, women and children were given a thorough physical examination every year and took steps to correct physical impairments, 4 out of 5 deaths from Tuberculosis would be prevented.

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet telling how to prevent and how to cure Tuberculosis. A free copy of "A War on Consumption" will be mailed to all who ask for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

TODAY'S NEW BIG THOUGHT IN TIRES

General adds another big advantage to mileage and air pressure

establishing a practical and true basis for judging tire value

You should expect more from your tires, today, than just so many miles of service—even though that mileage is satisfactory. You should expect more than the comfort and extended car life that low pressure gives you.

These well-known advantages have been enjoyed for years by users of the General Cord. But in fulfilling the highest mission of pneumatic tires General has carried tire achievement far beyond such features as mileage and air pressure.

Not only big mileage but more power—less gasoline

You probably never thought of your tires as having any effect on your motor power and gasoline consumption. Yet in some tires it is so great that it acts as a tremendous drag on motor power, and increases fuel consumption.

That there is such a great difference in the effect tires have on motor power and gasoline consumption has been clearly demonstrated in a series of tests conducted by the General Tire and Rubber Company as well as by many outside and disinterested tire users in the past two years.

Demonstrating power and fuel savings

Many road tests conducted with various makes of cars show less power loss—18% to 30%—when equipped with General Cords as compared with other makes.

Tests made by large fleet operators have shown 10% to 12% savings in gasoline consumption with General Cords.

* * *

A large stage company operating on the Pacific Coast found in their tests that a saving of $6,000 a year on gasoline alone could be made with General Cord equipment.

* * *

This same company also found that with General Cord equipment a bus rolled over a certain hill at 24 miles per hour *in high*, but when equipped with another make of tire a shift to second gear was necessary to maintain that speed.

The reason for General's longer tire life

The power and gasoline saving advantages in the General Cord are due to its greater freedom from internal friction. Internal friction in tires, besides causing power loss, causes internal wear.

It is the General Cord's greater freedom from internal wear under all conditions of service—and the fact that this advantage is gained without sacrifice of any essential in proper construction—that enables it to stand up and deliver the big mileage.

Without this mileage in the tire itself there would be no true economy in its motor power and gasoline saving advantages. It is the *combination of all three* of these outstanding features in General Cords, all types and sizes, that gives you a practical way to judge and compare real tire value.

—goes a long way to make friends

The GENERAL CORD

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO BY THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.

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maybe all night—and let the devil take the hindmost."

III

THE Freudian outlet of a woman in the position of Mrs. Miriam Jardine, wife of Robert Ditto, the author of those so brilliant subjective novels which have blazed a new trail in the dark forest of American letters; the vagaries and performances of a repressed but still youthful and very pretty woman of thirty-eight who has just been released to a playground of her own choosing from the beloved but somewhat excessive tentacles of a companion personality, make a peculiar screed—though hardly of a sort to tempt the analytical cunning of a Jardine pen in transcription. In the case of Miriam Jardine—here in the privacy of the Baysville woods—they resembled the antics of a joy-maddened water baby. In technical parlance it might be said that she suffered a recessive lapse into infantilism.

She picked the wild iris. She wandered by the stream side. She nibbled and tasted of odd leaves and berries, as she remembered doing in childhood; she sat down and rested when and as she pleased. She tore the painted apples from No Man's Land from her hat and retrimmed it with waterwashed violets; she took off her gray suède slippers and stockings and waded for a long flushed interval in a little mossy shallow; she let down her long hair, wove it into two pigtails and crowned herself with a floral fillet. Once at a particularly tempting stretch of turf she danced a sort of solemn bacchantic of joy that began with minuetlike curtsies and pavanlike bowings and ended in a kind of dervish spinning, including some revelation of bare slim ankles, and tossed sprays of wild cucumber vine. But even Miriam blushed a little with shame before this, and she sat down decorously after it, resting against a low comfortable ledge in the river bank.

The sound of a distant whistle presently sifted through the trees to her and she unpacked the lunch Bridget had prepared for her trip. She ate greedily, now tossing crusts to a large bullfrog seated on a cowlily pad, now to a pot-bellied robin that investigated her from a yellow birch near by. The sunlight poured down through the trees and painted her face, her frock with little flights of quivering gold and silver butterflies. She was dirty, a little tired and terribly content. Her nose was powderless and pink with sunburn, freckles had come out on the backs of her hands. And the more wearily content and rested she grew, the more her reverie dwelt on Robert—and the problems he presented. On the Robert he had been. She remembered a very different one. The one who had courted her in their youth—gifted, eager, impecunious. Just Robert, her beautiful lover—with long, shabbily clad, quick-striding young legs, a star in each gray eye, and a lock of unruly dark hair falling on his forehead. They had been two church mice when they met. Robert had to pawn his typewriter every so often; she had done all her laundry in the bathroom, with the keyhole stuffed—and had dyed ribbons and furbelows to make herself winsome for him, over a little one-cylinder oil stove. But madly in love—and going to conquer the world!

"He was a sweet thing," sighed Miriam.

"Well, he's a sweet thing yet," she added loyally. "He could be—if he didn't forget. It's time that wrecks people." She sighed. Time recalled her. She rose and wandered on.

It was just three in the afternoon when, following the meandering grassy wood road, she came suddenly upon the farmhouse. No bigger than a cheese box, painted a bright green and sunk knee-deep in pink and red begonia and geranium. A gray-haired elderly woman rocked in the peaceful porch. Miriam approached affably.

"I wonder," she suggested, "if I might stop here for a little; and if I might beg for a glass of water. I wonder," she added on an inspiration, "if you would care to take a lodger for tonight. I am. I am spending a little time on a walking trip through here—on my way to a relative in Hadley."

The elderly woman looked surprised and suspicious.

"I have a lodger now," she said, and looked at Miriam's hand. "Are you—are you—a married lady?"

"I am," Miriam bowed. "But I am—alone now," she added ambiguously.

The woman's face softened. "That's too bad," she commiserated. "I'm rill sorry. Is your husband dead long?"

Miriam slew without compunction.

"Oh, years and years and years ago," she cried airily. "I mean," she added more decorously—after all, it was true—"I lost him a very long time ago."

"My land—that's too bad. You look full young fur it to be such a long time ago. You look like you be'n walkin' far, too—kinda red and dusty. Why, I guess I could make out to keep you if you jest tell me your name an' address."

"Oh, certainly," cried Miriam; but certainly not for this stolen interval. "My name is Jones," she cried brightly; "just—Jones. I mean—er—of course, Mrs. Jones"—as a faint distrust wrote itself again in the other face. "I am Mrs. James Jones—of Boston. My—my husband was—a manufacturer. Of hairpins," she added as the hasty coiffure she had erected beneath her big hat wabbled slightly. "He was called the hairpin king. He—he made practically all of the hairpins used in the world."

"My land, I sh'd think you'd be rill glad he ain't alive today—with all this short hair they're wearin'. They's always a silver side to every bereavement, I say. But I guess you could take that chair there, Mis' Jones—and I could make out fur you."

"Just until the afternoon, tomorrow," Miriam decided. "There must be a train from some station near here—and I can go on to my—my relative's."

"Well, yes, I guess you could. They's a down train from Ford, the flag station three mile back here, goes down to Hadley 'bout two in the aft'noon." Her hostess disappeared to fetch a glass of spring water, that she reseated herself. "If you'll excuse me I'll go right on shuckin' these berries. My lodger's crazy fur berries an' cream fur his suppers."

"Oh, yes—you said you had a lodger."

"Yes'm. He's from New York—be'n here on a vacation. Be'n here a week. He's went fishin' it is aft'noon. He's one of these here writers. A poetry writer." A sound from Miriam startled her. "What is it? You—you sick?"

"No. I—I—just choked for a bit. I—I was going to say 'How funny!'—and that you can't get away from them—anywhere. I mean—everybody seems to be writing nowadays, don't they? What I meant was—it's such a small world."

"I d'know." Her hostess looked distrustful again. "I sh'd hope not many would write like my lodger. I've read some pieces in his room—they're full turrible. But this is him now."

A shadow fell across the grass and Miriam looked up, to see a young man in neat fishing attire. A very young man—about twenty-one, she judged—with soft, brown spaniel's eyes, a rather chubby face, a somewhat puggy nose straddled by shell spectacles, and a very beautiful forehead surmounted by a sheaf of wheat-colored hair.

"Mr. Carmichael—the poetry writer from New York City—make you acquainted with Mis' Jones, from Boston, a lady spending the night. Her husband was the late Mr. Jones, the hairpin king."

Mrs. Miller, their hostess, was introducing them.

Miriam felt her hand touched by a sunbrowned boyish paw that gave off a delightful sense of vitality.

It was pleasant to relax in the little shady porch; to let the stealing afternoon sunlight overtake you as it crept in closer; to listen to this young Mr. Carmichael making himself polite, resting his nice spaniel eyes on you in candid admiration; even to listen to Mrs. Miller's bucolic plaints and comments as the cone of crimson berries on her lap grew—to bask timelessly in heavenly rural quiet.

It was delightful, still later, to go up to a low-ceiled country chamber and wash yourself fresh and clean in shocking-cold water, out of a country bowl and pitcher; to shake out of your bag a simple but lovely frock of white georgette meshed with lace—to put it on, along with snowy slippers and stockings and your quite best necklace, small but very good pearls.

Miriam had dressed her hair low on her neck, in a style she particularly liked but which Robert didn't care for. Now she added a tuft of pinky-white rosebuds from a tight floral pancake in a blue glass tumbler on her dresser. The effect she thought was charming and she remembered that Robert in creating Celia Clare, that heroine who was "the woman of all time and the Everywoman of the modern American picture," had given Celia dark glossy hair, "dressed low, usually, with a single white flower burning in its dusk."

"Behold—I am Celia Clare," laughed Miriam, eying her reflection in the wavering smoke-blue glass.

She descended to supper. The dining room was shadowy, with a screened door opening on the green woods and a single candle burning on the table. Beside it were the strawberries, frosted with sugar, thin-sliced, baked pink ham, poached eggs, hashed brown potatoes, peach conserve, small fat brown cookies and a pot of that stout medicinal-smelling black tea beloved of farm wives.

The lodger was already seated. He looked fearfully scrubbed and pink and bronze and shining—with the wet harrow-tooth marks of much combing showing in his wheat-colored hair. He had exchanged to a Norfolk suit with white knickers and linoleum-pattern socks. He sprang up to place Miriam's chair, mixing his feet a little and tangling his napkin in his tanned overly big young hands. Miriam thanked him, smiling across the star of candlelight; then together they fell upon the viands. At first.

When Mr. Carmichael had assuaged his hunger a little—and certain polite proprieties of comment and question he began to make certain revelations. He was here, he explained, for a few weeks of rest and quiet after a hard year at college. And he was utilizing his time and his impressions in certain literary labors.

He was, for one thing, terrifically interested in modern verse and verse forms—and he was working on a new formula entirely his own. He had had some luck with his writing, too, in the past year. Not so much, but quite encouraging on the whole. Five or six little things in the best post-graduate plain-clothes magazines. And he was now at work collecting all he had done, to be brought out in the winter, he hoped, under the title Satyr at Twenty.

"You've no idea what a lot of work there is to getting a book ready for print!"

"I should imagine!" said Miriam a little gushingly.

"I suppose," he smiled a little indulgently through his glasses, "you'll be wondering next whether I do my work in longhand or type it—and you'll want to know whether I work at night, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh—I wasn't going to," Miriam demurred faintly.

"Funny. People do. Awfully curious about it—where you get your ideas, and all that."

"Oh, I'm not that kind at all." She had got to the strawberries and cakes and looked out of the open door at the little wood road that vanished into the forest. "It's going to be a perfect night," she ventured. "I think I'm going to take an evening walk."

Mr. Carmichael was taking the last cooky.

"Oh, if you would!" he cried. "I mean—with me. I was going to ask you. It would be stunning—I know so many terrifically charming spots along that path—atmosphere, and all that sort of thing; and there'll be a full moon later."

It was seven o'clock when Miriam and young Mr. Carmichael strolled away from the farmhouse porch. It was after 11:30 when they returned.

For what happened during that interval we cannot hold Mrs. Miriam Jardine entirely blameless—though perhaps the setting, the night itself, with a soft westerly breeze stirring that suggested warmed lavender, and a moon that covered everything with silver paint, contributed their share.

At first Mr. Carmichael, walking beside Miriam, with a straight little English brier going between his lips, talked on and on. About his work chiefly. In spite of her languor of interest he very kindly answered all those questions she had failed to ask—and a great many more. He talked well. He was reminiscent of that early Robert she remembered—with many of Robert's mannerisms, much of his self-confidence and all of his hopes. It all carried her into the past, in a sense, and even into a sort of hypothetical present that awakened a wistful maternal pang as she looked at him.

For many many years before, she and Robert had had a little son—a brief flowering of love and hope, whose swift passing had for a time threatened all sense of significance for her.

"If little Bobs had lived—he'd be nearly as big as this boy. In a couple of years as much of a man. What walks we'd have had. What talks together. I wonder if he'd have had his dad's gift."

Listening to young Mr. Carmichael made Miriam feel at once very, very young and very, very old. But when the moon came properly out and Mr. Carmichael had got done about his work and career, and the like, he switched over to life, and thence to experience, to women particularly, cynicism in modern life—modern reactions to emotion. The transition to the personal came next—and very easily. They had stopped to rest on a log and Mr. Carmichael looked very closely at Miriam.

"What I have just been saying applies, of course, only to the woman who is attractive—who possesses beauty. You yourself—you know—it struck me at once—I think you are very, very beautiful, Mrs. Jones."

He was not at the moment looking at Mrs. Jones. He was looking at Everywoman. At white roses, white lace, white pearls, veiled with white moonlight. The witchery of June and night was on him, the goading urge of his own blood. He was at that period when, no matter how cynical, these matters in close proximity demand inexorably a definite course of action. Moreover, he was a poet, sensitive, dramatic and "inflammable as a haystack." In fact, practically, Anywoman might have served, and Miriam in her new rôle looked very lovely.

"Beautiful," murmured Mr. Carmichael, "simply that. Beautiful."

Had he seemed less youthful, had he been bolder before her greater experience, had he shown less reverence for beauty of phrase and manner—in short, had his manners been bad—she might have snubbed him. A moment earlier she had been a little bored, had secretly fallen to wondering what sort of time Robert had had motoring off on that picnic with the Chewa—with Bess Chew. Now, a little startled, she roused herself and looked at Mr. Carmichael. For he was proving very conclusively that she was not Miriam Jardine, mere echo of brilliance, but a woman with an attractive personality, with good looks, charm. She did not snub Mr. Carmichael. She listened to him. She dallied. Not with Mr. Carmichael—with the moment.

Mr. Carmichael held up one finger.

"Listen," he said. "Can you hear it? I mean the silence around here. It's all over the place, all over these woods, the stream, even the moon. Rather lovely, don't you think? And it all gives me an idea. I've an idea to do you—in a setting like this. I'll call it Moon Hush. Something like this: The very earth has stopped breathing, the river has stopped pulsing; only the moon turns on its rim noiselessly."

"Charming," said Miriam. "Though does a river pulse?"

"Certainly. Can't you hear it? What is your first name?"

"Miriam."

"Too Hebrew for you. You should be Blanche, a white lady; or Alicia. Yes, I like Alicia. That's what I'll call you in my verse. What kind of roses are those in your hair? Perfect for your type. You're a perfect type anyhow—for moonlight." Mr. Carmichael laid his hand lightly on Miriam's arm, bent close and smelled of the little tuft of roses on her neck. "You're awfully charming—Alicia of the White Roses."

Miriam's torpid conscience stirred. "I—I'm not so—so awfully young," she reminded him.

Mr. Carmichael dismissed the thought contemptuously. What has beauty—or affinity—to do with age, time?

"I grow weary of this talk of youth," cried Mr. Carmichael; "as though it were either a penance or a privilege to be young. What do years mean—in a question of mentality, or capacity for emotion? And emotion is really all that counts. Take love, for instance. Take any great love in history. Take Shakspere and his Dark Lady; many another historic affair. Other women, true but wonderful women—to inspire and bring out in a man all that is fine, all that is its best. I've often thought that I myself—if given the opportunity——" He paused and gestured with his little brier. "This," he said, "is a very wonderful moment; I hope you realize it. Rather like what the French mean by the *geste*—that terrifically perfect moment, that suspension out of time itself, when—when—well, it's all simply perfect and that sort of thing—if you—if you take it—if you realize——"

It seemed to Alicia of the White Roses a perfect moment in which to walk on—and

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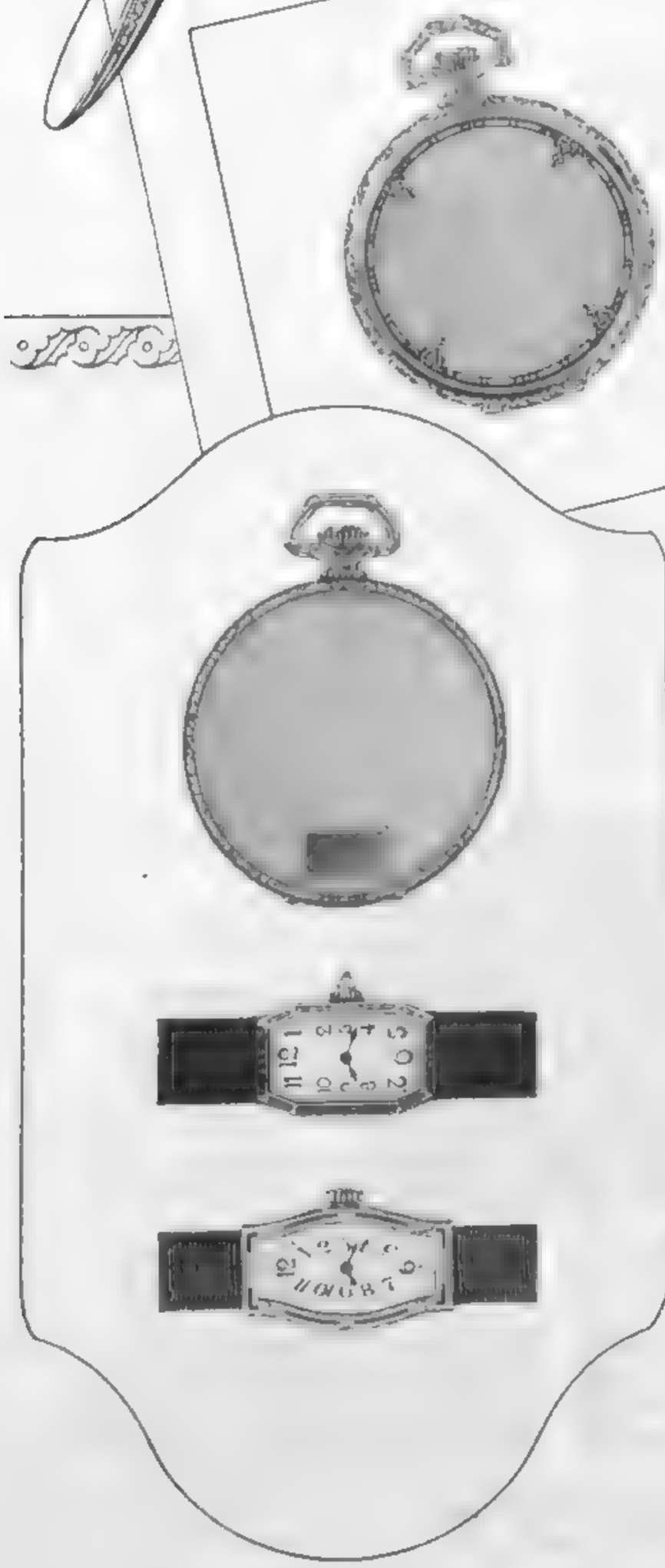
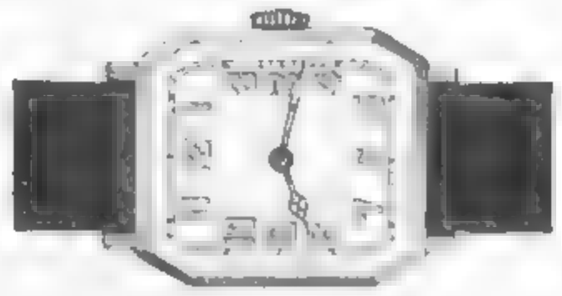
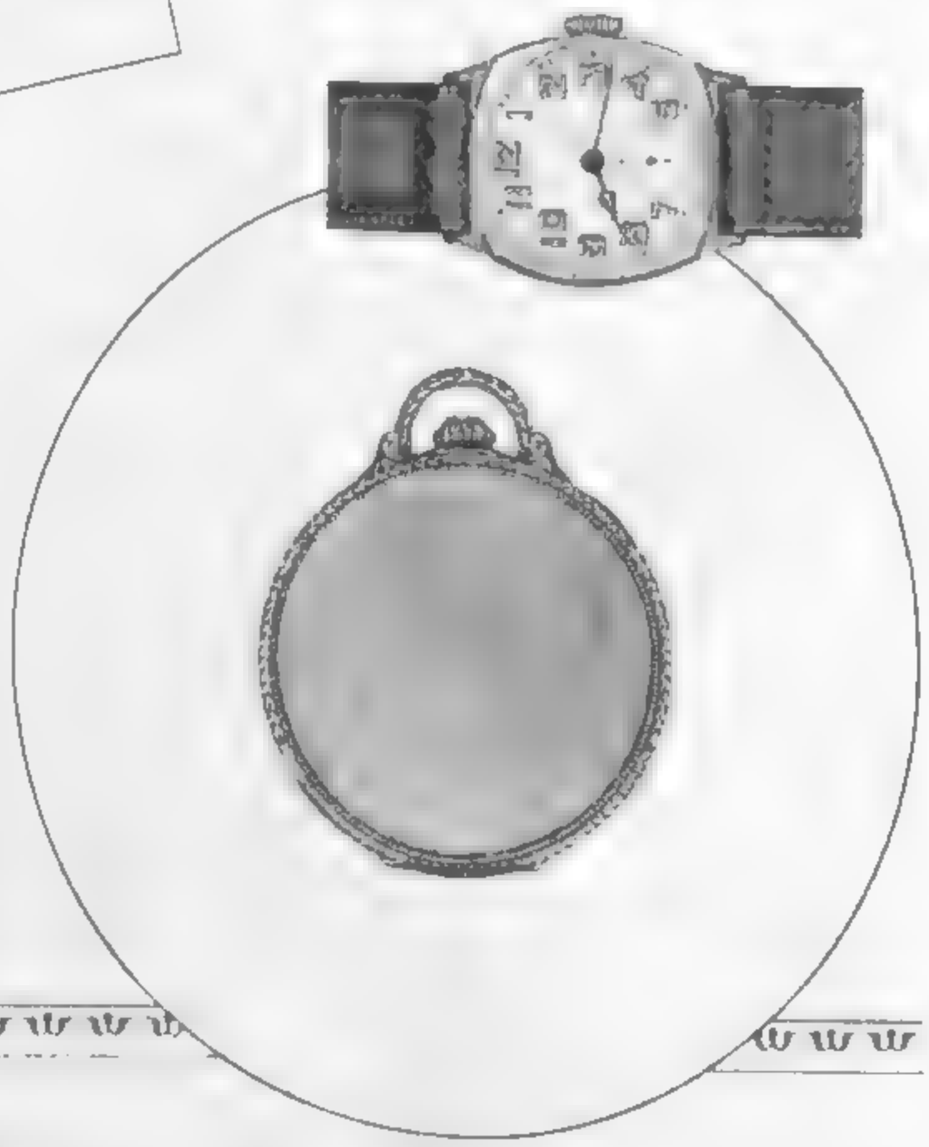
Gladsworth

MAKE WATCHES

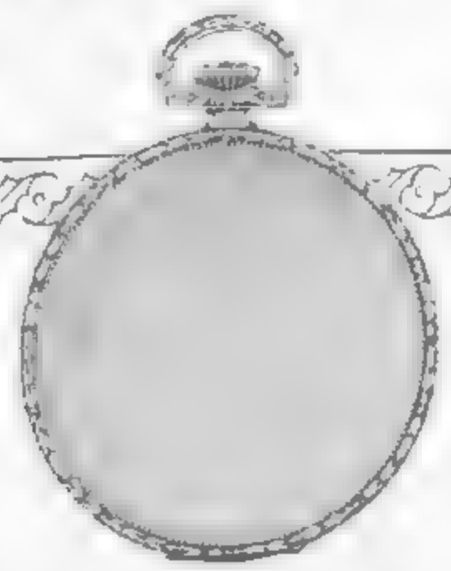


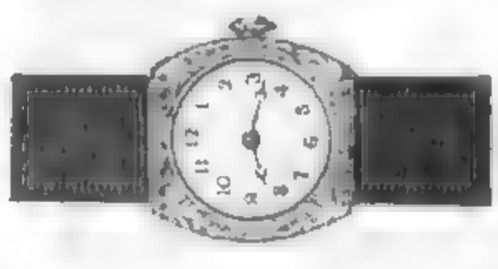




Cases

BEAUTIFUL





On the day which Christmas celebrates, three wise men established a custom of generous giving. Their example lives today among people of good taste who find in a beautiful watch a Christmas gift of exceptional fitness.

The watch you give will be a dependable timekeeper, of course; but do not forget that it is the case, after all, that determines the degree of pride and satisfaction with which it will be worn.

And while a Wadsworth Case will enrich your gift with designs of unusual beauty, it need not add to the cost. Moreover, with that exacting fit so essential to the protection of the watch movement, it will help to make your gift a source of lasting pleasure.

See your jeweler's Christmas selection of watches. Many of them will probably be dressed in Wadsworth Cases. For more than thirty years Wadsworth Cases have protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers.

It will be worth your while, however, to see that the Wadsworth name is stamped in the case of the watch you choose. For in Wadsworth quality is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY, DAYTON, KY.
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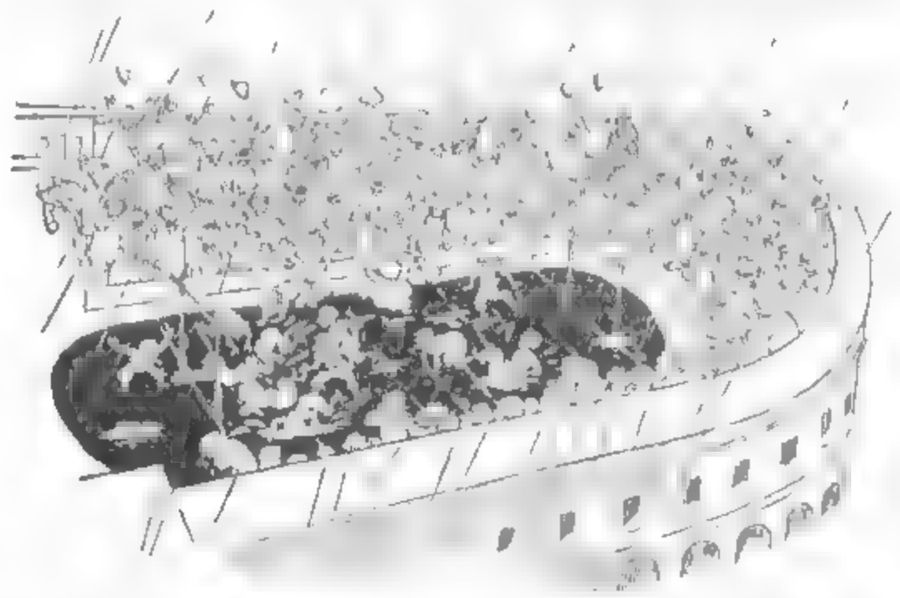

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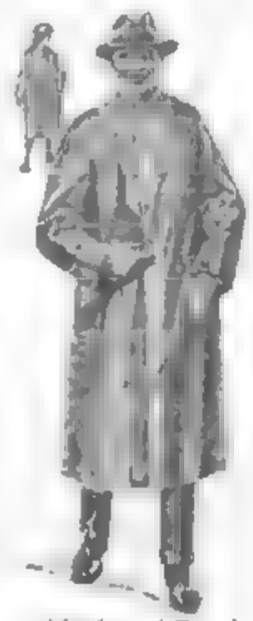

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(Continued from Page 89)

she said so. Mr. Carmichael had been sitting closer and closer. His hand had moved toward hers, covering it lightly, and she was certain he had touched his lips to those pinky-white roses a minute before. She was willing to be silly—but not too silly.

"Come," she said, "the night wanes."

"There's plenty left," he demurred. And, indeed, they did not hurry, sauntering along beside the water, finding many spots of loveliness. But at one, a little fording where the water was both narrow and shallow, Mr. Carmichael astonished her.

"We will cross here," he said, "and I'm not going to let you wet those white slippers." And he swept her up into his arms. A second—and he was stepping like Colossus across the stream. But proximity—the *geste* was too much for him.

"He does -he really does!" Miriam was just thinking. "He looks like Tip—my darling little water spaniel I used to have," when Mr. Carmichael paused. He looked up at the moon—and then into Miriam's face.

"Is this to be completely wasted?" he said in a low voice. And he made himself even clearer. "What I want," he cried—"what I want, of course, is to kiss you'"

Miriam recoiled.

"I warn you," she cried, "that I'm a poor petter. I've been tested."

Mr. Carmichael set her down so abruptly she wet one foot.

"Petter!" he cried bitterly. "You accuse me of that—of that sort of tripe! What I ask is beauty. And you come back with a cheap euphemism -for all that is vulgar and wretched. As though I desired ——"

"You do!" cried Miriam. "It's all the same."

It took her three-quarters of an hour to pacify him. It brought them back to the farmhouse. And as Miriam bade him good night her heart relented a little.

"I've a good notion to kiss him after all. I've a notion to put my hands on his shoulders and give him a kiss first on the right, then on the left cheek, in the good French style, and wish him good luck. 'Take this for luck, laddie—and may you kiss a lot of pretty girls until you meet the one who'll be to you but a up your career when you'd go right on kissing 'em, if you're like some I could name.' Only, of course, he'd never be a Robert. He hasn't his genius and he's so homely ever in moonlight. But aren't flappers male or female -awful, with their enthusiasm and wild worship? I don't wonder that men like Robert — Only Robert doesn't use formal Continental customs in handling them ——"

She was interrupted. The perfect moment was too much for Mr. Carmichael. Miriam was swept into an embrace, half bear grasp, half Kansas tornado, and a pair of warm lips, a stubble of rough young beard scraped her turning cheek and mouth as she received his kiss—a boy's stolen, vigorous kiss, like apples and warm bread and sunny grass.

"Forgive me!" Mr. Carmichael staggered back a little dramatically. "But I had to—I had to have that much. It's all I can have. I won't see you again—you know. I've got a date with a fellow at Tassett early in the morning. But I'll never forget this. Oh, Mrs. Jones! Alicia!"

On the whole it had been a most delightful day, Miriam thought, lying in her high country bed, listening to the cheeping of forest insects near by, watching tiny stars come pricking out through the maple by her window. Country odors stole to her nostrils—the smell of fresh verdure, of cheap perfumed soap on the washstand, housed straw matting from the floor, the rosebuds on the dresser. She observed them all carefully. They would be useful color on Robert's behalf.

Tomorrow, when she got home again, she would enter all these details in one of the notebooks—against the time when Robert might want to do a little woods farm in a story.

Tomorrow—when she got back again—to Robert. She realized suddenly as she sank drowsily off how glad she would be to get back.

IV

SHE was gladder and gladder as she walked along. She had slept late, breakfasted hugely, loafed all morning, and now, after a noonday dinner, trudged along to the station with her little bag. And with every step her feet hastened. For she realized, as many of us do, how long a way a little vacation will stretch. Her day of isolation had purged her soul of staleness and unrest; indeed, it gave her a new value.

"For the truth is," reflected Miriam, looking up at the sunny heaven, "it's no use -my going off to be myself—just to be me. Because I'm not me. I'm Robert-and-I -and it's all I ever want to be." And she fell to considering the numberless women in her case.

"What a memoir somebody could get up—Confessions of the Wives of Famous Men—or Earth's Second Violins! And what a tale it would be if everybody really told! What a chore it mostly means, what a lot of posseting and helping to get a great man along! How tired we get at times, and yet how we love it and hurry back to it!"

In her seat on the local train Miriam continued these reflections, but she was roused sharply by sudden activity in the car as it passed a point called Rood's Pool.

The track, closely paralleling state road and river here, made a sort of hairpin turn and you could see from the window the precipitous bank, glassy with hemlock needle, that cut down sheerly to the water itself, lying here in an elbow or sort of back water, olive green and turgid to the eye. Everybody in the car at this point rushed to the river windows and stared down. And Miriam saw that a crowd of several dozen people was standing on this and the opposite side of the river.

Three boats moved slowly over the surface of the water. In two sat men pushing long poles through the current; a third carried a party of men who were paying out a long line of rope armed with stout iron hooks, directed by a man with a megaphone on the bank. As Miriam watched, a lean tanned youth in a wisp of faded bathing suit emerged close to shore, shook the spray from his head, pointed his hands and dived off neatly into the dull green pool.

"They're lookin' fur those bodies," a voice said.

"Bodies!" echoed Miriam faintly.

"Yes; they was a bad accident here yest'day. A big motor car went over the bank with a party, right here at this turn. They got one of 'em out, I heard, but they's some of the others they won't find so easy. They's quicksand around in here."

A sudden tightness, a queer apprehension clutched at Miriam's chest. She remembered Robert's motor party yesterday—with Bess Chew. She had that subconscious fear, that concept of a burning house that the absentee from home knows when the fire bell rings. Then she drove her gruesome fear away, turned her face from the scene they were passing, resolutely. She remembered that Bess Chew had distinctly stated Lemoine's Grove as her picnic point—and it wasn't likely she had changed. But when they reached Hadley, Miriam took a taxi and fairly flew to her house.

The first sight of it was like a blow between her eyes. Every shade was drawn. And as she crossed the porch a prescience of horror seized her; her numbed hand on the familiar door knob could scarcely turn it. The door was unlatched. It swung open silently and Miriam stepped in—into a darkened hall. Then she saw a figure at the back, and the figure saw her. It was Ellie, her parlor maid, in her usual black and white, but with a face blotted and swollen with weeping. And when Ellie saw her she screamed—long, piercing, maniacal screams that fairly tore through the dusky stillness around them. But the queer ringing in Miriam's head dwarfed Ellie's cries to pygmy faintness. She stepped forward calmly, like one entranced.

"Tell me," she said in a thin composed voice, "Mr. Jardine—tell me. What has happened to him?"

Ellie only screamed. Bridget and Laura had run in from the kitchen. They, too, began to scream.

"Holy Saint Michael! Holy Saint Bridget!" Her cook called on her name saint, crossing herself briskly. But Ellie ran forward now to throw her arms around her mistress.

"Oh, Mrs. Jardine—dear Mrs. Jardine! Oh, ma'am—oh, ma'am!"

"Tell me. Is Mr. Jardine dead?"

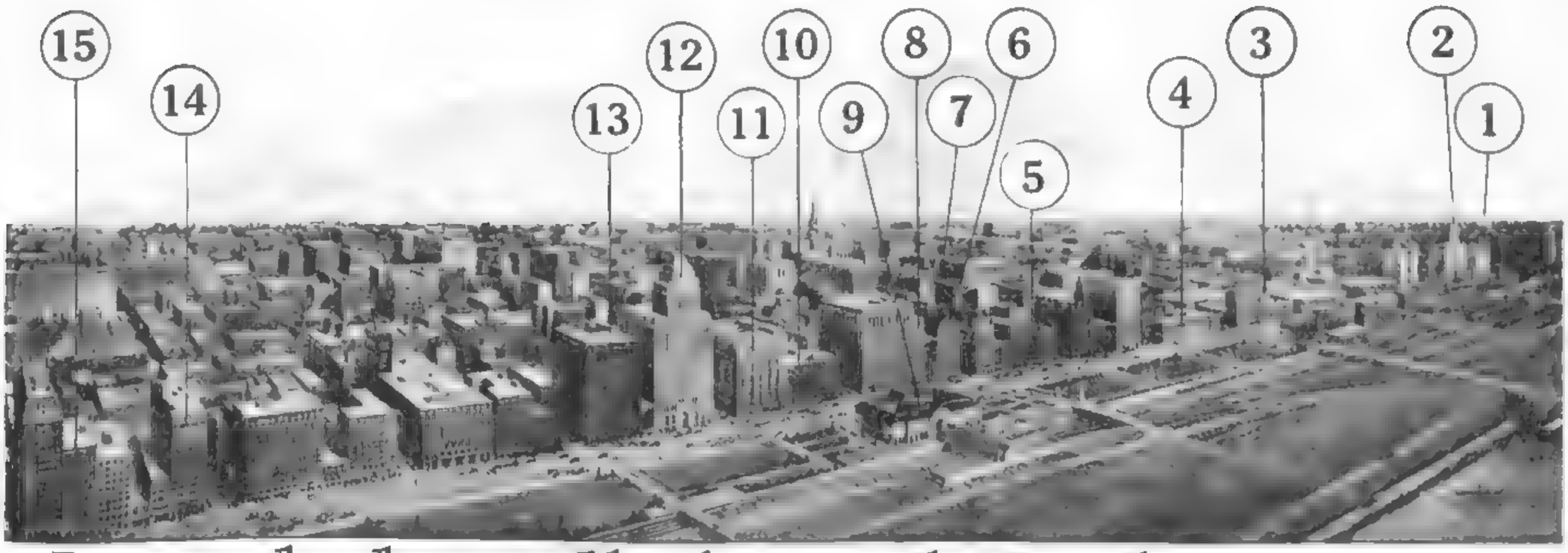
"The Lord of hosts be praised!" Ellie was crying hysterically. "Mr. Jardine is upstairs—waiting for the phone message."

"Phone message?"

"Yes'm—oh, ma'am. He was up there all afternoon and most of last night, but he got so sick—and they promised to let him know soon's they found you."

"Found me?"

(Continued on Page 95)



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(Continued from Page 92)

"Oh—yes'm. They've been lookin' for you ever since the Crabapple went down over the bank at Rood's Pool. Just outside Baysville—before it took on a whole big picnic crowd. They got that young squirt of a driver out right off—unconscious, with a fractured skull—though I guess he'll live—but they couldn't find hair or hide of you, Mrs. Jardine—though they've dragged the river for twenty-four hours."

"But why should they?" Miriam cried dazedly, even as she realized no one could know why not. "You see, I wasn't on the Crabapple at that point, so I didn't fall into the river."

She repeated it over and over for a little, and again when the maids suddenly fled and a pale shaken figure in a disreputable bath robe came creeping slowly downstairs.

"I didn't fall into that water, you know, Robert—because I wasn't on the Crabapple. I decided to get off."

Robert—a Robert she hardly recognized, racked by twenty-four hours of anguish—took her silently into his arms.

The great moments of life are not articulate. Once only he murmured, stroking her hair with a verifying hand, "I thought I had lost you. Little Mim!"

It was all beautiful and wonderful. She could only kiss him and cling to him, cry over him a little, too—and call him a big goose.

"I went through hell," said Robert. "Miriam—I—I couldn't live life—without you. I've known that right along—but I've taken things so much for—granted. I found out yesterday—and last night—what it all meant. It simply wouldn't be—the same. You have no idea—I'm sure—what part you play, just materially. And of course the other things. I mean—as a woman. Nobody could touch you, Mim; the rest are nothing at all beside you. I—I want to say something—I've been a great fool, at times. I want to promise you something, and I intend to keep it. I've never been, of course, serious—but I shall never again ——"

She covered his mouth with her hand. No paving stones for Hades, old Robert. Action—not words. She had no great faith in the permanence of the moment of exaltation, except as a straw in the wind. It was sweet to believe that Robert would remember—that she could again feel peace, security. Oh, she hoped it—she hoped it! But if he flagged—well you could always go away—in order to return. She kissed him again. But Robert suddenly held her away, color coming back into his face.

"But tell me," he demanded, "why aren't you in Rood's Pool this minute—and why did you get off of the Crabapple?"

How could she tell him best—how make herself clear? She hesitated.

"I got off," she said slowly "to—to take a walk in a sunken garden"

But she was spared more. For the doorbell rang sharply. Robert shrank.

"The newspapers. Or the coroner's off—— O Lord, what I've been through!"

But feminine voices were addressing Ellie outside, and Miriam remembered.

"It's the rest of that Zoro Club delegation—here for the federation meetings. Don't you remember they requested an interview this afternoon at three?"

"Couldn't see a soul."

"Oh, I'll do it." Miriam went forward

But Ellie had already received them. In the confusion of the moment she was ushering them toward Robert's official study. Even as Miriam came forward one of them, a pretty young widow in attractive weeds, had stepped a little in advance of the rest.

"And this," she was saying reverently, extending her arms like a pair of graceful antlers, "is where he writes!"

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

(Continued from Page 19)

feet. These included the Coöperative Bank, the Russian Commercial and Industrial Bank, the Russian Commercial Bank, the Central Agricultural Bank, the Moscow Bank, the Crimean Agrarian Bank and various small coöperative credit institutions throughout the country. What the average American does not realize is that the Russian lends himself naturally to cooperation, but not to communism. Before the Bolshevik era the All Russian Union of Consumer's Coöperatives was one of the great coöperative agencies of the world, with branches in every Russian community.

What does concern us, however, is the first real step toward currency stabilization taken in November, 1922, when, in addition to the other functions, the State Bank was given the right to issue its own notes. There was urgent need of them, for despite the exchange between ruble issues that I have explained, the printing presses were still pounding out paper rubles and they were in a constant process of depreciation. With the rebirth of some degree of foreign trade, and in order to give the populace a legal tender that would not fluctuate with each passing day, it was absolutely necessary that some new token be introduced.

The Russian Currency Muddle

That new token was the chervonetz, a paper note representing the value of the former ten-ruble gold coin. At parity, it is the equivalent of $5.14½ in American money, or exactly one guinea—twenty-one shillings—in English money. With the chervonetz—it can be had in one, three, five, ten and larger denominations—a new unit of exchange was added to contemporary world money. The name is that of an old Russian gold unit which had long ago passed out of use. The original Russian chervonetz was like the obsolete doubloon. The plural is the word "chervonetzy."

A separate adjunct—the issue department—was created in the State Bank to bring out the chervonetz. It has a handsome building not far from the mother bank in Moscow. In its vaults is stored the security for the chervonetz. It means that now for the first time Soviet Russia has a secured money, because the law authorizing the issue of the chervonetz provided that it should be covered in full by precious metal, foreign currency and commercial bills.

The chervonetz started out under par. Its value fluctuated not a little at the start. This value, by the way, in paper rubles and otherwise, is determined by stock-exchange quotations based on the supply and demand. It was a new money and naturally the great mass of the population regarded it as something foreign like the dollar. They began to hoard it, which enhanced the value, because it became scarce. What the authorities did not foresee now began to happen.

The rapidly depreciating Soviet paper ruble continued to circulate side by side with the new bank notes. These rubles were also a legal currency medium and were compulsorily acceptable at the rate of the day. Hence as long as this depreciating currency existed Russian money could not be regarded as regulated. Further measures were necessary.

Moreover, various other kinds of money cluttered the situation. First, there was a so-called goods ruble, a unit or index number adopted for computing wages in order to protect the workers against the fluctuation of prices in paper rubles. A list of twenty-four of the most indispensable necessities was compiled by the Central Bureau of Labor Statistics and the State Planning Commission, indicating the minimum quantity of each article needed by an adult person for a month, the aggregate value of which at prewar prices was ten gold rubles. Twice a month the average cost of this assortment in paper rubles was divided by ten, the cost in gold rubles for the same quantity of supplies before the war. The figure obtained was called the goods ruble.

Then, too, there was a railroad certificate, ranging in denomination from one to twenty-five rubles, originally issued by the Commissariat of Railways and accepted as payment for transport on the railroads. Subsequently these transport notes got into ordinary circulation and were being employed as legal tender during my visit to Russia.

Thus, by the end of 1923, Soviet Russia was still in the throes of currency complications. The chervonetz had only been issued to a limited extent. At that time the total issue was 28,000,000 chervonetzy, which is equal to 280,000,000 gold rubles. This money was principally employed in foreign transactions by aliens and by the hoarders.

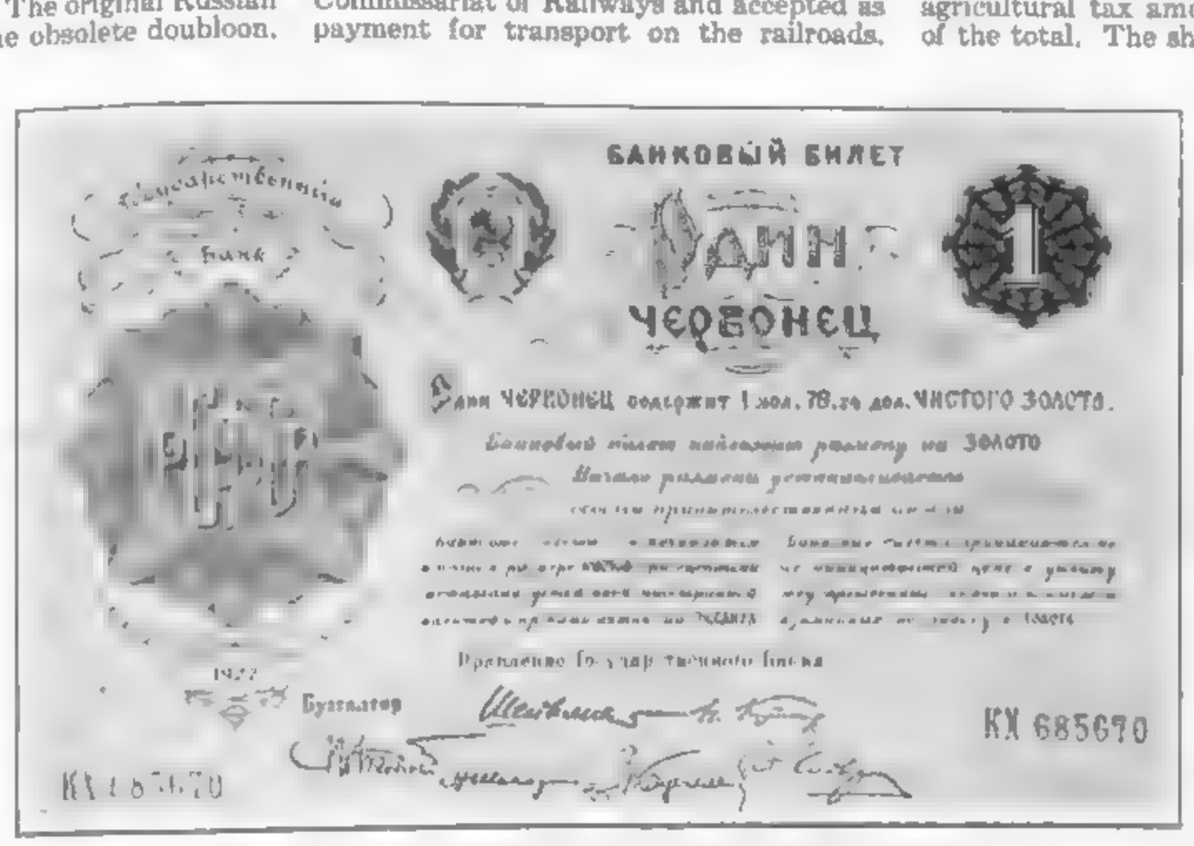
Puzzle and Paradox

During the winter of 1923–1924 the situation, despite the steady increase of chervonetzy, became acute. Under analysis it was something of a paradox. You had a stable note—the chervonetz—which was making its way into favor, yet the more chervonetzy that appeared the more tangled became the currency maze. The simple reason was that the paper Soviet ruble remained on the job, a thorn in the state financial flesh. As the purchasing capacity of these paper rubles fell more and more precipitously, their circulation became almost dazzlingly rapid. All who received paper rubles hastened to spend them—it was the German-mark situation all over again—or convert them into chervonetz notes, which were salted down. Obviously the state could not float the market with more chervonetzy; first, because they had to have a cover of precious metal, foreign currency and commercial paper; second, because a flood of them would have impaired their value.

Everybody shared in the paper-ruble depreciation. The case of the Soviet government will illustrate. The loss in the amounts collected in the form of a single agricultural tax amounted to 20 per cent of the total. The shrinkage in railroad income was equally large. Why did not the great mass of the people use the chervonetz? Simply because wages were still being paid in the depreciated paper rubles. Besides, the amount of chervonetzy was limited, as I have already indicated, and they were not in general circulation.

You get some idea of the avalanche of Soviet paper money, as well as the necessity for some drastic change, when I say that on January 1, 1924, the total sum of Soviet

(Continued on Page 97)



The New Russian Currency—a One-Chervonets Bank Note

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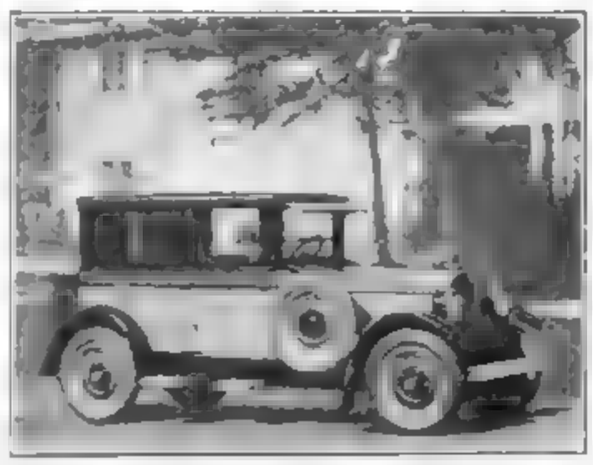

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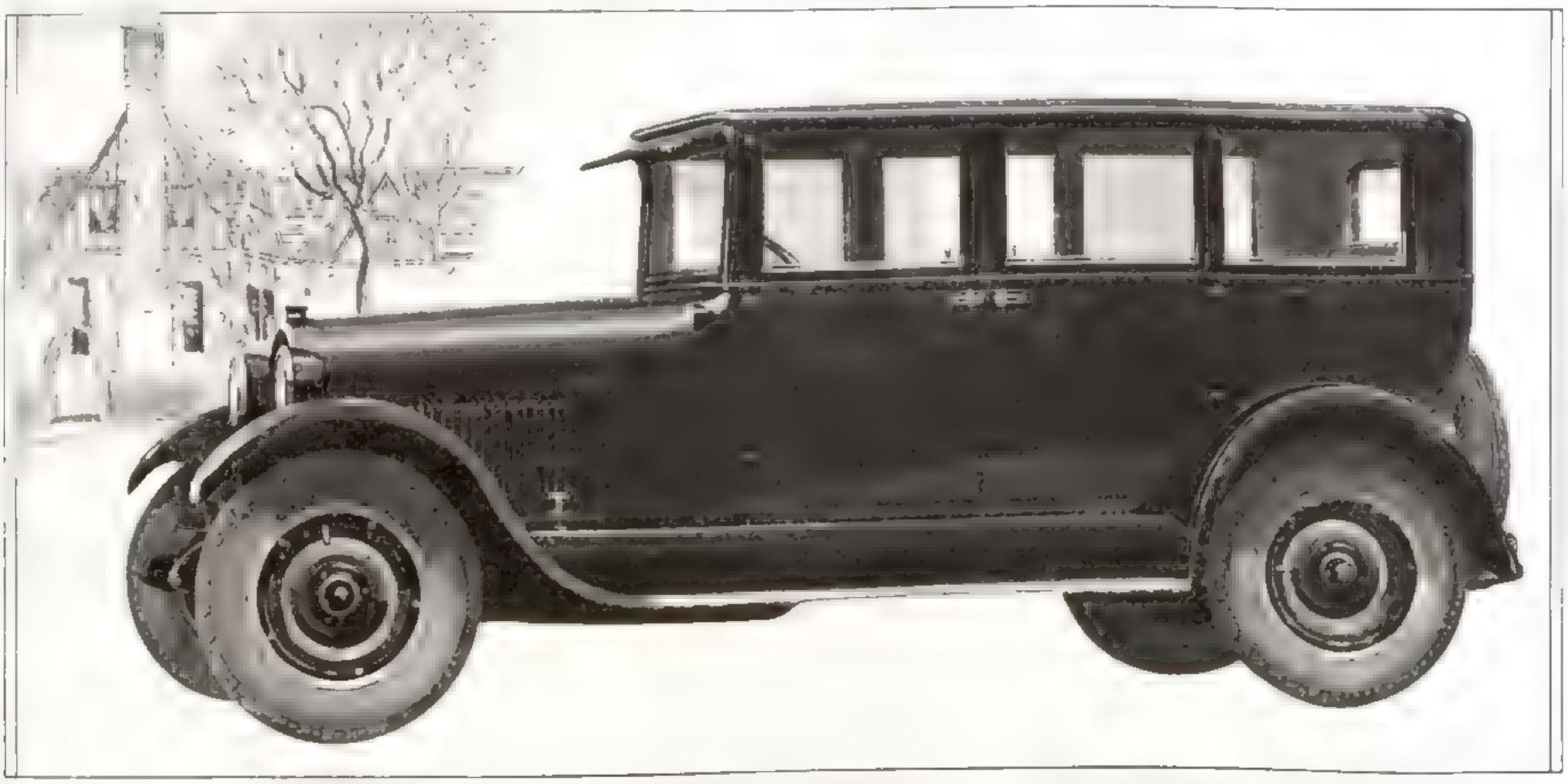

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(Continued from Page 95

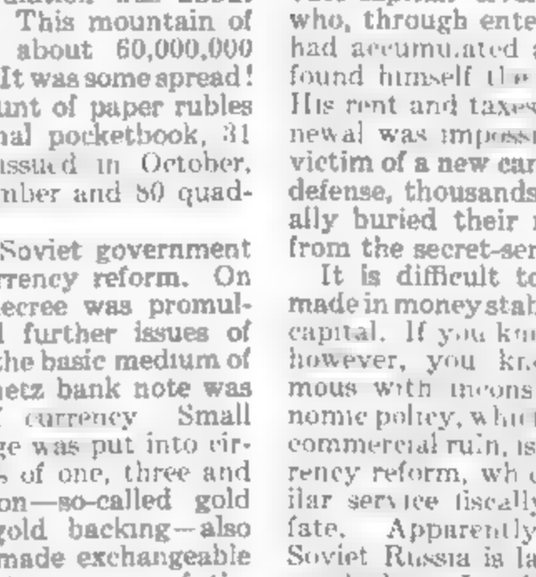
paper currency in circulation was about 178 quadrillion rubles. This mountain of paper was valued at about 60,000,000 chervonetz gold rubles. It was some spread! Of the astounding amount of paper rubles that glutted the national pocketbook, 31 quadrillion had been issued in October, 17 quadrillion in November and 80 quadrillion in December.

Early this year the Soviet government instituted a drastic currency reform. On February fifteenth a decree was promulgated discontinuing all further issues of Soviet paper money as the basic medium of exchange. The chervonetz bank note was made the standard of currency. Small silver and copper coinage was put into circulation. Treasury bills of one, three and five ruble denomination—so-called gold rubles, but with no gold backing—also were brought out and made exchangeable for chervonetz notes at any one of the banks throughout Russia.

By the decree of March tenth the Soviet paper currency was made redeemable at the rate of 500,000 rubles of the 1923 issue each equal to 1,000,000 of the original Soviet rubles—for one chervonetz, which, as you already know, is equal to ten gold rubles.

Almost simultaneously the goods ruble was abandoned and steps were also taken to call in the transport certificates.

On May first the chervonetz had become predominant as the basis of currency value in circulation, as these figures show. On the first of the year the Soviet paper rubles represented 97 per cent and the chervonetz rubles 3 per cent of the total circulation. Four months later the situation was almost exactly reversed, because the chervonetz ruble aggregated 86.7 per cent of the circulation.



A One-Ruble Gold Note

The most striking feature of the new deal relates to the new treasury bills. Under the decree authorizing them, they cannot exceed one-third of the entire mass of paper currency. On the first of May 84,700,000 rubles in these new treasury bills had been issued, 13,000,000 rubles in silver coinage, 11,000,000 in scrip for copper, making a total of 108,700,000 rubles' worth of fractional currency. Up to this time 30,140,000 chervonetzy—301,400,000 so-called gold rubles—had been brought out. Before the war the Russian fractional currency amounted to 40 per cent of the total. Now it amounted to only 25 per cent.

Gold Currency Hoarded

Knowing this, you can understand why the new treasury bills became so popular despite the fact that they had no gold cover. For a time they actually circulated at a premium over the chervonetz note because the people had to have fractional currency. The moral of this situation was precisely the same as obtained in Germany when the rentenmark was put over; Doctor Schacht made actual money scarce and therefore valuable.

The psychology of money is always interesting, whether in Russia, Germany or elsewhere, but particularly in countries where ignorance reigns. Although the value of the Soviet paper ruble became almost nil, the shortage of fractional currency reached the point where despite its cancellation the Soviet paper ruble of 1923 refused to vanish. It continued to circulate alongside the treasury ruble until well into the summer, when it began to disappear.

There has also been a shortage of actual chervonetzy in circulation, although by August fifteenth, 43,950,000 chervonetz notes, representing a total of 439,500,000 gold rubles, had been issued. There were two illuminating reasons for this scarcity. One was the hoarding of chervonetzy by peasants and others.

The second grew out of the war on private capital. Every individual shopkeeper who, through enterprise and good service, had accumulated a cash surplus suddenly found himself the target of brutal attack. His rent and taxes were doubled, stock renewal was impossible, and he became the victim of a new campaign of terror. In self-defense, thousands shut up shop and literally buried their money, where it is safe from the secret-service sleuths.

It is difficult to reconcile the advance made in money stabilization with this war on capital. If you know the Soviet mentality, however, you know that it is synonymous with inconsistency. The new economic policy, which saved the country from commercial ruin, is being abandoned. Currency reform, which has performed a similar service fiscally, may suffer the same fate. Apparently economic progress in Soviet Russia is largely impregnated with quicksilver. It refuses to stay put.

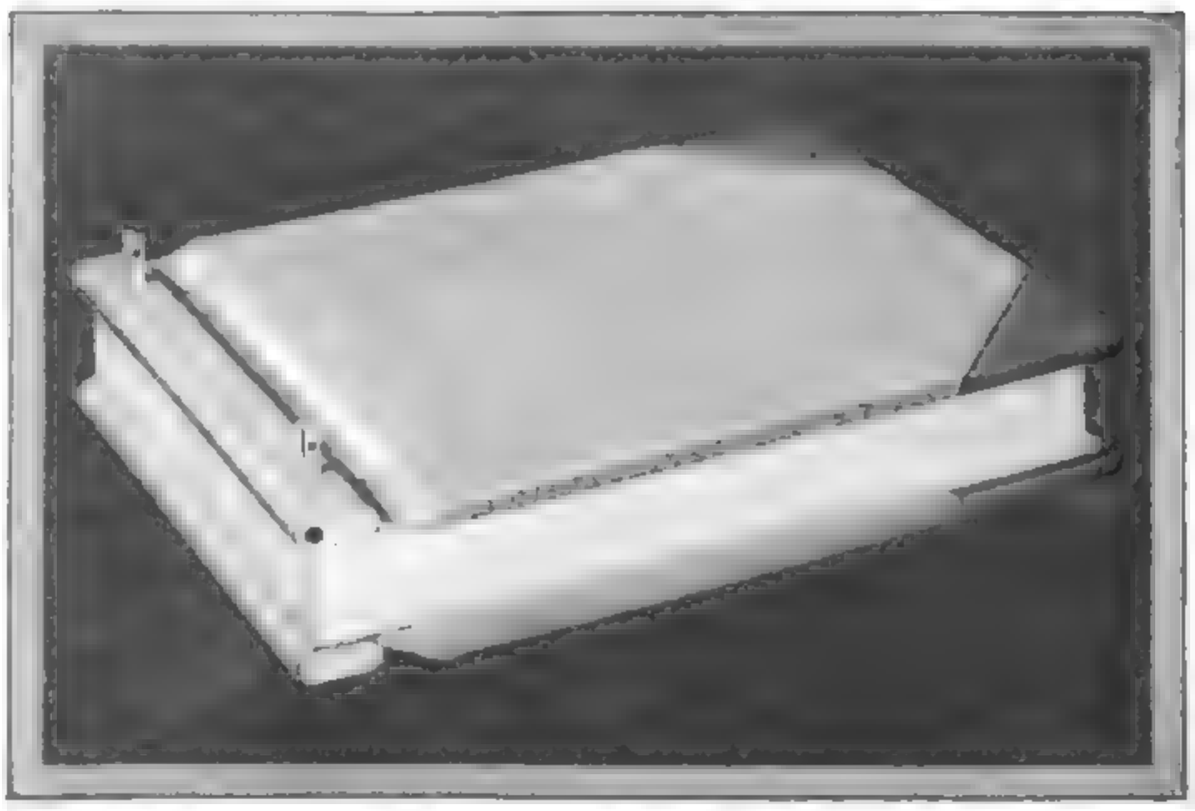
Since the chervonetz is the only secured money in Russia, let us pause a moment and analyze it and see just how secure it is. Fundamentally, it was projected as a gold currency. The first defect is that under the decree which made it possible it is not redeemable in gold. In other words, Ivan Ivanovich, while holding a chervonetz note, cannot go to the State Bank at Moscow and get ten gold rubles for it.

Juggling

At the time of my visit to Russia the 43,950,000 chervonetzy were covered—at least the Bolsheviks said they were—by 31.6 per cent in gold and platinum and 19.5 per cent in foreign bank notes, mainly dollars and pounds. The rest of the coverage was in commercial paper. If the chervonetz had been redeemable in gold, the government would have been hard put to make it good. This, however, is not a grave flaw, since the United States, with its glut of gold, is almost the only country where actual redemption of notes is possible.

The second and more serious point to be emphasized in connection with the chervonetz is the portion of the cover made up of discounted bills. Most of these relate to transactions of the nationalized industry. The state trusts, which have a monopoly on industrial output, and the state syndicates, which market this output, exchange bills and discount them, thus balancing their almost chronic cash deficits. State industrial bookkeeping, as you will see later in this series, is an adroit piece of juggling. The government transfers a temporary surplus from one group and applies it to another. Since industrial production is less than half of what it was prior to 1914, you can readily see that nationalized industrial paper would scarcely pass muster in an American bank. If the chervonetz must be constantly expanded to meet the vagaries of Soviet industry, then logically it must reach inflation unless that industry improves phenomenally. At the moment, this is highly improbable because of inefficiency of management, excessive overhead and cumbersome marketing methods.

The third factor is that so far the chervonetz has had no real test in the international financial domain. It has served a large degree of usefulness at home, where it helped to bring order out of the chaos precipitated by the avalanche of paper rubles. Even here the new treasury bill, with its psychological as well as other appeal, helped to save the day. The question therefore arises as to how the chervonetz will fare in competition with the dollar and the pound if Russia ever resumes her Old World economic functions. The new German gold mark will rest on a firm foundation because behind it will be a highly efficient industry, intimate contact with all markets and—what is equally important—a stewardship by the best economic minds that the Allied world and the United States can supply.



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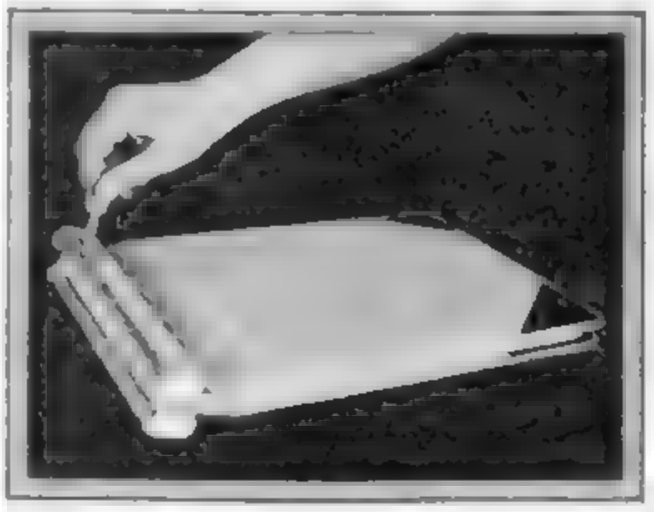

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All things considered, it is scarcely likely that the chervonetz can stand on its own bottom internationally unless there is a radical change in the Soviet attitude toward the larger capitalism both at home and abroad. This means that instead of suspicion, sinister attack and evasion of obligation, there must be frank and open dealing. Furthermore, Soviet industry and currency can never attain anything like real normalcy until the Bolshevik government recognizes its debts. Though this vital matter will be dealt with fully in a subsequent article, any appraisal of Soviet finance must necessarily include a passing reference to it.

Russia's external debt amounts to approximately 15,500,000,000 rubles, or $7,750,000,000. With a stroke of the pen the masters of Russia seem to think that they can wipe most of this out. Obviously no self-respecting country will seek to enter into the new fiscal relations with a government that side-steps its responsibilities. Wherever the Bolsheviks have sought to make a trade treaty, the matter of prewar or war debts incurred either by the czarist or Kerensky government has been dismissed "to be discussed at a later date," or, as was the case in the amazing Anglo-Russian treaty, on a basis of settlement that is little short of an insult to the creditors.

Putting this matter in another way—and it bears directly upon the permanence of currency reform—you find that only a return to something like the moral sense is essential, whether in the matter of old debts or in any new dealing. The Soviet attitude, let me repeat, is just one of evasion, trickery and instability.

Finally there must be an unhindered process of economic development to give actual quality to the Russian currency. Real financial equilibrium cannot be attained through artificial equilibrium or—as happens with everything else in Soviet Russia—by mere mandate. So far the policy of state socialism has estranged every sound economic element.

We can now take a look at the Bolshevik budget. For the year 1922–1923 the budget showed a deficit of 572,000,000 gold rubles. This was partially met with 390,000,000 rubles of fiat money, 129,000,000 rubles in short-term loans, and the sale of foreign currency, while the remainder of the shortage was carried over to the next year's budget—that is, 1923–24, which revealed a deficit of 411,000,000 gold rubles.

In making up this latter deficit new issues of chervonetzy were used to the extent of 42 per cent, while loans were exclusively employed for the remainder. Here you have a breaking away from the costly business of issuing new money for revenue, because, during the preceding year, the amount of new money for deficit purposes was considerably larger. In fact for the first quarter it aggregated 97 per cent.

High Prices and Low Wages

The new budget, 1924–25, aggregates 2,100,000,000 rubles, which is the largest so far. Later in this article you will see how Sokolnikoff, Commissar of Finance, expects to balance it. At the moment it looks more like a permanent rosy theory than a condition to be achieved, because industry is not prospering, and the crop shortage, with a possible famine, may result in a deficit larger than the two preceding ones.

It is only fair to say that the Soviet government has tried to retrench in its national expenditures. For one thing, it has sought to cut down personnel. The joker here is that no good communist is ever pried out of a job. Furthermore, since most good communistic brethren are equally inefficient, no real benefit is obtained by dismissing the competents.

Another item that will always operate against Bolshevik national economy is the vast expenditures for propaganda throughout the world. Scarcely a country anywhere is immune from red inroads. The Soviet emissary for destructive purposes invariably has a fat bank roll, and he operates regardless of expense. If the funds expended for missionary work during the last three years had been applied in the national reconstructive interest, the Soviet balance sheet would make a better showing.

In addition to budget deficit, two other worries harass the Soviet government. One is the problem of wages and the other is prices.

Under the new laws, all wages must be paid in chervonetz rubles. Though this affords some degree of protection against the wild fluctuations in the value of a Soviet ruble, it has added little or nothing to the pocketbook of the proletariat. All lines considered, the general wage scale is about 65 per cent of what it was before the war. This results, of course, from the shrinkage and inefficiency of industrial production on one hand and the costly overhead in all the state-endowed trading institutions on the other. So much money is wasted in bad management that the employe must be the goat.

The average daily pay of unskilled labor is about one gold ruble. At parity, this is fifty-one cents. A foreman gets eight rubles, or four dollars a day. This is almost an excessive wage in Russia. A gardener employed in the park in front of the opera house told me that he received exactly three chervonetzy a month, or the equivalent of fifteen dollars. His wife, however, was employed as switchwoman at a street-car crossing and received five chervonetzy a month, or twenty-five dollars. Between them they were able to exist. This man, however, was fortunate in having a wife to help pay for his meal ticket. The pay of a woman cook averages sixty rubles—thirty dollars—a month. A shopgirl must eke out an existence on an average wage of three dollars a week.

Pretty Much Everything Taxed

Even in highly responsible financial positions salaries are trivial as compared with those in other countries. A man who occupies one of the principal posts at the State Bank receives 200 gold rubles—$100—a month. He is barely able to live on it.

The office or store worker in Russia has one advantage over his or her colleague elsewhere. The sartorial element is seldom considered. Such things as silk stockings, collars and neckties rarely figure in the individual budget. Since there are no social distinctions in Russia, the people can wear, or rather not wear, what they please. For a Russian to appear smart is to invite suspicion as to the source of his income. This is one reason why the whole atmosphere, human and otherwise, is so drab and sodden.

The wage situation is bad enough, but it has its full mate in excessive prices. Though food has declined slightly in cost as compared with last year, all commodities are from five to eight times higher than they were in 1914. When you realize that wages are 65 per cent of prewar you can see at a glance just what the plight of the proletariat is. No Soviet mandate has been able to solve the problem of how to live adequately under these conditions.

The result is that Moscow today is the most expensive city in the world. It is bad enough for the native, but far worse on the foreigner. I paid fourteen dollars a day for a small room with a bath at the only hotel in Moscow fit for the alien to live in. From the foreigner's point of view, the only two cheap articles were caviar and champagne. As a steady diet, however, these two luxuries are far from satisfying.

You do not comprehend the eccentricities—I am using the most amiable word—of Soviet finance until you begin to analyze taxation. With this we reach the vital matter of state revenue.

If you know anything about the theory of Bolshevism, you know that one of its sweeping claims to attention by the world proletariat is that it means superdemocracy in every respect. In Russia, however, it spells, among other things, supertaxation. I doubt if any other country in the world has so many different kinds of taxes. From the average man's point of view, the tragedy of the procedure is that the people with the smallest income relatively bear the heaviest burden.

There is a tax on every conceivable thing except morals. The omission here is largely due to the fact that they are conspicuous by their absence.

Among the principal taxes is the agricultural, which is levied on every acre of land, product and livestock. Until 1921 this was paid in kind. As a matter of fact, the Soviet tax was nothing more than confiscation of more than three-fourths of what the peasant produced. Now the rural population pays in cash, and almost as heavily.

The urban masses fare even worse. There are taxes on trade turnover, on checks and other documents, a poll tax, tax for public improvements which do not improve, tax on the right to occupy a room or an apartment, and emergency taxes to raise funds for campaigns against famines and epidemics. One of the unique as well as the typical levies is the tax imposed upon persons who hire labor for domestic service. In the strict proletarian sense, hired servants flavor of the bourgeoisie. Hence employers are penalized.

The income tax requires a special paragraph. Such a source of revenue in a communistic commonwealth is a paradox. By this time, however, you understand that sovietism works in paradoxes its blunders and impositions to perform. The Bolshevik income tax is no respecter of individuals. For incomes above that of the average wage earner it ranges from 20 to 60 per cent. The costly irony of the whole matter is that even the lowliest worker is soaked in the same way. Let me illustrate.

At the hotel where I lived in Moscow was a maid who, like most domestic employes in Russia, had seen better days. She had been employed in an aristocratic family before the war. When I asked her about her pay, she told me that she received forty gold rubles—the equivalent of twenty dollars—a month but that she actually got only thirty-four rubles, the balance being deducted at the source for taxes and insurance.

The Russian tax can be a very elastic instrument, as the private trader has learned to his sorrow. When the new economic policy was marked for destruction, drastic taxation was devised as one of the principal weapons against enterprise. With the inauguration of the policy, a so-called trading tax was invoked. The moment that the private shopkeeper proved his efficiency by taking trade from the government coöperatives he became the victim of what practically amounted to confiscation. His taxes were increased to the point where many merchants paid on an alleged turnover that exceeded their gross volume of business. I might add that the tax collector and not the merchant fixed the basis of taxation.

So much for the principal taxes imposed upon the Russians. I had an interesting contact with a tax aimed mainly at foreigners. It is one of the many that greet the stranger within the gates. This particular one is the tax on hotel bills. It decrees that on all bills aggregating fifty rubles or less a tax of 10 per cent of the gross amount must be paid. On bills above fifty rubles the tax is 20 per cent.

Hotel Guests Held Up

The only way to beat this game was to pay your bill every day, which I did. If I had waited until the end of the week, I should have been required to pay the 20 per cent. As it was, I got away with a 10 per cent mulcting.

This tax on hotel bills led to various innovations. I have already given one. Another was that when three or four foreigners dined together in the hotel, each paid his own account. Apparently the Russian taxation system takes no cognizance of hospitality.

In a bigger sense, the taxation scheme that I have just described is on a par with the general Bolshevik attitude toward the alien. Instead of doing everything in their power to inspire a pleasant impression, obstacles are constantly placed in the way of comfort and convenience. "Let the alien pay" seems to be the motto. The hotel where I lived was in process of renovation during my stay. I am quite sure that I paid for a considerable portion of the repairs.

Here is an example of what happens in a Moscow hotel. One of my neighbors was a well-known American newspaper correspondent who had arrived in Russia only a short time previously. He pinned a map on a wall in his room. The next day the manager came up and ordered him to take it down. When he got his bill he discovered that he had been charged 100 rubles for having "defaced the wall." The only defacement was the imperceptible holes made by four thumb tacks. The crowning feature of this episode was that the correspondent was charged a 20 per cent tax on the 100 rubles.

The Soviet government has gone in heavily for national loans. Since 1921 there have been seven major issues. A unique feature of this state borrowing is the tax-exempt lottery loan. The last one, brought out March fifteenth this year, is for 100,000,000 gold rubles, runs for five years and pays 6 per cent. One of the desirable details is that it is issued in denominations of from

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 98)

five rubles up. Annual drawings are held for numbers that yield prizes. The first prize—they are all tax exempt—is 100,000 rubles.

I refer to these lottery bonds incidentally to give one of the sources of state revenue, but mainly to disclose another manifestation of how Soviet finance works. By a government decree—once more we have our old friend the mandate—all employes are required to take 20 per cent of their wages in lottery bonds. More frequently the workers prefer the cash, because the chance of drawing a prize is a long one. In addition, it keeps the money tied up.

These lottery bonds are printed in English as well as in Russian. The English text, however, is not to assist the prospective alien investor, but is propaganda for Soviet finance. Everything in red Russia is distorted for propaganda purposes. The embalmed Lenine in his glass coffin in the Red Square at Moscow is merely an inanimate advertisement of the cause.

The bilingual feature of the lottery bonds brings to mind another characteristic propaganda effort. At the high tide of Soviet currency inflation every bank note included the printed exhortation, Workers of the World Unite! not only in Russian but in English, French, German and Italian. Since the average member of the proletariat is scarcely an accomplished linguist, you wonder why all this good ink was wasted. A little thing like logic, however, does not cramp the Bolo propaganda style.

The phrase, "Workers of the World Unite!" the battle cry for the world revolution that is likely to continue a myth, is projected on every possible occasion. The locomotive of the train that carried me back to Moscow from Leningrad was the one that hauled the special used by the delegates to the Third Internationale on their junket to the former capital. I took a look at it before we started. At first I thought it was camouflaged for war purposes, since it was daubed all over with red. On the tender the familiar slogan, Workers of the World Unite! had been painted in five languages.

Any examination of the total Soviet revenue will show how lamentably the national income has declined. Before the war, what the Bolsheviks called the nonlaboring elements, which comprise the properties they confiscated from factory owners, landlords and bourgeoisie generally, yielded the treasury approximately 2,000,000,000 rubles a year. For the fiscal year of 1923–24 these properties, under nationalization, brought in exactly 141,000,000 rubles.

National Finances

Prior to the advent of communism, the net annual income of Russia was about 12,000,000,000 rubles. The total revenue as given in the Soviet budget for 1923–24, and including taxation of all kinds, revenue from nationalized property and enterprises, transport service, post and telegraph, together with the extraordinary sources of revenue such as credit operations, sale of foreign currency and issues of paper money, was 1,708,000,000 rubles. There could be no more convincing indictment of nationalization than is embodied in these figures.

Behind this more or less distorted fabric of Soviet finance is G. M. Sokolnikoff, head of the People's Commissariat for Finance. I talked with him in his office, which is the former board room of one of the old imperial banks. Like all his colleagues, save only Krassin, in the Council of People's Commissars—it corresponds to a cabinet in any other country—his main occupation before the advent of Bolshevism was as professional revolutionist. This means that he was, and remains, anything but a really practical man. I must say, however, that he is more direct and decisive in manner of speech than most of the other commissars I met, with the sole exception of Trotzky. He is slight of stature, energetic in manner and has an almost youthful look. Our conversation was carried on in Russian, through an interpreter, although toward the end of it he lapsed into German and continued in that language until the close.

I asked the commissar to analyze the Soviet financial situation and he said:

"First of all, the situation is good, and is improving. The stabilization of the ruble is permanent and the chervonetz is now an established international medium of exchange which will hold its parity with the pound sterling and the dollar. We have brought the actual circulation of the ruble down to the point where it approximates 500,000,000 gold rubles. In connection with this is an interesting fact.

"Before the war, imperial Russia had 2,500,000,000 gold rubles in circulation. Soviet Russia today in reality requires for all purposes 2,000,000,000 rubles, whereas only 500,000,000 have been issued. Therefore we can safely issue four times the amount of the present circulation. This will not be done, however, unless there is urgent need, because it is not our desire to have any currency inflation. There will be issued in the course of the coming months 30,000,000 rubles in silver, some in one-ruble pieces and the rest in fifty-kopeck coins—there are 100 kopecks in a ruble.

"There is no disguising the fact that the Soviet government needs money, and we would like to negotiate foreign loans both for long and short terms. The prospect is not promising for these loans just now. If we do not get foreign financial help, we can, of course, go on our own; but it means that the reconstruction of Russia will take a much longer time."

Evasive About Debts

"We have ample security for foreign loans. If alien capital is available, we can pledge part of our gold reserve in the State Bank. In addition, we have the crown jewels, which remain intact. If we should succeed in getting long foreign loans, we want to use some of the proceeds to build ports, tractors, roads, grain elevators, reestablish our merchant marine and electrify our railroads. We need short-term loans with which to purchase breeding cattle, dyestuffs, cotton and automatic machinery."

"Would you recognize the prewar debts and war debts in order to get foreign loans?" I asked.

"Yes; but only in principle," was the reply.

This answer, by the way, was in line with all the others I received when I put the same query. The Soviet government officials absolutely refuse to be tied down to a definite declaration about debts. Most of them fall back, as was the case with Sokolnikoff, on that elusive and fatuous synonym for evasion—namely, "in principle."

When I asked how the government expected to raise funds in the absence of foreign loans, the commissar said:

"We must continue with our domestic loans. Chief among these is our so-called peasant loan, which is available in the smallest denominations. The total amount now being issued aggregates 50,000,000 rubles. One of the ideas behind this loan is to enable the peasant to save enough money through the purchase of bonds at a discount to pay his taxes and at the same time get a profit. He buys his loan at 85 kopecks to the ruble and cashes it at par, or 100 kopecks. Another is to give him an idea of the rudiments of business.

"The economic value of this peasant loan cannot be overestimated. Under the czarist régime the peasant was practically forced to support the state vodka monopoly, which gave the state its largest revenue. Whether he wanted to drink or not, he was compelled to buy vodka because it contributed to the national income. The manufacture of vodka is now forbidden. Instead of spending most of his money for alcohol, as he was required to do before the war, the peasant expends it on food, clothing and machinery for his farm. Thus instead of drunkenness and waste of money among the Russian peasantry we now have economy and conservation.

"It is the desire of the government to make the tax burden as light as possible. There are at present in Russia only four principal direct taxes—namely, agricultural, income, rent and on occupied land."

In the matter of the budget, Sokolnikoff made this statement:

"I am an optimist on the budget outlook. The deficit of 411,000,000 rubles in the year 1923-24 budget was largely due to the credits that we were compelled to give to the various state trusts, principally the metallurgical trust, which has had to combat a very low production on the one hand and high prices of raw material on the other. During the next fiscal year, when our budget will aggregate 2,100,000,000 rubles, I am sure that the deficit will not be so great. We will have revenue instead of deficit in some of our state trusts, especially the textile, which last year yielded us a profit of 16,000,000 rubles. The oil trust is also self-supporting. In fact, during the fiscal year 1923-24 the treasury has received a total profit of 55,000,000 gold rubles from the nationalized industries. This profit is increasing."

The only questions that the commissar refused to answer related to the all-important matter of actual gold reserve and the Soviet holdings of foreign currency. Some of his colleagues had told me that the government had piled up $500,000,000 in foreign money. I asked Sokolnikoff if this were true and his answer was:

"I am not at liberty to tell you just what we have on hand, but I can say that we have ample for our needs."

When Sokolnikoff made his parallel with imperial Russia he did not say that the old order had an asset which has so far been denied the new. I mean the vital matter of credit abroad. When the Bolshevik government buys cotton, for example, in other countries, it is required to pay cash in advance or have the purchase secured by an alien bank. Secondly, he did not explain that practically all the alleged profits in the nationalized industries have not been due to actual earning power, but to the shifting of credits from one trust to another.

During the course of his talk Sokolnikoff referred to the crown jewels as part of the security that Russia could pledge for a foreign loan. It suggested the possibility of seeing them. I knew that they were wellnigh inaccessible, because all applications were being turned down. When the interview ended I asked the commissar if I could view the imperial treasure, and much to my surprise he assented. He then asked me when I wanted to go and I immediately answered, "Now." Much experience with Bolshevik procrastination had taught me to capitalize an opportunity while I could.

Armed with a pass and accompanied by my interpreter, I set forth for the Gochrana, the last public building in Moscow completed under the czarist rule. It is a beautiful example of the old Russian architecture slightly modernized. Directly we came in sight of the structure we realized that it contained something worth while, for the whole square surrounding it was patrolled by red guards. In order to gain entrance we had to get another pass from a small bureau located on a side street.

Unhappily, the keeper of the crown jewels was absent on a holiday; and since the treasures were under his personal supervision, they could not be removed from the vaults until his return. His assistant, however, showed us a considerable portion of the other loot.

In an immense chamber were mobilized thousands of magnificent gold and silver table services, candlesticks and ornaments, as well as holy pictures set with precious stones that had been taken from the convents and monasteries. Here, for example, was the superb gold plate used for state banquets at the Winter Palace in the old Petrograd. Here, too, was the silver font in which the imperial infants were baptized. Alongside the jewel-studded toilet articles of the grand dukes were the dishes of the Obelensky and other great aristocratic lines. These articles were being catalogued with a view to ultimate sale to individuals and museums abroad.

The Crown Jewels

While we were looking at some particularly beautiful silver plate, I observed that tears came to the eyes of my interpreter, the last survivor of an old family. She turned her face away to hide her emotion. I naturally thought that she was moved by this evidence of the wreck of her social order. A few days later a friend of hers informed me that she had seen some of the articles that had been seized in her own home. Such is the sorrow of the old Russia. She was one of many who have endured the same ordeal.

I had retained the original order to view the crown jewels given me by Sokolnikoff, and as soon as I found out that their custodian had returned, made an appointment to see them. The hour was 10:30 on a Thursday morning in mid-July. Once more we had to go through the formality of getting an extra pass and survive a once-over by the red guards. After much wandering through halls and offices, mainly littered with cigarette-smoking officials and clerks, we reached the superintendent's office.

The Bolsheviks seem to have an innate sense of the dramatic in that they stage every procedure. We were asked to wait in the big chamber that housed the loot I have just described for nearly half an hour. Then we were summoned back to the custodian's office, where I now had one of the most memorable of all my Russian experiences.

Against the wall stood a massive steel box about six feet long, four feet wide and five feet high. Surrounding it were six husky Bolos clad in pocketless linen smocks. At a gesture from the custodian the lid was thrown back. To my surprise, it bore the name of one of the greatest of the German ironmasters and the inscription in English, "Made in Germany." Inside, scores of leather cases and boxes were piled in confusion.

Reaching his horny hand into the mass, the custodian pulled out a large red-leather receptacle, which, when opened, disclosed the crown of the czars. In the brilliant sunlight it was almost dazzling. Near the top was the historic Peking ruby as big as a pigeon's egg, surmounted by a cross of diamonds which alone aggregate 2800 carats. Ranged in circles on the crown proper were hundreds of flat diamonds and an almost endless number of pearls. Despite its weight of jewels, the headpiece itself was surprisingly light; yet it had proved to be the heaviest of all the burdens borne by its last unhappy wearer.

Next was revealed the crown of the czarina, an exquisite and flowerlike creation all a-shimmer with perfectly matched diamonds and pearls—a mass of iridescent fire. It was fashioned for Catherine the Great by Pauzier, of Geneva, who was the Cellini of his day. To garner those jewels, India, Persia, China—indeed the whole East—were ransacked for their choicest specimens. They could have told a thrilling tale of blood, lust and intrigue. As I looked at this one-time emblem of queenly rank I thought of the ill-fated empress who paid the supreme price for its ownership in that ghastly shambles at Ekaterinburg where the imperial family was slaughtered.

Orb and Scepter

Third and perhaps most compelling in significance of these emblems of a vanished order was the royal scepter, a gold diamond-incrusted rod about a yard in length, with an enameled double eagle at one end. About six inches from the top was embedded the famous Orloff Diamond, weighing 194 75 carats and the seventh largest in the world. It is believed to have been one of the eyes of the peacock over the Peacock Throne of Aurung-Zeb in an Indian temple, and that the Koh-i-noor was the other eye. The Orloff stone was filched by a French soldier in the beginning of the eighteenth century, had various vicissitudes, and was finally bought for Catherine as a New Year's present by Count Orloff, then her lover. The scepter evoked even a stronger realization of the fate of the Romanoffs than either of the crowns, because it was once the symbol of a far-flung power.

Closely akin was the orb always held in the left hand of the sovereign on great occasions. It is a gold ball six inches in diameter surmounted by a sapphire weighing more than 200 carats. There was a smaller crown for semiregal occasions, composed of 2000 diamonds. I also saw the special diamond diadem of the Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, which was worn by the late czarina at her coronation.

These gorgeous articles, I might interpose, were handled by the Bolshevik attendants as if they were so much ordinary merchandise. When I commented on the tragic features that attended them the custodian grinned, shrugged his shoulders and said, "The czar got what he deserved."

To mention the rest of this treasure means merely to catalogue ropes of pearls, necklaces of emeralds, gorgeous tiaras, stomachers, orders, brooches, flowers, belts and pendants, each one ablaze with diamonds, rubies or pearls. One piece had a meaning all its own. It was the jeweled court sword of the czar. The blade was incased in a suède sheath incrusted with jewels, while the handle was a mass of diamonds and rubies.

All the exhibits had now been strewn on a large round table that stood in the center of the room. It was a sight that defies description. The mound of well-nigh priceless treasure was a real Golconda—the glittering visualization of some Arabian Night's dream, enthralling in its magnificence.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Russia. The next will be devoted to the nationalization of industry

PUROLATOR
THE OIL PURIFYING SYSTEM

A TYPICAL INSTALLATION

Ever since the invention of the automobile, *dirty oil* has threatened and actually shortened the working life of the motor.

Even frequent draining of the crankcase—always an objectionable necessity—could, at best, only partially avoid that danger.

But now that day is past and gone.

Years of research have finally perfected a system called PUROLATOR, which sets up a process of oil purification the moment the motor begins to turn over—and carries it on automatically and continuously, all the time the motor is running.

This process, which is *microscopic filtration*—not screening—raised to the nth degree of efficiency, is astonishing in its results.

It literally takes oil of any degree of uncleanness and, *as the car runs*, purifies and clarifies it, and keeps it always as clean and sparkling as when it was new.

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It prevents damage to the motor from dirty, contaminated oil.

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Oil is designed to lubricate a motor.

But the dirt which begins to accumulate in it right away—the microscopic bits of metal, carbon particles and road dust—are not lubricants.

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There are 2600 PUROLATOR sales and service stations throughout the United States. Any one of these, or your own garage, can make the attachment in twenty minutes to two hours, depending on the make of car.

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Two thousand six-hundred PUROLATOR stations are ready to apply the PUROLATOR Oil Purifying System to any car, truck, tractor or bus.

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Further interesting announcements will be made from time to time.

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On the plot of ground now occupied by the Book-Cadillac, an hotel has stood for 88 years.

The first of record was the Temperance Hotel, built in 1836.

Standing until 1853, this pioneer hotel was succeeded by the Antisdel House, a four story red brick edifice that catered to a generation of travelers.

After 37 years, the Antisdel House gave way to the first Hotel Cadillac, built in 1888.

Now the ancient Cadillac passes its heritage to the new Book-Cadillac, the tallest hotel structure in the world

MINE HOST *to Generations of Travelers Now The* MAGNIFICENT, NEW

Book-Cadillac

on This Detroit Site of Historic Hospitality

WHEN the Sieur Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac stepped ashore at the present site of Detroit on July 23, 1701, he brought as one of his trusted lieutenants, Jacques Campau, a sturdy pioneer of New France.

Enduring the rugged life of the frontier, surviving even the lost political fortunes of his chief, Jacques Campau found wealth and happiness in the small trading post that was later to reach the proportions of a metropolis.

Today in Detroit, the Fourth City of America, the descendants of Jacques Campau announce the completion of a palatial hotel bearing their name and the name of Detroit's founder—The Book-Cadillac.

As far back as most of the traveling public remembers, there has been a Cadillac Hotel in Detroit. In the days when the foremost hotels were operated on the American plan, the fame of the Cadillac's cuisine and creature comforts was heralded from coast to coast.

For thirty-six years, the old hostelry served its clientele faithfully, until the growth and progress of the city demanded larger and more adequate hotel quarters.

The new Book-Cadillac rises on the site of the former hotel at the intersection of Washington Boulevard and Michigan Avenue. Towering twenty-nine stories above the street, with twelve hundred rooms and bath it is the tallest hotel structure in the world.

Architects of the Book-Cadillac have succeeded admirably in providing a proper balance of comfort between the luxurious public rooms and the home-like guest chambers.

The lobby and lounge are on the floor above the street level, the ground floor being allotted to eighteen small shops. Main restaurant, tea room and kitchen are also on lobby level.

A novel English grill occupies space on the mezzanine. Here, tempting foods are displayed for selection and prepared at huge electric and charcoal grills.

The grand ball-room, accommodating 2,000 persons is located on the fourth floor. Here are also the Crystal Room and the Italian Garden.

Recognizing the value of light, air and freedom from noise, the entire 1,200 guest rooms are located on the upper 23 stories.

Convenient access to theatres and shops, as well as the more important rail and steamer terminals of Detroit, is a feature that will appeal to the transient.

The Book-Cadillac is under the personal direction of Mr. Roy Carruthers, nationally recognized authority in hotel management.

BOOK - CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY DETROIT

ROY CARRUTHERS
President

R. J. TOMPKINS
Resident Manager

BROWNIE

(Continued from Page 15)

novel into a picture, whereupon one conferee says no, another says yes and the rest affirm that they haven't read the book. The leading officer then announces that they will take this matter up on Tuesday afternoon, and the remainder of the conference is devoted to proving that no man can putt accurately unless he places his weight on the ball of his right foot, each person present giving demonstrations and narrating the strange thing that happened yesterday on the fourteenth green.

At our first conference, President O'Day took charge, supported by Vice President Grogan. Gil and Shorty attended and Horace Rascoe sat in a corner, staring moodily at his finger nails. As the company novelist and story designer, I was an interested spectator rather than participant.

"We are," said Mr. O'Day, "now entering a new era in the making of motion pictures, and in particular the making of comedies. Gil, you are to go ahead as usual, and I may say that this new story looks promising, now that we have got over our poultry troubles. Mr. Claybourne, whom you have all met, will simply add polish to your finished product, bringing to it his wealth of experience in art. And that's what we need in this business. What we want to do is to work loyally together, seeking always for better pictures and a harmonious organization."

He spoke a little more than one minute, and when he had concluded I could hear Rascoe murmur a word that sounded strangely like "bunk."

Mr. Claybourne then arose and sprayed us with Boston verbiage. He drawled through his speech, filling it with ah's and er's, and what he said was that, as he saw it, the motion picture had now reached a point in its development where, as you might say, it stood trembling upon the threshold of what you might accurately call a new day. Rascoe looked my way and winked slowly. He had heard such speeches before. Mr. Grogan, usually a nontalker and more a financial man, stood up among his chieftains and proclaimed that, as it appeared to him, it was entirely clear the industry was entering what certainly seemed to be a fresh era. The white-faced supervisor's assistant blew himself to a short oration, using such words as "thematic" and "culture."

Gil and Shorty said nothing. Gil listened to the proceedings with a sardonic smile, and I discovered that Shorty had spent the entire time counting the rings on a Chinese curtain pole. Rascoe, who had written every motion picture ever made by Gil, edged further behind a hand-carved lamp and said nothing. When the happy event was over, Mr. Claybourne buttoned himself into his morning coat and returned to his office, carrying a copy of the London Mercury.

Gil walked back with me to Stage One where his cast was shaking dice in defiance of the studio rule, and there was a somber gleam in his eyes.

"Where does he get off?" he inquired, meaning the supervisor. "Can you see him cutting my pictures and chasing me out of the film industry?"

"He's expected to cut and title all pictures made in future by the studio," I returned, hoping to console him.

"He don't know it," the comedian growled, "but he's bit off something he may not be able to chew."

As one of the newly imported book authors brought into Hollywood to help elevate the motion picture, I had a hand in fashioning the story which was eventually to become the picture, Hunting for Trouble. Gil, of course, changed my story materially. My old scientist became a young chauffeur and my college lad turned into a hungry hobo, while my heroine was removed entirely, Gil explaining that you can occasionally make a comedy without a heroine. I had built up a rather interesting bit with a Shetland pony. The horse was discarded and became a lion for part of the picture and a dog for the rest. In Van Hoven's absence, Gil thought up his own gags, and some of them were neither dignified nor particularly refined.

It was to stop the criticism of just such gags that Claybourne was now among us, and this I indicated to Gil, who merely sniffed. From the first moment he heartily detested the new man.

"He'll spoil everything," the star said repeatedly. "I know what people laugh at, and I know my audiences. If this man is allowed to mangle my pictures he'll ruin me. He won't suffer, but I will. Four bad pictures will kill any star, and I don't propose to let any milk-fed college guy step into my business and wreck it."

"You're dead right," agreed Shorty, who realized vaguely that if Gil sank, he sank with him.

"How you going to stop him?" inquired the sardonic Mr. Rascoe.

"Something will turn up," said Gil.

The first thing that turned up was Miss Bessie Bellair, the company soubrette, who had played with Gil and Shorty in a score of comedies. Bessie was undeniably pretty, which fact alone continued her in the movies. She was likewise gifted with a figure that had proved useful in bathing scenes; but like a great many other charming young Hollywood maids, Bessie was a trifle inadequate above the necklace. As Horace Rascoe said in his frank way, Bessie was not only as dumb as she looked but about ten per cent dumber.

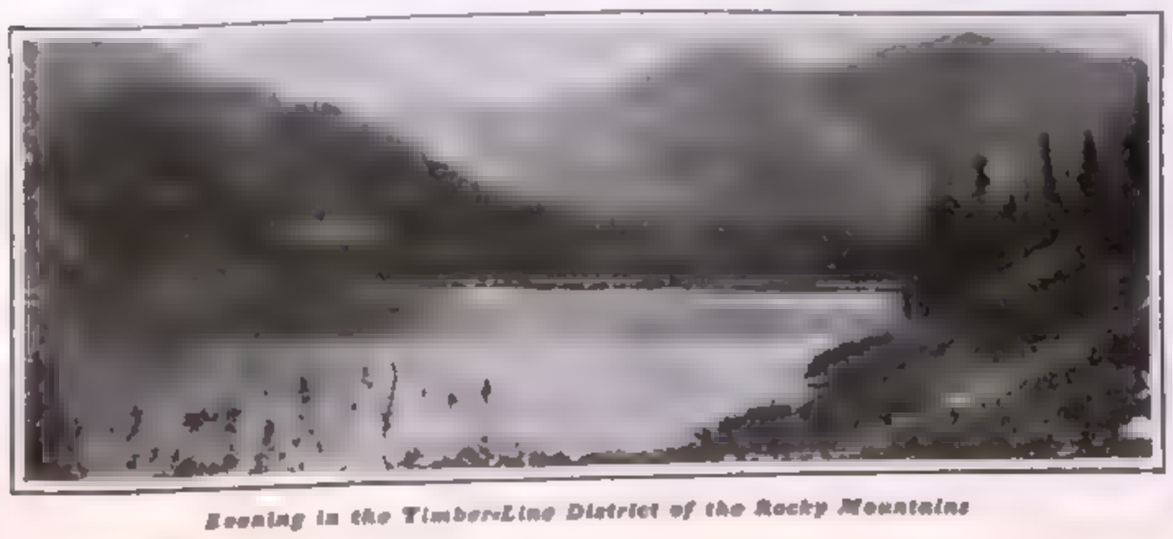
After their fourth picture together, Gil regarded Bessie as his particular lady friend, which is not a new thing in pictures, as between a star and his leading female support. He felt no particular sentimental excitement over Bessie, but he found her amiable at dinner parties and admired by the visiting tourists.

Gil's weak spot is admiration. He delights to sit in a restaurant window, where the stray traveler from Young's Bend can stare at him, and he approved of Bessie because she was a natural stare catcher. The newspapers regularly published little engagement notices which the studio press agent denied and affirmed, with photographs, for three weeks thereafter.

Mr. Claybourne strolled into a tenement-house set one morning, observed Miss Bellair in the costume of a young lady greeting the sun, and apparently decided that here was true talent which should not be wasted upon mere comedies if he could do anything about it. He was introduced at his own request and took Bessie to lunch so that they might talk over art and the future.

"You have talent," he assured her, mentioning that he had seen her on the screen. "By playing these ribald comedy bits with Mr. Gilfillan, you are estranging theater-goers who would otherwise become your following when your native art asserts itself. You are, my dear, a potential butterfly, still in the cocoon. No one wants to see, or enjoys seeing, a beautiful young girl covered with fly paper."

The fly paper referred to a previous comedy called Up All Night which had made money.



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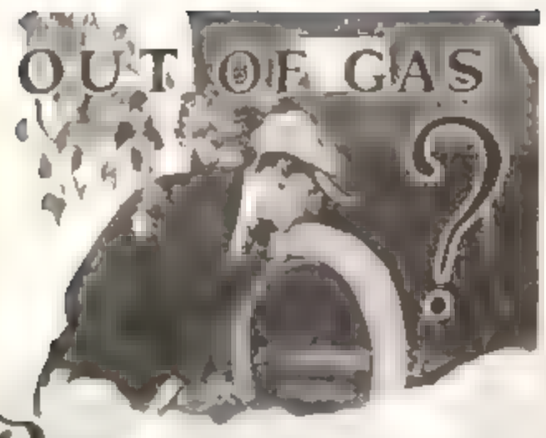

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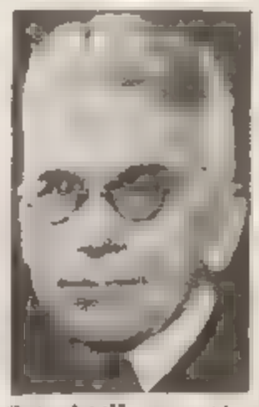

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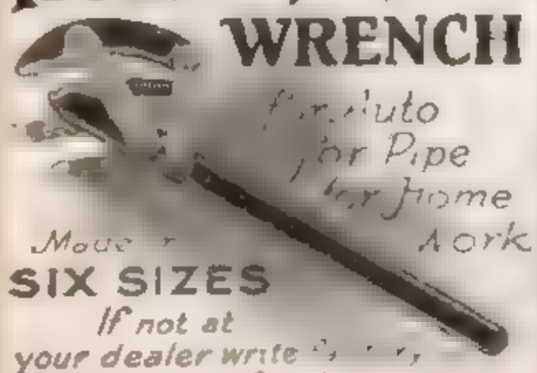

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"I never thought of it that way," murmured Bessie, who was impressed with Mr. Claybourne's manner.

When the lunch ended they agreed they would have to have further table talks, because if Bessie had real talent, it was only fitting to discuss it. She perceived at once that Mr. Claybourne was a man of rare discernment and familiar with the higher and better things. Shorty informed Gil later in the day that the supervisor not only uplifted motion pictures but seemed also to be handling a side line of soft gab for young females.

"We lose our gags," said Shorty, who was without tact, "and maybe you lose your girl. This man is going to do you a lot of good before he gets through."

Gil said little, but plodded along with Hunting for Trouble. I fashioned a set of subtitles as the picture grew; ordinary comedy subtitles of ten or twelve words, all short and designed to convey quick information, even down to the man in the back row who spells his literature out loud, consonant by vowel. Satire is no good at all in movie titles, because nobody knows there has been any. Rough humor is ideal, and the rougher the better, as Gil pointed out on one occasion when I had contrived a rather good but delicate joke.

Throughout the making of the picture there was a smoldering undercurrent of unrest. Mr. Claybourne conferred with studio officials frequently and watched Gil at work, meantime making notes in a small pad. He wrote secret reports in his mahogany office, headed "Memo to Mr. O'Day, in re Hunting for Trouble," or "Memo to Mr. Grogan, in re scene where Gil pours catchup down hostess' back." This could mean nothing but tribulation and we all knew it. The industrious memo writer in any studio is a pest, and woe follows his footsteps as the sparks fly upward.

When the final day's shooting was ended we had some six thousand feet of film and the overhead had climbed to surprising figures, due to various delays and accidents. The rooster had set us back, and besides the rooster, there was Leo, the lion, and a trick dog named Brownie, which had been used in many of the scenes and had refused to work with his customary speed.

Gil became more and more dejected and silent as the job neared its finish. Bessie Bellair studied her future carefully in Mr. Claybourne's office, where she spent considerable time, and now saw clearly that her association with Gil and Shorty was doing her career no good.

She was, as she told one of the extra girls, fitted for better things and she began to talk back on the set. During the taking of a gag scene she pointed out to the moody comedian that it was just such coarse truck in his pictures that was steadily lowering the tone of the studio.

"In other words," said Gil, dropping the trowel which was part of the proposed gag, "as Mr. Claybourne says."

"Yes, as Mr. Claybourne says," sniffed Bessie. "This stuff you're doing is old-style comedy and you don't even know it. The movies are going ahead and you're standing still. Thank goodness, the New York office finally had enough sense to get hold of a man like Mr. Claybourne who really knows."

"Kind of strong for him, aren't you?"

"I certainly am for him, or for anybody else who has the brains to see that the American public is sick of slapstick and wants better and finer pictures. And watch your step, Mr. Gilfillan, or the first thing you know you'll be a back number."

"My step is all right," Gil answered. "Watch your own, kid. Meanwhile, if you're all through telling me how to make comedies, I'll go ahead."

Miss Bellair retired haughtily and the work proceeded.

When the picture was finished, Gil, as usual, cut it down to footage, assisted by his script girl, a white-faced little creature who always looked to me as though she had been crying or was going to cry. She had been cutting film and holding a script upon her lap for years and I presume such work has a depressing effect upon a young girl. At the same time Mr. Claybourne went into retirement with a second print of the comedy and there was much mystery.

"Why don't he wait till I'm done?" Gil asked Mr. O'Day. "If he's going to supervise, why not wait till I'm through? And I'm not through the job till the picture is cut the way I see it."

"That's all right, Gil," the president said soothingly. "We're all working together in this studio. It's teamwork, my boy, and what makes the finest result of all is co-operation."

Gil grunted.

The immediate result was that the O'Day and Grogan studio had on its hands two motion pictures, both entitled Hunting for Trouble, telling the same story, but in different ways. Gil cut his two-reeler in his usual slap-dash manner, with plenty of gags and few titles.

Mr. Claybourne, bringing art to the task, cut the thing according to the Boston code, omitting many of Gil's pet gags, removing all signs of vulgarity, as he saw it, eliminating the more violent scenes and providing a fresh batch of subtitles, written by his cultured assistant.

The studio split wide open. Two factions rose up which might have been called the Liberals and the Conservatives. We Liberals were naturally pro-Gil, and we looked at the first showing of his picture in the projection room and shouted with glee. It seemed to be, indeed, a hilariously funny motion picture and Gil's supporters laughed themselves silly, while the Conservatives sat in a silent group and frowned in the half light of the room.

In the afternoon Mr. Claybourne showed the studio people his own polite and refined version of Hunting for Trouble, and the company officials were impressed with its artistic excellence and laughed heartily.

There was, to be sure, no ill breeding whatever in the Claybourne film. All Gil's jolly gags had been trimmed to the bare bone or were missing. My brief subtitles for weakened minds had been cast aside, and Mr. Claybourne, aided by his anæmic friend, had written a beautiful set of new titles, using elegant words such as "laconic" and "punctilious."

We knew that this system was wrong, because there are only twelve movie fans in America who know what such words mean. Not only that, but Mr. Claybourne had provided each title with a snappy background composed of flowers, fruit on plates, rural scenes, feudal castles and decorative quotations from Omar Khayyam.

Professional opinion was equally divided, following the rival presentations. The more dignified officials, such as Charley Breyton, the studio manager, and Louis Feldstrom, the casting director, strongly favored the Claybourne version, because, as they argued, it was a step upward. No person, however fastidious, could say it was vulgar.

"No," agreed Gil, "and they can't say it's funny either."

President John O'Day would give no definite opinion, but we learned that privately he preferred the supervisor's picture. Mr. Grogan likewise said little, but the rumor was that he felt the Claybourne cutting was a trifle too austere for comedy audiences.

"It's beautiful," he admitted to O'Day, "and it's refined. I don't know when I've seen so refined a picture, but are these audiences going to get all that lovely stuff?"

Naturally, Miss Bessie Bellair was a strong supporter of the Claybourne uplift. He had talked art and the loftier things with her many an evening over a social cup of tea in the Green Rose Restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard, and she had told him, her lovely face upraised so all could see, that she certainly was glad she had finally met a man who wasn't all the time talking about how good he was and how many bootleggers he knew.

By seemingly mutual consent, she had ceased to be Gil's girl. The comedian no longer took her abroad in the town for the gaping tourists to admire and no longer waited for her in his large touring car when the day's toil was ended. Though Gil did not seem utterly desolated by the turn, the fact that a high-minded literary genius could come into the studio and do such a thing to a star seriously annoyed Shorty Hamp.

"If it was me," Shorty ventured, "I'd punch him on the nose. Gil ain't got any gumption. No encyclopedia hound could walk in here and cut me out."

"Funny part is," added Horace Rascoe, who seemed to be enjoying the internecine war, "Bessie thinks she's an actress. She's spread herself for an apartment and a maid since Claybourne took her in hand, and she's given an interview to a magazine. If that ain't funny, I'm a Catalina goat."

Gil gathered those who were loyal to him in his dressing room and put the situation as he saw it.

"Boys," he said, "we've come to a showdown in this shop. Either it's us or it's them. We win or Claybourne wins, and if he gets away with this high-hat stuff, we are all through and looking for jobs. Our picture is the right picture and the one that ought to be released, if I know anything. His picture is the dumbest thing I ever saw and all he did was to go in and ruin my work. It ain't funny and it drags. He deliberately cut the stuff that makes people laugh, and I don't mean maybe. Either he gets out of this studio or I get. It ain't big enough for us both."

"Besides which," Shorty amended, "if I was you I'd wallop him on the jaw."

"Monday night," Gil continued, "we are going to preview my picture at the Washington Park Theater. Be there—all of you—and see that it goes over."

Monday night arrived and we previewed our troubled comedy before an audience composed of lathers, rubber-tire makers, metal finishers, shipbuilders and carpenters, with their wives and children—a distinctly nonprofessional audience—and I have never listened to more spontaneous laughter. If it was vulgar they either did not know it or didn't care.

Old and young chuckled and shrieked at the antics of Gil and Shorty, at the rooster, the lion and the dog, Brownie. When it was over, there was a meeting of the O'Day and Grogan forces on the sidewalk in front of the theater, the usual curbstone convention that follows every preview. It was attended informally by the manager of the theater, a person who generally swells with importance on a preview night. Mr. Claybourne smoked a cigarette, took no part in the converasation and smiled the melancholy smile of a man who suffers yet tolerates.

"Well," said Gil, addressing the group, "are you satisfied? Did they laugh or didn't they laugh?"

"It surely went over well," admitted Mr. O'Day.

"A riot," said Grogan briefly.

The theater man nodded and gave his opinion.

"Gentlemen," said he, "your picture is a success. It pleased my people thoroughly. It has been many months since they have laughed so heartily at anything."

"Is it vulgar?" Gil demanded.

"No," said the owner; "not that I can see."

"There you are."

We turned toward Supervisor Claybourne, expecting to find him rather flattened.

He was smiling gently.

"This, of course," he said cheerily, "means nothing at all. These people, to start with, are a primitive sort, mere elementals. Wait until tomorrow night and you will see that an audience can laugh as unrestrainedly at clean, refined comedy as at this putrescence we beheld tonight."

He then bowed pleasantly and strode away, surrounded by his group. He entered his motor, first helping Bessie Bellair to her seat.

"What was that he called it?" Shorty asked.

Gil shook his head.

"Listen, Gil," the little man said earnestly, "there ain't anything to do but to go and bust him on the beezer. You got to do it some day and you might as well do it now."

On the following evening the clan of O'Day and Grogan congregated before the Oriental Theater at Oakmont, which is a hustling suburb of Hollywood infested by business men and office persons who labor in the city and return home of an evening to sprinkle their lawns, polish their runabouts and complain about the mail service. It is a community with a spotless reputation. Hold-ups are few and scandals not at all. The residents of Oakmont prefer the better things of life when they can get them, and Mr. Claybourne intended to have these intelligent home bodies judge the merits of his piece.

Again the studio people were present in full array, surrounded by secretaries, underlings, and even the prop boys and electricians who had toiled with Gil on the picture. Mr. Claybourne wore full evening clothes and Bessie Bellair was radiant in pink silk and neck furs.

It was a fine night for a preview, for the house was crowded to see the regular performance, which happened to be a sterling six-reel feature, with a star who has since tarnished.

(Continued on Page 108)

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(Continued from Page 106)

Gil and Shorty strode uneasily to and fro in front of the Oriental at ten in the evening, both gloomy and depressed.

Gil felt certain that a conspiracy was being hatched to run him out of the comedy business and that every man's hand was against him.

"Gil," said Shorty, "lemme make the speech."

Gil merely grunted, as he had always grunted over the same request. A score of times Shorty Hamp had begged permission to stand before a preview audience, on the occasion of a fresh Gil and Shorty comedy, and introduce the new work. It is a customary thing for the theater manager or someone connected with the studio to say a few words, and these few words Shorty always had craved.

It was his constant ambition to stand before an audience in the glare of the stage lights and tell the patrons something about the picture they were to behold, mentioning odd or interesting incidents. Gil had always sternly refused, basing his refusal upon the simple truth that Shorty was a common idiot and had no business addressing a strange gathering of people who had paid their money at the door.

A church clock struck ten and the depressed comedian realized that in a few moments he would have to walk into the Oriental and watch his water-logged picture unfold to the customers, a butchered and denatured product, robbed by the supervisor of every good thing in it. And probably, such being the puerile mental habit of audiences, the wretched thing would go over quite as well as his own version had gone the night before with the tire makers. He could see Claybourne smiling his superior smile, and strolling out to his car later on, talking confidently to the president.

"Gil" the voice of Shorty pleaded again "please lemme go in and make the speech."

Gilfillan turned to him irritably and tossed away his cigar.

"Go ahead," he grumbled. "It's as bad as anything can be, so you can't hurt it. Tell Hickman I said you could."

Hickman was the manager, known to Gil by reason of many a preview. An instant later the eager Shorty hurried down the dim alley beside the theater and informed the manager that he was to say a few words before the picture started.

"Sort of introduce it," Shorty said, arranging his tie.

"Fine," said Hickman, who occasionally did the talking and found it a nuisance.

Somewhat to the astonishment of the studio officials, Shorty Hamp's plump figure emerged as the lights came up and the regular feature ended. Shorty was recognized instantly by the boys and girls in the audience, applauded and even cheered. They had often seen him in comedies and had laughed at his grotesque costumes. He was popular, and he now stood in the center of the stage, shifting from one foot to the other, clawing at his cap and enjoying his ovation.

At the rear of the theater Mr. Gilfillan came sourly in and sought a solitary seat in the shadows, glancing without interest at his fat little comrade on the stage. President O'Day leaned over and asked Vice President Grogan about it, but the latter shook his head. Mr. Claybourne glared at Shorty with disapproval. There was a momentary hush, and Shorty's voice was heard.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "it gives us great pleasure to preview our new picture before the friendly and intelligent people of Oakmont, where we have shown many new pictures before. We feel we are among friends. We only hope you enjoy looking at our little picture as much as we enjoyed making it."

The audience smiled quietly. So far it was the conventional preview speech, which had often been heard before. Shorty rambled on:

"There were several interesting incidents while we were making this picture. You might like to hear a few of them. One of the incidents was about Leo, the lion, which we use in the picture. Leo was getting pretty old and the city authorities warned us we couldn't use him again, after this picture, because he was getting so old and, in fact, because he had the rheumatism so bad he couldn't walk well. They said we would have to shoot old Leo after this picture, which would have been too bad if it had happened."

Shorty paused, wiped his forehead and grinned out upon his hearers.

"This is a bit silly," said Mr. Claybourne to President O'Day. "Who told him to get up there?"

"I didn't," said O'Day.

"Nor me," added Grogan.

Scrooged far down in his seat, Gilfillan, the star, stared gloomily at Mr. Hamp. Shorty continued:

"Anyhow, old Leo, who you will see in the early scenes of the picture, was so old and tired that he wouldn't do his work good and one of the electricians in our studio thought out a scheme. He put a lot of little wires around in the bottom of Leo's cage, and whenever Leo walked his feet hit the wires and he got a shock, not enough to hurt him much, but just to make him lively. That made him jump. You'll notice how quick he moves around. And the funny part comes now," Shorty went on cheerfully. "The electric shocks cured old Leo of his rheumatism, and right now he's acting like a young lion again and we can use him any time."

Shorty paused and the audience murmured. Persons turned to one another to say that they had heard electricity will cure rheumatism. Mr. Claybourne squirmed in his seat and muttered to his assistant. He had not come to Oakmont to hear a lecture on studio doings, but it was too late to stop the young Demosthenes.

"Another thing," Shorty rambled on, "is the incident about the trick dog named Brownie, which you will see in the first scenes and all through the comedy. That was too bad about Brownie. And what makes it interesting to you Oakmont people is about this Brownie, because when our studio needs a trick dog, especially a fox terrier, we always come over here to Oakmont and get Brownie from Mr. James, who lives right here in your town and no doubt many of you ladies and gentlemen know him."

Shorty stopped.

"As nice and smart a little fox terrier as any man ever owned. He could do a lot of tricks and he was always friendly, wagging his tail and making up to people, and so everybody liked him. Yesterday he was alive and running around. But what happened? Owing to this hoof-and-mouth disease, your dog catcher in this town has been rounding up cats and dogs, which is foolish, because they never have it. And little Brownie happened to wander out of the house yesterday and went out on the street and the dog catcher came along with his bag, grabbed up Brownie with some other dogs, put him in a cage, took him up to the pound and destroyed him with the other dogs, and I want to know if that ain't a terrible thing to do to an innocent dog."

Again Shorty paused to let this astounding bit of official asininity sink in.

"As friendly a little dog as ever lived and harmless as a kitten," the speaker continued. "And now, ladies and gentlemen, when you see Brownie frolicking around, doing his tricks in the picture, you'll feel sorry to think of him lying up there in his lonely grave, or maybe no grave at all, gone forever out of the sunshine that he loved so well. The picture will now begin."

Shorty's speech was over and he retired hastily. Manager Hickman lowered the house lights and the comedy started. And it may have been a comedy for some people, but it was no comedy for those annoyed citizens of Oakmont.

The news about Brownie was real news to the audience as well as to those from the studio. What Shorty said was true. Brownie was hired from an Oakmont citizen, but none of those present had heard the sad news.

When the first scenes rolled across the screen, the sympathetic citizens simply waited for little Brownie, who was not long in appearing. He bounded into a scene, his tail wagging intelligently, his nose in the air. He seized Gil by the slack of the trousers, Gil being a tramp at the moment, and clung while the comedian tried to shake him off. There was no laughter. The night before they had laughed, but people were now looking at the dog in silence—here yesterday, gone today. Wives leaned over and informed husbands it was a crying shame and a disgrace to Oakmont that such a thing could happen. Husbands told wives that they would either write the mayor or go up in the morning and demand that the dog catcher be discharged.

Little children asked their mothers in innocent, piping voices if the nice doggie was truly dead and wouldn't be in any more pictures. Several little girls sniffed audibly, and nobody paid the slightest attention to the comic scenes of Mr. Claybourne's truly artistic production. Interest was centered upon the bright-looking canine, and the picture moved quietly along, as though it were a condensed version of Camille, or a news reel showing the last rites over the body of the French ambassador.

In brief, it died where it sat. The dog was the star. Little by little, the true state of affairs dawned upon Gil and he straightened slowly in his seat, while a look of joyous comprehension flitted across his moody face.

"The little son of a gun," he muttered, meaning Shorty.

Likewise, it presently appeared to Supervisor Claybourne and his staff of purists that they were getting a raw deal; but it was too late to do anything about it. When the comedy ended the audience filed out into the night, discussing the evils of having dog catchers who fly into a panic and take to destroying home pets. It might be anybody's dog, they told one another. They disappeared like mourners departing from the home of one who was but is no more.

Gil encountered Shorty in front of the theater and all but broke his collar bone with a blow of approval. Shorty's round face beamed. There was no need to discuss the preview with O'Day and Grogan, who paused a moment by the ticket taker's booth and talked in low tones. Mr. Claybourne bristled up to them, alive with angry protest.

"It was that dog," he said defensively. "That was a dirty trick."

Gil grinned.

"I demand another preview," continued Claybourne, and his cohorts silently demanded another preview.

"Personally," remarked the boss, "I've seen enough previews of this particular comedy. You can't go on looking at previews of the same picture forever, you know."

Gil listened, saying nothing.

"After all," added Vice President Grogan, "you can get too much of this artistic stuff in a comedy. We got to remember that if we don't make an audience laugh, then we haven't got anything, no matter what else we got."

Mr. Claybourne began a fresh speech.

"That's enough," Gil chuckled to Shorty. "Come on, kid. They know now whether I can make comedies and whether I need a supervisor to wet nurse me."

He dragged his plump companion into his automobile and Shorty leaned back with the smile of a man who has done something.

"Shorty," said Gil, "I never appreciated you. You got brains, and I never thought you had any. Shake."

The next morning, within eighteen hours, there was a new order in the studio and a little pink handbill went to the various offices—the same handbill the company always uses to inform employes of contemplated changes. It stated that the supervision department would be discontinued, at least temporarily, and that Mr. Desmond Claybourne regretfully announced his resignation owing to the pressure of business affairs in the East.

There was unabated joy in Gil's dressing room, where his triumphant unit had gathered. Bessie Bellair came in at noon, her manner slightly altered.

"Do I work in the next comedy?" she inquired.

"Well," Gil said slowly, "I guess not. We're just a lot of coarse fellows around this outfit and we don't want to go on shocking you. I'm going to put Miss Mayo in your place, because she can stand vulgarity."

Miss Bellair walked rapidly away, her chin in the air, and immediately after, the most surprising visitor of the day arrived to see how chances were for work in the next picture.

It was Mr. James, the dog man from Oakmont. Behind him and barking in his usual friendly way hopped Brownie, one of the smartest fox terriers in the movies. Gil stared in astonishment and so did the rest of us.

"I thought ——" Gil began.

He turned and looked fixedly at Shorty Hamp, whose face was buttered with a childlike grin.

"You got to use brains in this business," Shorty remarked. "Ain't that what they're always howling about?"

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SOMEWHERE SOUTH IN SONORA

(Continued from Page 21)

M. J.'s heart sank, his eyes still held to the North Star. "Can you ride a ways?"

"Long as you do."

"Don't forget to give me a warning if you're going to ——"

"I'm not going to fall, *amigo mio!* They'll never get us now, but my three men behind—we're ridin' too fast for their ponies."

M. J. did not look back; nor did he check Mamie's speed. The sorrel galloped at her side with great easy leaps. This was the instant M. J. realized he was in command of affairs if anybody was. His momentary concern wasn't with the three bandits, whipping their ponies to hold the pace, but with the one who called him "*amigo mio*"—bent forward now as if pushing the saddle from him—to keep going north with Bart at any price; to turn loose Mamie and the sorrel faster and faster, their heads to the north—if only Bart could stay in the saddle for a while! The river road running north assumed clearer outline—wheel tracks, a hardening pebbled way.

A third time from his companion: "We're ridin' too fast for the others, mister."

"I think we'd better not wait for anybody now!" M. J. called back. "This had better be a running match, while you can keep a seat. Who's got the stuff—that's what we're going to find out—Mamie here, or your Mallethead!"

A faint chuckle sounded in answer. "You're the doctor, I guess."

"And now, Mamie—we're off!" And M. J. bent forward. She knew that tone—a wide-open throttle it meant, and the big sorrel settled lower at the left, his fish eye fixed on the mare's head.

The thought came to M. J. that somehow he had been fixing for this race all his life—his eyes glancing often up to old Polaris, as if the star were a silver cup for the winner. A distance course, seconds pounding on into minutes, the minutes into tens, dusk of earliest morning blended with the low moon's rays; only two horses in the finish, silence as deep from behind now as from the foothills ahead, a friend to stick by at his left—Bart's white smile, two slits of black for eyes, body hanging forward.

Every little while: "Don't fall, Bart! Give me a word if you're slipping!"

"I'm not goin' to fall, mister."

The river had narrowed to a creek; the road to a path; the blowing horses pelted forward on rising ground.

Then it was all as queer as a dream. Breaking day, and framed in a 'dobe gateway a face by the side of the road. Just a glimpse—girl or child or woman, he did not know—but a face in the ashen light—oval beauty in the gateway of a 'dobe wall. M. J.'s head flung back, but the face was gone.

That instant thickly from Bart: "Pull up, pardner!"

M. J.'s hand went out to the left as he drew Mamie sharply in with the other. The look of death was on Bart's face; his lips moved.

"Big town ahead—Fonseca—three miles or so. They'll be waitin' for us there." The gamy head rocked back, the spine drooping sideways.

"We won't go there," said M. J., leaping down. "Lord, how you've sat it out! You can fall now—I'm underneath!"

"I'm not goin' to fall," Bart mumbled, but his hand relaxed from the pommel.

M. J. looked forward and back; not a sign of life either way, but the face at the 'dobe gate was before some inner eye of his—something to do with the corn-dust maiden in that far doorway of the song, it seemed to have for him. His eyes lifted to the cold gray of the dawnlit sky. *Rurales* coming—mere formality—blank wall—oval beauty.

Now he was carrying Bart back, leading both horses.

"I'm taking a chance to get you a berth," he gasped, coming in sight of the 'dobe gateway, now empty.

An aperture in a 'dobe wall for a gate—face gone. Over the gate as he led the horses into the yard his eye caught the letters formed of faded tile, El Relicario. He fancied the movement of a dress through a low arbor ahead. Still with his burden he moved toward it.

She was there—in the doorway of a broad low 'dobe ruin. He seemed at first to see only her wide eyes. And then his Spanish came to him and words inspired by another's need—pressure he had never felt back of an effort before.

"Look, señorita—he must have shelter and care—*mi compadre!* Will you not give help to him? I will pay a great price!"

The girl made no sound, her eyes fixed on Bart's back where M. J.'s hands pressed a dark saturation upon his friend's shirt.

"May I take him into your house for shelter, señorita?" he panted.

She led the way indoors, halting in a large, all but empty room.

"There are those who want his life," M. J. said unsteadily under his burden. "May I not take him farther in?"

She turned quickly toward an inner door.

There was a room in which he saw a full-sized harp in its shroud; there was a trellised patio, two great *ollas* standing up on the heaved tiles and jasmine vines very thick and ancient. At the far corner, in the gray morning light, stood an elderly man with bared head. To him the señorita gave the signal of silence with her finger touching her lips, and also to an old woman bending over an open fireplace in the tropical kitchen.

The ruins of an old plantation house, very large, some of the windows unglazed. El Relicario—the name ran through M. J.'s mind. All this a matter of seconds only.

A corridor and then they were in a little room, queer warmth rising in M. J.'s heart as he placed his burden down upon a cot that had recently been slept in. The sense came to him that this was a kind of sanctuary—a cross upon the wall, a white flower beneath, the girl standing against the wall, her hands slightly lifted, the palms toward the long booted figure on her own cot. M. J. bent over Bart now—a rush of memories of the day he had brought his father to the cabin and set him down like this. The eyes were looking up at him; the lips moved with hardly audible words.

"Back at the gate—as we turned in—the tracks of our horses!"

"Yes, sure, I'll fix that." M. J.'s words came faster: "I'm going to ride on and leave you here. I'm taking both horses—so the *rurales* won't stop, but follow me. I'll hide in the foothills and circle back here tonight or tomorrow night."

Faintly from Bart: "About the sorrel—he knows a whip, but goes mad under a spur."

"Thanks. I'll remember."

"Sorry—you go ——"

"It's the only way. *Adios*, Bart—and to you señorita, this"

He placed two gold pieces on the table, but saw her hurt and troubled look as she came forward toward the cot.

"You see, I'm leading them away from him!" he said, as if the point was of great moment to her.

Bart's hand lifted weakly, but his face was cut off by the girl's bending profile. A sudden weariness came over M. J. as he turned away. A nicker outside answered his step as he hastened across the broken stonework of the patio. Mamie had never before been left unceremoniously to cool in a yard—and in company with a stranger.

He led the horses out to the road; no sight or sound so far from the direction he had come. Leaving them standing there, he reëntered the gateway and began fanning out the hoof marks in the yard, using his broad hat of felt. Out through the gate again, he worked until all was clear; then mounted and pushed on, leading the sorrel.

Day was brightening among the foothills. The big range he had ridden toward through the night was now intimately uncovered on his right hand; Fonseca, three miles ahead, Bart had said. Both horses were pulling toward the creek. They were too hot for a deep drink, but might have a few draughts without harm, and he replenished his pack canteen.

The sorrel fought to drink his fill. M. J. had to climb into Bart's saddle to get the big fellow out of the stream. Back on the road again, he followed for a thousand yards toward Fonseca, before turning east to the mountains. He had left a clear trail so far, and now began to weave back and forth along the stony waste, following a vague idea to confuse and delay pursuit,

(Continued on Page 113)

The touch of *light* itself

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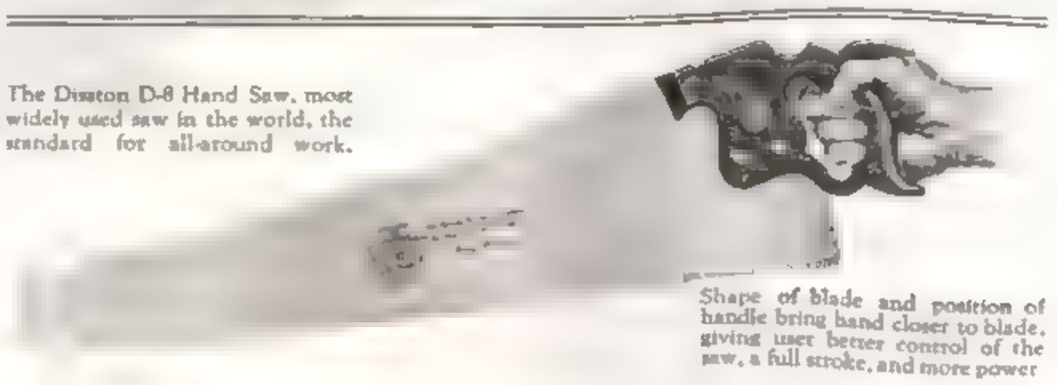

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DISSTON

Continued from Page 111

now that he was well away from the old 'dobe house. Bart would have done all this better, he thought, recalling how the other, half dead, had thought of wiping out the tracks leading from the road in through the 'dobe wall.

Many minutes afterward he came to a halt upon an eminence and looked down at a frail low smoke pattern of the town to the north, and glanced back to familiarize himself with the lay of the land around El Relicario. The hills shut him off from much of the road; he caught no glimpse of possible pursuit. Still later in full sunlight he halted in a rift between the hills and forked out a few mouthfuls of breakfast from a glass jar of frijoles, packed in his saddlebags at San Isidro two days before.

Presently he set to work upon the horses. They were sweated out, cakes of dust and salt at the cinch lines and blanket edges, both restlessly athirst, but apparently no worse for the long gallop through the night. He took off only one saddle at a time; holding the other ready instantly to mount and be off at the first sight or sound, working meanwhile with wisps of grass and cloths from his kit. Strange, it seemed, to play groom to another than Mamie; unfamiliar the bones and textures of this rangy gelding; no curiosity or particular affection from the sorrel runner such as the man was accustomed to. Running was what this one knew, but he was presently adapting his taste nevertheless to the scant sun-dried grass with better grace than the mare. She couldn't see why a stop should be made in this waterless, fenceless wilderness. Standing by, she nudged the man's arm repeatedly for light on the subject.

"Night running's all right with her," he mused, "but she doesn't get the inconvenience of being a bandit."

His thoughts were running queerly from so many shocks and tensions. The sun was well above the eastern mountains, but it was not yet nine in the morning—just about the time he used to be getting to the leather store. Fenceless foothills of Sonora, a wearing grind of thoughts and questions. Little inner room—cross and white flower, and cot so recently slept in. Did the señorita always get up so early? Were the old people her parents? How had it all been arranged with so few words, as if some power intervened to help in a pinch? Was Bart going to live; or would it be as it was with his father? Had the *rurales* stopped at that open 'dobe gateway? Had it been yellow of him to run away from the three other bandits? Bart wouldn't have done that.

All day the horses kept their heads turned downhill. Once he dozed and was awakened from a thirst dream by the sound of horses sucking in water from a stony stream. A grim day, his nerve at lowest ebb, nothing of the lift or glow he had known in moments of last night's riding with Bart. Would they ever ride together again?

Fenceless foothills of Sonora—ages in a day! He didn't feel quite sane, riding down to the creek in the dusk at last. He couldn't hold his mind to thought of danger, but to water only. Mamie smelled it and could scarcely be held in.

In full darkness he left the two horses fastened among the alders of the stream bed and started for the 'dobe house. At least there were no horses of *rurales* waiting at the gateway of El Relicario. No lights were to be seen in front, but moving around to the side he fancied a faint ashen shaft farther on from an unglazed window. He knocked. A pall seemed to have fallen upon the world before the step, the moving candle—and the señorita's face, finger pressed across her lips as she pointed to the little room.

There was Bart—bloodless, startlingly altered, but asleep, not dead, as he had thought in the first flush. And presently M. J. began to feel himself standing about like a stranger. Either he hadn't seen straight at daybreak or the señorita had become a woman since then; no face of a peon girl by a lonely roadway, this woman of El Relicario, but of one risen to emergencies as only quality and breeding can arise. She had led him out into a hallway and was speaking as one who had found her place and work in life.

"He will be so glad you have come. I have said you would return, but he could not be sure. There is food for you waiting—please come."

He followed her through a firelit room, where the elderly man he had seen in the patio in the morning arose and bowed with courtly grace, and from behind him a faded Spanish face of a woman smiled in the manner of far-off times. A wooden table, a pitcher of milk, corn bread and rubbery cheese of goat's milk—but M. J. hardly tasted what he put in his mouth.

Horsemen had ridden by in the early morning to Fonseca, the señorita told him, an unusual thing, but they had not stopped, and others had passed later, going the opposite way.

She left the room and returned, dragging a sack of grain for the horses, which Bart had asked her to procure, and there was a package of food for M. J.'s needs of tomorrow—all this spoken of with frequent gestures toward the wounded man in the little room; her every thought and sentence blended with something Bart had said or wished. Yes, he would live, she repeated, but his recovery would take many days. And then M. J. was back in the unbroken darkness moving toward the alders of the creek bed, an intolerable burden in his brain, having to do with the ordeal of another day among the foothills and "many days."

His feet dragged; the early night so dark that he had to keep constant thought to the road, burdened by the sack of grain over his shoulder. Still distant from the alders, he began to listen for Mamie's signal, but the sound of trotting hoofs came instead.

One horse only, coming his way, no accompaniment of wheels. He let down the grain bag at the side of the road, instinctively aware that if either of his horses had pulled loose, a hunch like that on his shoulder would make even Mamie uncapturable in the dark.

"Hoo-oo, baby; hoo, little one!" he softly intoned.

He could see no movement yet; the hoofs were still. Then, like an explosion, a snorting blast of fright from the horse ahead—not Mamie. He knew her protest of fear.

"Come in, kid—hoo, old-timer!" from his lips as he moved forward very slowly, his fingers closing at last upon the broken bridle rein of the sorrel.

The big runner was standing almost rigidly in the dark, as M. J. made a quick tie of the two shortened leather ends; his ears straining for a sound from the mare. He mounted, but had difficulty in turning back toward the alders. The gelding fought the bit, tossing his head. The man's unspurred heel knocked his ribs, but the runner snorted like a crazed colt at this, standing straight up. Now Bart's warning flashed back and he snatched off a small branch as he brushed the foliage at the roadside. The sorrel started forward at a stiff-legged unwilling trot, still unruly as he neared the alders.

The mare was gone. Holding to the shortened bridle rein, M. J. was on his knees, lighting matches—a sorry smile on his lips, because he had been so miserably hopeless a few minutes before at the thought of waiting days. Something to be dismal about now.

Countless horse tracks among the alders, conveying nothing to his eyes. Passing *rurales* had doubtless heard the horses and tried to take them. Had one mounted the sorrel and been thrown, attempting to force him with a spur? He rode slowly on toward Fonseca. What hope—if they had taken Mamie into town?

Those were among the darkest moments of his life, until—it was almost a sob that surged up in his throat—the sound of a nicker—far to the right! His hand darted forward to the muzzle of the sorrel to shut off possible answer. No need of that. The big gelding was unconcerned about that far-off sound.

Mamie—letting him know! He could tell that call of hers in the midst of a herd; and the *rurales*, or whoever had her, were not pushing on to Fonseca, but eastward toward the mountains. He flicked his branch on the sorrel's flanks.

"I'm coming!" he muttered.

Minutes afterward the call again; and presently from over the eastern mountains appeared the moon, a shaving less full than last night.

Last night—that moon from the cell of Arecibo—far off as childhood.

Two hours, at least, of fierce strain—following those who he supposed were looking for him; and finally a faint haze of firelight over the rim of a hill just ahead. The party come to a halt? He was close as he dared to be with the sorrel. Even now

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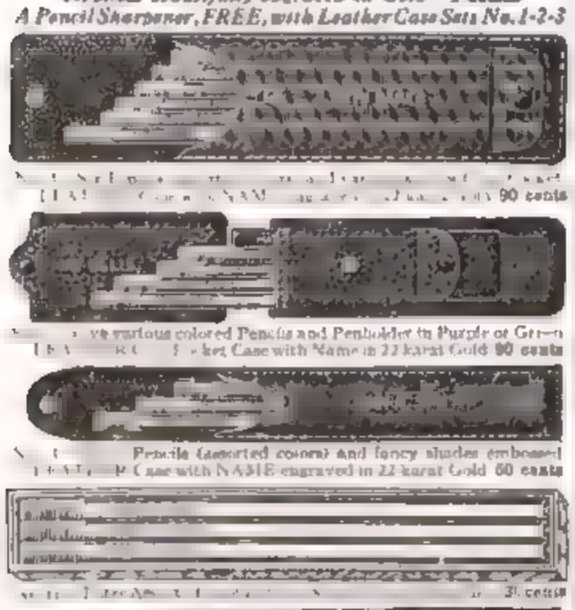

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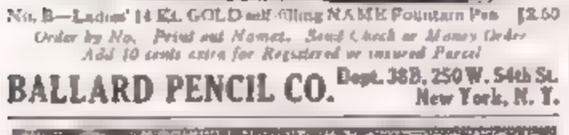

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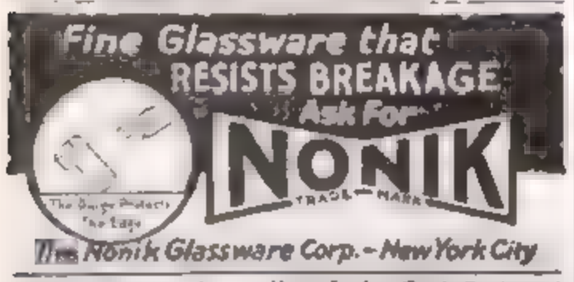

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the big fellow might undertake to announce his presence and need of forage. M. J. turned him back to a live-oak scrub, made him fast, and retraced his way up the slope again, struggling with weariness and many fears. The moon was now well clear of the eastern ridges.

On top he gradually discerned two figures stretched out in the firelight—in ordinary Mexican garb, not in the uniform of *rurales*. Moving yet nearer he presently made out Mamie, still saddled, a third Mexican sitting on the ground at her head. Seconds crawled by as he waited breathlessly, with a vague hope that this man might doze, but nothing of the kind. Instead he rose now, leading the mare to a low tree clump, where M. J. faintly discerned other horses.

Once tied, there was less chance for the mare to break clear than from the Mexican's hand. Only a second or two to think in. M. J. didn't think it out, but his fingers reached for the handle of the sheath knife, bringing the whistle to his lips. Its shrill scream cut forth. Mamie's head lifted and yanked back, but the Mexican did not lose his grip upon the rein. Running forward, M. J. whistled again; then stretched his lungs in a yell, as strange and startling to himself as to the sleepy Sonora hills.

The knife in his hand was not to kill; he had merely not put it back. The two men by the fire were on their feet, the third stubbornly trying to gain the saddle, but Mamie slid from under, and kept pulling away. Then an instant of utter amazement. The face of Mamie's tormentor was familiar—one of Bart's bandits whom he had raced away from the night before. M. J. changed his shout, but the Mexican had let go the bridle rein and was speeding after the two others, who had vanished from the circle of firelight. They were at their horses—mounting and spurring away. M. J. rubbed his dazed eyes. Something to shout and whistle about right now—Mamie trotting toward him, head extra high to keep from tripping on her bridle reins.

Never before such a sense of belonging anywhere as when he folded over that Pitcairn stock saddle. Sitting straight did not suffice; he seemed fallen to clinging to the neck of the mare. Even, a minute later, he would have forgotten Bart's sorrel, tied securely in the bristling live-oak scrub, had not Mamie flirted her signal as she galloped by on the moon-drenched hill. . . . The whistle had done it—that and the shout must have sounded like a platoon closing in, to the leaderless bandit party. The whistle for Mamie, the yell—he did not know how he had come to vent that, unless for his own courage.

"They sure thought I was the *rurales*."

At this juncture he missed his saddlebags.

"I suppose Bart would go back and get them right now," he thought. "Not for me. Nothing in them I can't do without. Few dollars in silver—the bandits may need 'em."

His eyes were craning about the sky to locate the North Star. He felt kindly toward those bandits.

"I won't have to tell Bart how I lost Mamie, nor about his friends," he communed later. "Now that I've got her back, I won't have to speak of it at all."

It was a different matter about that grain sack, however. The horses would need it and another drink from the creek tonight, before facing tomorrow in the brown and sultry hills. He made the big circle to the Fonseca road and the alders, and was back in a star-rimmed mountain wilderness two hours before daybreak, the big gelding taking an occasional nip at the grain bag as he trotted beside.

Next day, after a few hours' rest, he explored the mountains to the north and eastward, following a dim ravine to a trickle of water at last. No further need now to cross the Fonseca road with two horses night and morning to reach the creek. He could risk a call at El Relicario once in a while.

One by one he beat back the days, though he actually lost count, before it became apparent that Bart Leadley was coming back to life. During his first evenings at the ranch house he could not be sure. At these times the big fellow weakly pressed him not to stay.

"I'll follow north across the border as soon as I can make a break," he said.

"But I'm getting to like it out there," M. J. would tell him. "Only lonesome at first. A little grain from here is keeping the horses fit. And say, your Mallethead sure has an appetite. Mountains agree with him. No place to leave him for you, if I did go."

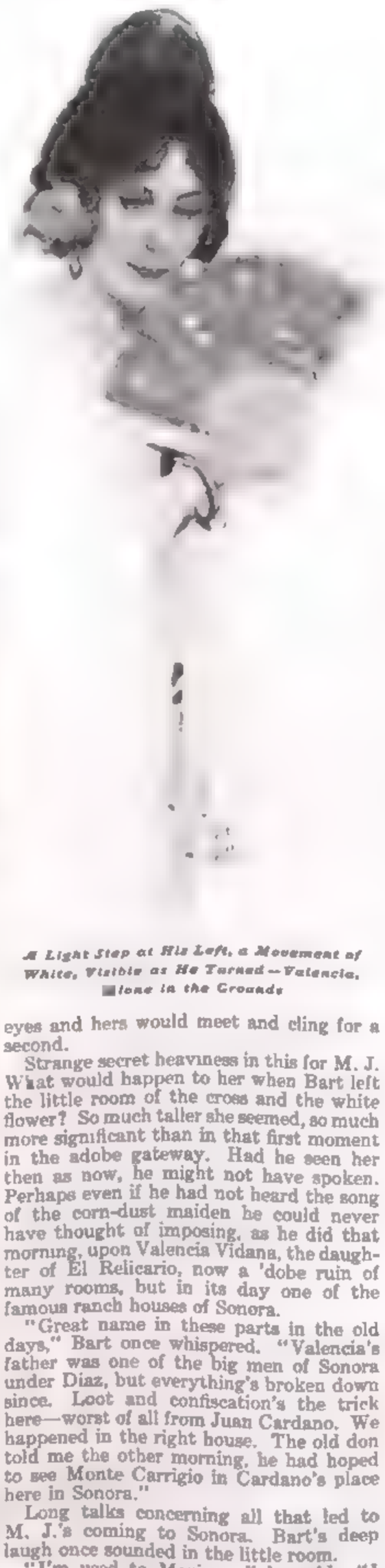
"You could take him along. I'd get a horse somewhere."

"No, I came down here for you, Bart That's what your father wanted—for me to bring you back."

The other's eyes held the low ceiling. "I'd hate to have you after me," he laughed in his low tone. "I mean, like a sheriff."

M. J. conned this all next day. He couldn't get it clear. No sheriff would ever suffer with hopeless spells of timidity such as he was given to.

Sometimes Bart seemed to be listening for a step as they talked; and when the señorita appeared in the doorway Bart's



A Light Step at His Left, a Movement of White, Visible as He Turned—Valencia, Alone in the Grounds

eyes and hers would meet and cling for a second.

Strange secret heaviness in this for M. J. What would happen to her when Bart left the little room of the cross and the white flower? So much taller she seemed, so much more significant than in that first moment in the adobe gateway. Had he seen her then as now, he might not have spoken. Perhaps even if he had not heard the song of the corn-dust maiden he could never have thought of imposing, as he did that morning, upon Valencia Vidana, the daughter of El Relicario, now a 'dobe ruin of many rooms, but in its day one of the famous ranch houses of Sonora.

"Great name in these parts in the old days," Bart once whispered. "Valencia's father was one of the big men of Sonora under Diaz, but everything's broken down since. Loot and confiscation's the trick here—worst of all from Juan Cardano. We happened in the right house. The old don told me the other morning, he had hoped to see Monte Carrigio in Cardano's place here in Sonora."

Long talks concerning all that led to M. J.'s coming to Sonora. Bart's deep laugh once sounded in the little room.

"I'm used to Mexicans," he said. "I don't know much about the States. I s'pose there are a lot of people up there you can trust offhand like dad trusted you."

"You see, he had to have somebody interested in Sonora, and willing to do a lot of riding," M. J. answered. "You know, he wanted you to have Mamie, but he wasn't sure how long it would take for me to find you—a chance even that I might not. He didn't want her to change hands another time. He always thought about her feelings."

M. J. found himself staring at the little crucifix as he talked. Bart didn't seem to be troubled as much as he was—about the feelings of the one in this house.

Then one night during the third week in El Relicario, Bart turned over and drew his right shoulder clear from its covering to show how the wound had healed.

M. J. cleared his throat. "I don't see how you stayed in the saddle from that bridge until daybreak when we got here," he said hoarsely. "Why, that bullet would have knocked me out of the saddle like like ——"

He was thinking of the boy of the guitar who had fallen at the bridge.

Then the low laugh again. "Say, *amigo mio*—say, mister, you're sure nervous as a filly about being caught makin' a move like a gamester!"

M. J. conned that all the next day.

Finally the night when Bart said he would be ready to ride in four or five nights more—word that M. J. had been tensely listening for, but just then he heard a light step in the next room, and his voice became very hushed

"I've been thinking that we'll ride north through the foothills, riding nights—keeping our eyes on ——"

"On what?" Bart asked.

"On the North Star"—in embarrassed tone.

"Why, we're not twenty-five miles from the border right now. We can do it in a night."

"But I've been thinking we'd better not enter the States on any of the regular roads."

Señorita Valencia was in the doorway

"You're the doctor!" Bart laughed.

Two nights later M. J. made Mamie fast in the low hills about three hundred yards from the Fonseca road directly back of El Relicario. One more trip, he thought, and he would be bringing both horses—then north with Bart among the foothills which he had explored so many days with one single fervent thought.

Nearing the old ranch house he moved around in front to approach by the road, but heard Mexican voices before reaching the gateway. Stealing closer he saw three ponies standing just within—carbine boots and saber sheaths! Only the *rurales* carried that outfit. He moved back and circled among the scented vine tangles of the grounds, at length drawing near an unglazed window of an empty room, which was just across a corridor from the little room where Bart lay. Faint reflection of the candlelight came from there, and careless strumming of a guitar and laughter of the Mexicans from the front of the house.

A light step at his left, a movement of white, visible as he turned—Valencia, alone in the grounds. Softly he called her name

"Oh, I prayed you would come, señor! The *rurales* are here. I have left them but a moment—saying I must dress." She was all in white, her face held close to his, the breath of her whispering part of the perfume of the dark.

"You must take him away tonight—now—or he will have to go with them. They are not quite sure yet it is he, but have sent for others in Fonseca who will know. Before the others come, while I keep these in the front of the house—you must take him to the mountains—to your country!"

"Have they got him in front with them?"

"No, he's still there, but one of the men is watching in the corridor. I have told them how ill he is!"

M. J. spoke swiftly. "I'll get the mare closer in, and be back to this window in ten minutes. Get word to Bart."

"I will try, or perhaps my mother. They are waiting for me in there now. I must keep them in the front!"

He heard the Mexican voices. "In ten minutes," he whispered.

He was running back toward Mamie's tether. No moon, but a haze of stars, fireflies in a near low tree—a perfumed humid night. Thoughts ran with him. It was like the mystery of life—her pale upheld face in the dark, with an untellable meaning for him alone, having to do with a corn-dust maiden, and what it would mean to have a love like that—so great that she could send

(Continued on Page 117)

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(Continued from Page 114)

her love away—"to the mountains, to your country!" -the breath of her whispering.

Mamie was dancing as his hands ran over the cinches.

"The job for our lives," he panted. "You're fit, little one. Won't be your fault. It's for him—for old Bob Leadley too!"

He was riding back. He could not bring the mare too near the ranch house on account of the *rurales'* horses standing in front. He made her fast in the rear grounds and on foot approached the unglazed window of the unused room. Perhaps Valencia had been unable to get Bart word, for he had not come. It had been less than ten minutes, if anything.

He waited a moment, then climbed into the empty room, crossing softly toward the faint sheen of light. Reaching the door, he could look across the corridor into the little room where a single candle burned. Only the foot of Bart's cot was visible.

Now a step sounded at his left, and he drew back into the dark. A Mexican approached, glanced into the little room, then turned back toward the patio—the *rural* pacing his post in the corridor.

M. J. craned forward as far as he dared: this time he saw the covering of the cot flick back, a single booted leg beneath. Something familiar in the way it jerked that second made him know that Bart was drawing a boot on the other leg. How could he let Bart know he had come? The slightest whisper impossible, as it was for him to cross the corridor with the sentry moving back and forth.

At this instant a liquid shower of chords sounded through the house—the great harp in the front room coming to life—Valencia's voice lifting above her own accompaniment:

"Cuando sali de la Habana,
Válgame Dios!"

A heartbreak in itself—that song.

At the same time, another voice from the patio—quavery tones of the old señora offering the sentry a glass of wine. Then tipping a little weakly, hatless, without coat, but fully booted, Bart Leadley showed himself in the opposite doorway. A cool laugh on the beaked face. M. J., darting a glance down the corridor, saw the back of the *rural's* head, and thrust out his hand to steady Bart across the corridor.

"Era la que me miraba
Diciendo adios."

They had crossed the empty room; M. J., outside the window, was helping Bart through—the *rural* still held to the patio end of the corridor by the señora—or was it by the song? Even in the fierce drum of his excitement, words of old Bob Leadley flashed in M. J.'s mind: "It's like the Virgin speaking to them." He could understand being held by that song; a wonder above everything that Bart could leave at all.

"Qui es mi persona
Cuentale lus amores."

They had crossed the grounds to Mamie's tether; Bart's left ankle was in his hand for a lift. He swung up behind on the spacious saddle tree; Mamie darting off in the dark toward high country with her double burden. Hauntingly from behind:

"Me la han matado
Me la han matado "

And from Bart: "That there song, mister, has followed me all the way!"

Miles back among the hills they picked up the sorrel; still no sound of pursuit. Then it was northward among the foothills—the North Star for M. J.'s eyes. At any moment he half expected to hear, "No, I'm not going to fall, mister," but tonight it was, "Don't stop for me. I'm sittin' easy."

Before daybreak they followed a little stream up higher—less volume but more noise all the way—and came to rest in the deep privacy of a sunless ravine.

The second night, long after midnight, they heard the far scream of a train from the north.

"The Mexican Pacific," suggested M. J.

"Where?" said Bart.

"That train."

"The Mexican Pacific cuts north through San Isidro Gorge, ten miles west of here. Ask old Mallethead. That's where we dragged him out of his Pullman."

"You think it's a U. S. transcontinental?"

"The States is a large place, I've heard, but I sure thought you'd know home when you got there."

But M. J. could hardly believe. A little later they caught a glimpse of the crawling serpent of coaches, faint lights for scales; and the first light of that day found them crossing the tracks—"Safety First," authoritative, like an eleventh commandment, on a big water tank in the dusk of morning.

M. J. kept Mamie's head straight north toward the mountains. He was taking a big chance to save fifteen miles, at least.

"If we were coming from the west we'd have to go to San Forenso first, but coming from the south like this—why, the cabin—it must be up yonder somewhere!" he explained. "Those are our mountains. I remember your father said you could look over into California and back into Sonora from just above the mine."

"It's giddap with me, doc. Persuade yourself," said Bart.

But the mountains that had looked so feasible from the railroad turned sinister and rebellious as they climbed. Twenty-five miles around would have been simple to the ten they had made before sundown—a waterless fight all the way. They were in the big timber of high country again in the lengthening shadows, and M. J. looked at the man beside him, riding on hard gray nerve; then at the drooping head of the mare in front. He had followed a sort of mania to get into high country, and had chosen wrong. It might be best to turn back now while there was a bit of light, but just then Mamie's ears pricked; her body came to life under the saddle. The sullen eye of the gelding caught a flash of her new fire.

She broke into a trot, starting down grade. They crossed a sloping bench of big timber and checked down into a valley open to the western light.

"I don't see any trail, but she's sure got an idea!" M. J. called.

In the open she veered swiftly to the left, making for a cañon mouth, and then in letters writhing a little before his dazed eyes: "ARE YOU DOOMED?" on its white rock. The living fact of the flats broke upon him.

"Why, we're home, Bart!" he gasped. "The cabin's back a ways. She's makin' for the last water."

"First water I've seen in some time," came from the other, as M. J. helped him down.

At breakfast five days later a curious quiet settled between the two men. There was a look in Bart's eyes that meant a move.

Life wasn't to go on this way; M. J. could see that much. He didn't know exactly what he wanted himself, but something was going to happen. In a wordless fashion he sat for a time, and another sentence of old Bob Leadley's cleared with deep meaning, "Why, I'd get lonesome for him when he was right in the room."

His eyes turned out the doorway to the corral.

Mamie was there in the morning light as he had seen her the first day. She was listening to something no one else could possibly hear; farther on, the sorrel sniffing at the cracks of the hay shed.

Finally M. J. broke the queer spell.

"I think I'd better not wait any longer before letting Mort Cotton know. You'd better not try to ride yet. I'll go down today and be back tonight."

"I'm ridin' too, mister."

"You're going back, Bart?"

"Back into Mexico?" the other laughed. "Why, you don't seem to believe I like it here. Pretty near everything here a man could want -don't you think?"

Just words, M. J. thought. He didn't see how Bart could forget; he couldn't if he had been in Bart's place.

"And I like to look and listen all around here," the other drawled on. "It's as if the old man left a word or two for me in everything."

"How long are you going to be gone?"

"I can't quite tell, but I'm meanin' to head back pretty soon."

"No need of me coming back tonight, then," M. J. said. "I've got to go to Los Angeles, and may as well make a trip of it, so long as you're going to be away."

"Where do you hang out in Los Angeles?"

M. J. didn't plan to go back to his former boarding house. He could only think of the old leather store. They rode out to San Forenso, where Bart left the sorrel and caught the stage west. M. J. spent two full days at Mort Cotton's ranch. It seemed, in that time, he did more talking than in all the weeks in Sonora. Then a long day in the train, and a busy forenoon in Los Angeles, before he skirted the Plaza and looked into the window of the old leather store. The dappled gray held his eyes.

It was like a man coming back to his nursery that hadn't been changed.

His lips moved. "Wouldn't Mamie shy if she passed that palfrey on a lonely road?"

But still M. J. felt that he lacked the cold nerve that some men lived with.

Inside they told him they had heard yesterday afternoon that he was back in town. A man had called there looking for him and had left a message.

"Some friends of yours at the Sunland—Suite 14," the paper read.

It wasn't Bart who opened the door of a lofty room at that *fonda* twenty minutes later, but the old don of El Relicario, and graciously behind, biding her time, the mother.

Then from an inner room—was the crucifix there, too, and the white flower?—came the corn-dust maiden—scent of jasmine that upheld face.

"Ah, señor, it was so brave of you!"

And behind her sounded the deep easy flowing laugh, and the words from Bart: "Everybody here but the *rurales*."

(THE END)

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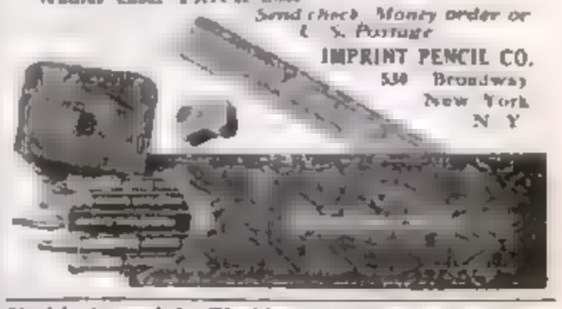

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STEPPING OUT INTO SPACE

(Continued from Page 13)

parachute inventors, like airplane inventors, have rarely been off the ground except on a stairway or elevator, and as a result the product of their genius is often impracticable. It is notorious that few, if any, improvements in the way of invention have ever been made in aëronautics by persons not acquainted with actual flying.

Not long ago an inventor tried to induce the Government to buy a parachute he had made. He graciously offered to let any aviator take it up in an airplane and try it out; but after careful scrutiny, no flyer volunteered for the test. In aëronautical terms, no parachute bait could be found. The aviators knew that the failure of a parachute to open represented the most colossal and complete failure in the life of an individual. As one flyer remarked, "No jumper has ever complained of his parachute not opening."

The inventor boasted and extolled the virtues of his device for several weeks, but nobody could be found who would go up and jump with it. The man argued that as he was not a flyer and knew nothing about aëronautics, he was not qualified to do his own jumping; but he explained how impossible it would be for his parachute to fail in opening, as the trick release mechanism would assure this important operation.

Failing to get the apparatus tested, the inventor began to charge the Army officials with dumbness, and even conspiracy against him, and threatened to sell his valuable product to a foreign government, thus placing America at a terrible disadvantage in any parachute jumping campaigns that might occur in future wars. He had spent considerable time thinking out the invention and needed returns. If he could not sell to the Government no other ready market remained, for parachutes would be hard to sell to the average citizen unless well advertised, and the inventor lacked funds for extensive advertising.

In desperation the inventor finally decided he would try the parachute himself if the Government would take him up in one of its airplanes so he could jump out. Officials told him this would be done provided he would wear one of the regulation parachutes to use in case his own should not come up to expectations. He agreed. An Army aviator took him up about a mile. Then the inventor crawled feebly out of the airplane and after hanging to the edge of the wing a minute let himself loose. He dropped like a bucket of BB shot. He kept on dropping, while spectators strained their eyes to see the parachute open.

When Lieutenant Macready Made the Altitude Record Flight, He Wore a Well-Tested "Nonskid" Parachute for Any Emergency

No Proxies Allowed

The aviator who flew the airplane nosed down and began to dive after the man; but even with the motor on, he could not keep the pace. The inventor could be seen clawing at the release mechanism of his pet apparatus, but no saving cloth shot out like an umbrella. A few seconds later, however, when near the ground, a disk of white silk unfolded above the falling man and his descent was checked. He had released the army regulation parachute and saved his life, his own invention failing entirely.

Upon landing, it was found that the release mechanism on the new-type parachute had jammed so thoroughly that a hammer, screw driver, tire irons and can opener had to be used to get the cloth out of the pack far enough for the wind to catch it. A motion-picture record of this jump is on file with the Army air service—to witness if I lie. A precedent was established by this experience, and now whenever a parachute inventor wants to have any of his new ideas demonstrated before the Government he is allowed to do the jump himself, provided he carries the tried-and-trusted parachute.

But even regulation parachutes have failed to open in a few instances, though the failures have nearly always been traced to accident and not to the inherent fault of the apparatus. A man once jumped from an airplane, but did not jump far enough away from the fuselage and fouled the elevator control beam; this broke his harness, after which he fell. In another instance two parachutes failed to open. This took place at a Florida flying station, when an Army sergeant, who had made exhibition jumps and had a reputation for being able to land on any particular spot by skillful manipulation of his parachute while descending, was killed.

Harris' Thrilling Tale

The sergeant carried two parachutes on the fatal jump; but strangely enough, neither opened. An examination later showed that the release cord on neither parachute had been pulled. Apparently the man had fainted or become paralyzed immediately after the leap. This opinion was held for several days after the accident, but it was difficult for airmen to believe such a thing had actually happened, and some mystery was attached to the matter. The case was cleared up, however, when friends sorting the man's personal effects to send home found a letter from a girl.

A vivid description of just how it feels to step out into space and not be able to locate the parachute release ring has been given by an aviator who lived to tell the tale. Lieut. H. R. Harris, of the Army air service, made this jump several months ago, and his story not only adds another thrill to aviation history but is a psychological study. His story was told in the official report on the accident. Harris, like Macready, was flying near Dayton, Ohio, but in broad daylight, within sight of many people, when the fabric began blowing off the wings of the airplane he was testing.

"As soon as I had determined that it was impossible to regain control of the airplane, there was only one thing to do in order to save my life. I knew that a collapse of this sort made it impossible to land the airplane safely, and if I stayed in the airplane I would undoubtedly be killed. I knew the next thing for me to do was to leave the airplane and trust my parachute. This was not so hard as it seems, for the plane was falling at an angle of about thirty degrees and portions of the wing structure were beginning to blow off. All that was necessary to do was release my safety belt and climb to the top of the fuselage, where the tremendous wind pressure would blow me clear of the airplane, and the next thing was to pull the parachute rip cord.

"I had never before made a parachute jump and had often vowed that I never would except in case of an emergency of this kind. I have had the duty of piloting airplanes for about fifty live parachute jumps and in each case, as I watched the expression on the man's face when he was

(Continued on Page 131)

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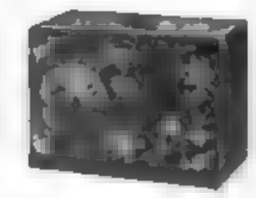

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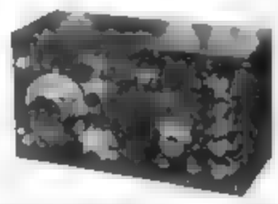

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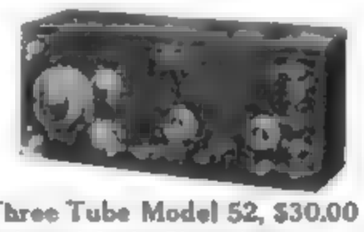

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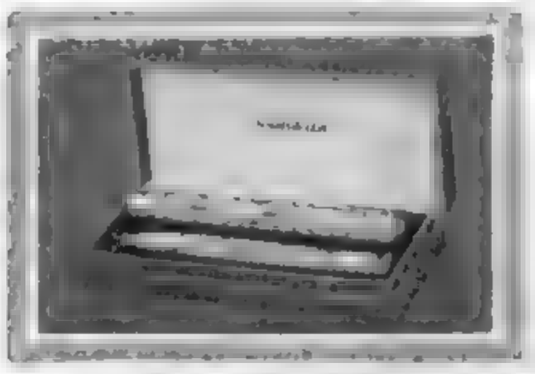

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BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON BARCELONA

(Continued from Page 118)

about to jump, I decided that it looked like too much of a mental strain to suit me. A surprising thing about the jump that I made in this case was that during the whole experience I did not become fearful of the consequences or feel any faintness or failure of my faculties.

"After leaving the airplane I looked down at my feet to help my hand locate the parachute release ring and realized that instead of looking down I was looking up and that my feet were pointing to the sky and my head toward the ground. I located what I thought was my ring and pulled. Nothing happened. I looked again and realized that I was spinning like a top, my head down and feet up. Three times I located what I thought was the release ring, but each time simply indicated to me that I was pulling on the leg-strap fitting of the harness, which is about three inches below the rip-cord ring. As soon as I realized what this was—after the third pull—I simply allowed my hand to travel up the harness, or run down toward my head, until I encountered the ring, which I pulled."

A Friendly Grape Arbor

"During this time my speed of descent must have been quite high; but at no time did I have any sensation of falling, and even with the extremely high wind velocity I had perfect control of my arms and could move them up and down my body at will.

"As soon as the release cord operated, I felt something snap within me and looked toward my feet, to find that I was looking down at the ground. The first thing that caught my eye was a school building, from which a stream of children was pouring. I then looked up at my parachute—not with any sense of relief, because I had none. It all seemed part of the program that the parachute would open without argument, and I remember admiring the beautiful silk of which the parachute was made. I could not understand how silk could be kept so white and clean, being packed under such varied conditions demanded in our airplane test work.

"Then I looked down again to see just where I was going to land. I remembered that the proper thing to do in landing was to pull one's legs up as if about to land on the ground after jumping off a high board fence. I also remembered that by grasping the parachute webbing with the arms additional assistance could be got in retarding the shock of landing.

"The sense of relative motion between the parachute jumper and the ground is very small, and until one is quite close to the ground he is not sure just where he is going to land. I saw beneath me a number of small houses and I did not know what to do about it. A man was running toward me on the ground, and at the last moment I saw that he would arrive under a grape arbor at the same time I arrived on top of it, and that we would probably meet on the ground.

"As soon as I saw the grape arbor I was very well satisfied, as I knew the frail laths of which it was built would easily give way and would break my fall to the ground.

"This is exactly what happened, the only damage that I suffered being a tear in the best pair of pants I own and some cuts on my shoes as I went through the arbor. The brick sidewalk below the arbor was not particularly resilient, but I was not rendered unconscious by the fall, although my physical condition was low on account of the terrific beating I had received on the legs from the control stick.

"I have no way of telling how high above the ground I was when the parachute opened except from the accounts of eyewitnesses of the accident, who estimated it to be about 500 feet. It can easily be seen that the time intervening from the beginning of the accident at an altitude of 2500 feet to when my parachute opened was not great, as both the airplane and I were falling at a high rate of speed. It is also evident that the human brain can in times of necessity operate with great rapidity. It is evident, too, that the mind overlooks unimportant details, because sometime during the descent I lost my pet flying goggles and have no idea when that horrible accident occurred."

The first time on record that a pilot had to urge and plead with his passenger to jump from a disabled airplane was last August near Washington, District of Columbia. An Army lieutenant at Bolling Field went up for a practice flight accompanied by a soldier passenger who had been in the air service only a short time. The aviator climbed to 4000 feet and began doing his daily dozen, which consisted of two loops, two barrel rolls, four wing-overs and four turns of a tail spin. Everything worked well until the last number on the program. At the fourth turn of the tail spin the pilot kicked the rudder over and put the controls in neutral and stopped the spin. The next move then was to bring the nose of the airplane up to the horizon. But when he pulled the elevator controls the ship's nose did not come up. Instead, it kept in the dive and began falling rapidly. All efforts to bring the airplane out of the dive which it had so strangely retained, failed.

As soon as the aviator realized the predicament he called to his passenger in the seat ahead, "Jump out!"

"Huh?" replied the man feebly.

"Jump! She's falling!"

The man looked blankly at the pilot and made no move to quit the premises. The ship was picking up terrific speed with each passing second.

A Balky Passenger

"Jump, dammit! Jump quick!" exclaimed the aviator, lifting the passenger by the shoulder and helping him out on a wing.

"But listen ——" began the man.

"Jump, I tell you, and do it now!" cried the pilot, pushing the man a little nearer the edge of the wing.

Then somehow the man got off and pulled his parachute release. The argument with the passenger began at 4000 feet and wound up at less than 1000, and when the pilot jumped he barely had enough altitude for his parachute to open. Both floated safely down the remaining few feet with their white silk parachutes in tow.

The soldier passenger, later explaining his reluctance to step overboard, stated that he had just drawn the parachute from his supply officer that day and was not absolutely sure it would open.

A few months before this last incident, an aviator was catapulted from an airplane and his passenger left behind. The passenger was a technical employe in the air service, accustomed to working around airplanes, and might have been expected to shift for himself when left alone with his parachute in a falling plane. Unfortunately, he did not shift, for some unknown reason. An extract from the proceedings of a board meeting held to investigate

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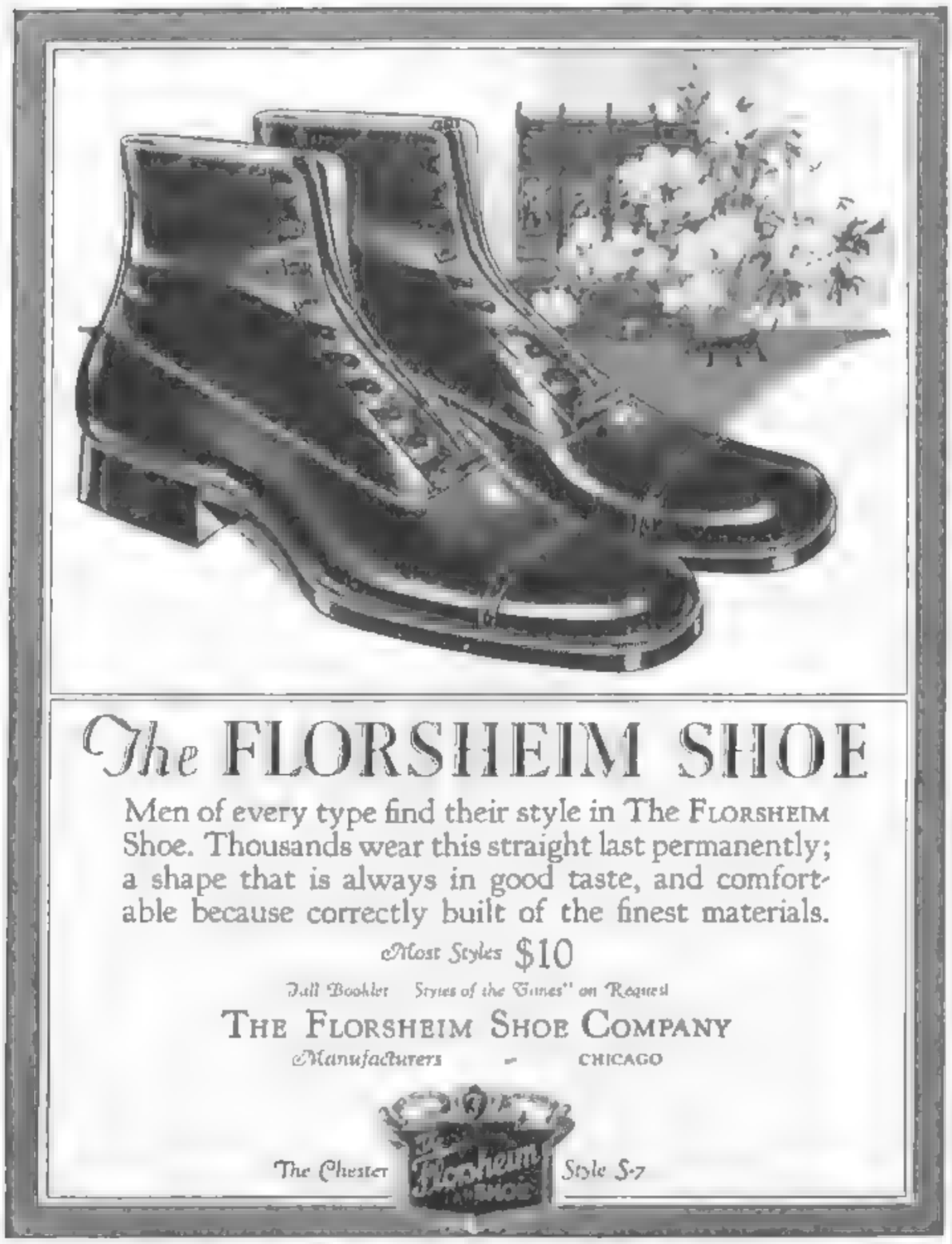

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Men of every type find their style in The Florsheim Shoe. Thousands wear this straight last permanently; a shape that is always in good taste, and comfortable because correctly built of the finest materials.

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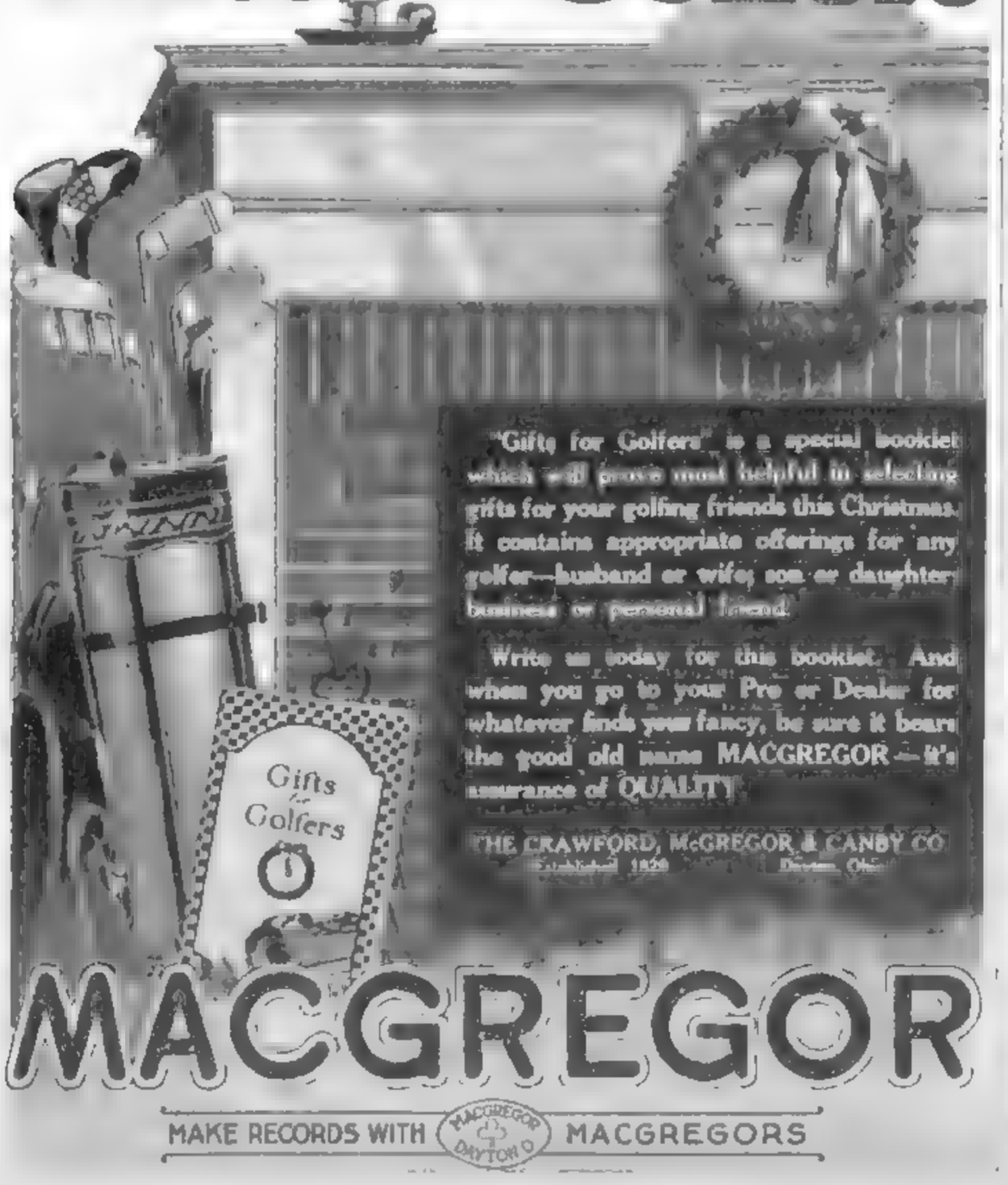
Gifts for Golfers



"Gifts for Golfers" is a special booklet which will prove most helpful in selecting gifts for your golfing friends this Christmas. It contains appropriate offerings for any golfer—husband or wife; son or daughter; business or personal friend.

Write us today for this booklet. And when you go to your Pro or Dealer for whatever finds your fancy, be sure it bears the good old name MACGREGOR—it's assurance of QUALITY!

THE CRAWFORD, McGREGOR & CANBY CO

Established 1829 Dayton, Ohio

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MAKE RECORDS WITH MACGREGOR DAYTON O MACGREGORS

this accident brought out the aviator's experience and gives an inkling of the work done by an Army test pilot:

"QUESTION *(by board member)*: Tell us about the accident

"ANSWER: Mr Sanders and I were up on an oscillation test with an X-C07—formerly known as DH-4M-1—No. P-332. These tests, the same as previous tests, were to be run at 3000 feet altitude, taking into consideration the ground altitude in accordance with barometer pressure, the altimeter being set accordingly at 775 feet before leaving the ground.

"We took off and started to climb toward Wilbur Wright Field, arriving at 3000 feet just as we were approaching the field. Then, leveling out, I opened my engine wide and started correcting my stabilizer to balance the plane so it would fly level with full engine and with hands off the controls. Immediately after determining this, and just after passing Wilbur Wright Field, I gave the control lever a little push forward to start the plane slightly downward and took my hands off the controls.

"The plane immediately started down, gaining speed very rapidly. I kept my hands off the controls until the air speed showed 140 m. p. h., and at this point I decided that it would not come out of the dive of its own accord and that I would have to pull it out. I immediately started to pull the plane out of the dive, but on attempting to do so discovered that it wasn't answering to the controls—due to the abnormal speed so quickly as was expected, and I was very careful to pull it out as easily as possible without putting any undue strain on the control surfaces.

"I was thinking of reaching down and rolling the stabilizer back slightly to assist in coming out of the dive, at which time the plane had gathered additional speed and had started rather severe wing flutter. At almost the same instant, it seemed, and before I could get any control of the plane to pull it out of the dive, it felt as though part of my tail plane surfaces had gone; and with a very apparent severe lunge the plane nosed straight for the ground and with no chance of control.

"It was at this point I was, so far as I remember, thrown clear of the machine, though noticing some little obstruction hindering me as I went out. I immediately thought of my parachute and reached to get my hand in the ring and found no trouble to do so. It seemed almost the instant I pulled the rip cord of the parachute the parachute opened and I felt a strong tug on my body, indicating that the parachute had opened. I was swaying, and momentarily saw the plane hit the ground a few hundred yards away, and within a very few seconds later I landed myself. It is my opinion that I pulled the parachute and it opened at not over 200 feet from the ground. I haven't any idea as to the altitude at which I was thrown from the plane except that it was below 1300 feet. I did not see Mr. Sanders, the observer, at all until after landing."

This aviator who was hurtled from his airplane was, as he stated, testing the machine for its flying qualities. This is an important work of the Army and Navy air services. McCook Field, at Dayton, Ohio, is an engineering and experimental station. All the new types of airplanes that are devised by various companies or individuals go to McCook Field for test before purchase by the Government. The planes are tested on the ground for stress and strain, and if they appear to have other essential flying qualities they are taken up for test flights. Naturally, the aviators who do this test piloting are the best in the service. A new type airplane may appear to be entirely correct in construction and aërodynamic theory, but until it is taken into the air and put through the paces, nobody knows for certain whether it will fly successfully or not.

The advance in engine power has made it possible to get nearly any kind of contraption with wings off the ground. As one test pilot remarked, "With a motor powerful enough, we can fly a front porch." And, indeed, some of the airplanes that nonflying inventors would have the Government buy resemble porches or verandas.

A test pilot is not required to take up a new plane that does not look safe or lucky to him. The new machines sit around a while for inspection and pilots may take them up when satisfied they can be safely flown. Several machines have been sitting on inspection for many months, awaiting pilots who feel lucky, but several of them will remain there many more months only looked at.

The use of parachutes, however, has emboldened aviators, and more jobs, as new planes are called, now get flown. If parachutes had not been so well developed, some of these planes might have rotted on their wheels. This is no discredit to the bravery of the American test pilots; it is just good sense. After the jobs have passed all tests and have been accepted by the Government, they are sent to the training schools, where they are called crocks—crocks, because so easily cracked at the hands of students.

The parachutes afford a big opportunity to study airplane failures. Formerly, when a new type airplane fell, the test pilot was killed and nobody ever knew what had happened. Now the pilot may jump out when something goes wrong, or sit still and get thrown out, and float down as a human caterpillar and tell the boys on the ground what happened.

Something important has been learned at every jump. The information is usually technical. But medical-flight research gained psychological data in the jump of Lieutenant Harris, who was unable to open his parachute for a long time after jumping. This particular jump was also cited by a few exponents of Einstein's theory of gravitation to show that the earth exerts no pull upon objects, otherwise Harris would have felt the force on his body. He only changed his system of coördinates, according to Einstein scientists, and did not really fall 2000 feet, but merely slid down a curve in space.

The Sidewalks of New York

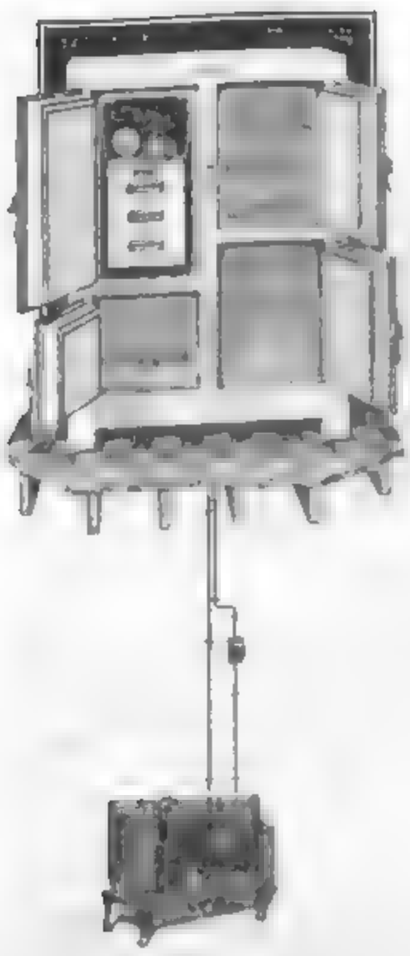
IN AN article by Earl Chapin May published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of October eighteenth, the words of the well-known musical composition entitled The Sidewalks of New York were quoted. Mr. May omitted, however, to state that both the words and music of this old song are still protected by copyright by The Pioneer Music Publishing Company, of which Mr. Maurice Richmond is the owner.

In the same article Mr. May attributed the authorship of Marcheeta to Mr. Frank Sheridan, of the John Franklin Music Company, the publisher of this song. The author and composer, however, is Mr. Victor Schertzinger.

Enfield Glen Near Ithaca, New York

The Wonder-Working Zone of Kelvination

—*in which foods keep fresh for days*



Just a few degrees below the temperature of the ordinary ice-cooled refrigerator is a colder zone that affects the keeping of food in a startling way. It is the zone where moisture crystallizes out of the air as frost, leaving the atmosphere dry, crisp and snappy. At this lower temperature the air in the refrigerator takes on the frosty "sting" of a sharp November night.

This is true *refrigeration* as produced by Kelvinator, the electric method. Foods placed in this dry, cold kelvinated air keep fresh and sweet for many days.

Many foods actually *improve* when kelvinated. Green salads, for example, "crisp up" until they almost fall apart at the touch of the fork. Meats mellow and acquire that delicious tenderness that few cooks obtain.

The hostess who serves kelvinated foods is constantly complimented on their deliciousness. More important still, she is independent of ice delivery and is free forever from its annoyance. Ice, however, is still available for use as Kelvinator freezes crystal-clear cubes for chilling beverages and other table purposes.

Kelvinator can be installed in your present refrigerator. Compared with ice it is an economy as well as a convenience. An illustrated descriptive booklet will be mailed gladly on request. © K C 1924

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Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

A cross section of the Sonora tone chamber. In [illegible] chamber is made [illegible]

From the swinging rhythm of a fox-trot · *to the harmonious strains of a Symphony*

-the same clear tone-*reproduced in all its original beauty*

MUSIC of the masters of song and string—compressed into records or cast into space on radio waves—

Whether it be an inspiring symphony—a marvelous voice—or haunting lighter melodies—it is yours to command.

And yet, the full beauty of it can be easily missed. Sound and tone are delicate. To be perfectly reproduced—whether from record or radio wave—they must be freed from mechanical imperfections—made to flow forth again in all their original loveliness.

FOR ELEVEN YEARS Sonora has had one single aim—perfect tone reproduction. Into the heart of every Sonora instrument—phonograph, radio-phonograph, or radio speaker—is built the famous Sonora tone chamber.

The Sonora tone chamber is all *wood*—but not *solid* wood, for, like solid metal, thick or thin, solid wood will add vibrations of its own.

Instead, ply upon ply of thin, seasoned wood is moulded around a form as perfect as the science of acoustics can make it. Each wafer-thin layer is set at cross-grain to the next. Between each pair of plies are spread sheer films of gum which function like the quicksilver coating on a mirror, neutralizing vibration and reflecting every faintest sound—not a single tone is added—none taken away.

Perfect tone—from air or record

Whether it be a symphony interpreted with the delicate beauty of stringed instruments—a marvelous voice—or the exhilarating rhythm of a fox-trot—Sonora reproduces it in all its original color. That is why Sonora is a favorite today among music lovers all over the country.

There is a Sonora for every home—and to fit every purse: from the Radio Speaker for $30 or the compact portable at $50 to the most beautiful period models—gems of the cabinet maker's art. In every Sonora you find two things—matchless reproduction built into an exquisite piece of furniture

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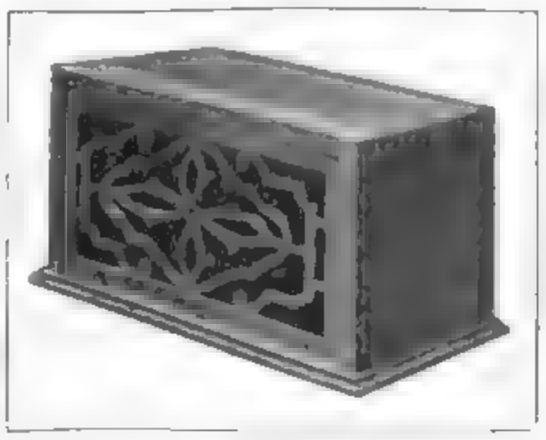
CLEAR AS A BELL

The Sonoradio instantly reproduces [illegible] phonograph [illegible] set. Price $235

One of the many exquisite Sonora period models—the Queen Anne. Price $350.



In the Sonora Radio Speaker for $30.00 the famous Sonora tone chamber has been made available for all radio users. You can now have the same pure tone in radio that Sonora has made possible in the phonograph

THE FIVE-PERCENTER

(Continued from Page 23)

the failure of an extensive speculation, made a fortune by promoting industrial combinations in tin, iron and steel. The operation consisted of gathering up a number of comparatively small competing plants in the same line of manufacture and consolidating them in a single company under one management; also, generously watering the capital stock. Whatever objections may be brought against the operation from the point of view of the common weal, all the companies are in a flourishing state and earning dividends on the capital stock issued, although none of them can be said to enjoy any monopolistic special privilege, for whatever benefits they derive from the tariff would apply equally to any competitor in the same field.

Besides some real estate, horses, furniture and jewelry the schedule shows $27,570,163 in securities. This includes $5,000,000 in Liberty Bonds and $1,400,000 in city bonds—which, being free from income tax, would have obvious attractions for a holder whose income would appear to have been not less than a million a year. Aside from those tax-free holdings there isn't a nickel of 5 per cent in the estate. All the remainder is in stocks of banks, manufacturing and trading companies, coal mines, coal railroads, insurance companies. No 5 per cent.

Not a great while before his death the late J. P. Morgan was quoted as saying that he held no bonds. Excepting tax-free government and municipal issues, you will find surprisingly little 5 per cent in the estates of other very rich men. By and large, the fortune-making promoter, developer or manager sells bonds to the public, but doesn't hold them himself except when they are tax-free. The 5 per cent money comes from other sources—which statement may be offensive to progressive economists who maintain that watering stock, getting a monopoly on something or sweating labor is practically the only way of accumulating enough money to buy a bond with.

Two hundred years and more ago, back in the reign of Queen Anne, the going rate of interest on good security got down to 5 per cent. At that time the ordinary rate of wages for common labor in England was not more than thirty-five cents a day in our money. A year's interest on $1000 would buy 150 days of common labor. At present in the eastern part of the United States a year's interest on $1000 will buy about thirteen days of common labor. Investment capital is about the one thing that for 200 years has steadily tended to get cheaper. War may give it a temporary boost, but by nature it is a sinker. Yet it accumulates faster than almost anything else, and the more capital a country has the more rapidly it accumulates.

The Era of Accumulation

Capital and labor is one common term for a portentous modern quarrel; but beyond any question, the more capital, the better off labor is. If you take the man who just invests money in business, with no share whatever in management, as capitalist pure and simple a great many such men being, in fact, simple enough to make up for whatever they may lack in purity—then his wages have been going downhill all the time while labor's wages have been going uphill.

The accumulation struck good going about 150 years ago, so the era of capitalism which many people deplore is usually taken as having begun about then. Of course there was capital long before that, but mostly in such a pindling, precarious state that nobody paid attention to it. Only about 150 years ago did it begin to make an important stir in the world.

At that time the going rate of wages for common labor in London was eighteenpence a day. A few miles outside of London the common wage was fourteenpence a day, and in a great part of Scotland it was tenpence. Wheat in England and oats in Scotland were the staples of a laborer's diet. Wheat was a little under a dollar a bushel and oats considerably cheaper than that; but even so, all you can make out of labor's cost-of-living problem is that it somehow managed to live.

Three years before the Battle of Lexington an act of Parliament fixed the wages of journeyman tailors in London at sixty-three cents a day of our money. About that time it was remarked with complacency that an industrious journeyman shoemaker in London might hope to earn forty pounds a year. Burns' poem, The Cotter's Saturday Night, pictures a household such as was very common in Scotland before the capitalistic era. A cotter got the occupancy of a cottage, rent free, enough grass to feed a cow, a small plot to raise vegetables in, and the use, on his own account, of one or two acres of arable land—usually, it appears, the least desirable plowland on the place. In return he was bound to work for the landlord whenever his services were required, and when so employed the landlord paid him wages consisting of two pecks of oatmeal a week. When the landlord did not require his services he was free to work for anybody else, and it is recorded that he would often accept work at less than the going rate of tenpence a day.

Wages in London were nearly double the wages in Scotland, but common labor was not encouraged to move around in the hope of bettering its condition. Probably, in its starveling and illiterate condition, labor was not much inclined to move anyway. But there were poor laws to check whatever inclination it had. From a great deal of scattered evidence it seems quite plain that the general scheme for dealing with labor in those happy times before the advent of capitalism was to pay wages sufficient to keep a laborer alive when he was in good luck; but as he was always liable to strokes of bad luck through dull trade, crop failures, illness, accidents and the like, some provision had to be made for keeping him alive then—especially after Henry VIII varied the monotony of getting married by suppressing the monasteries, which had made an attempt to justify their large revenues by charity to the poor.

When Labor Was Stationary

So every parish was required to take care of its indigent inhabitants, which was naturally a great nuisance to the taxpayers. Frequent legislation on the subject shows that pauperism was a subject of first-rate economic importance, and that it was studied almost wholly from the point of view of the good citizens who had to foot the bill. There was a lively and edifying competition among parishes, each striving to unload its indigent inhabitants on some other parish. To discourage that, laws were passed from time to time prescribing the condition under which a poor man might move from one parish to another. In brief, he had to give some surety to the parish into which he moved that he would not become a charge upon it. You can understand that a man who had nothing in the world save his labor and a few sticks of furniture, yet was encumbered with arms and legs that might get maimed and a body that was liable to disabling diseases, would not find it easy to furnish a satisfactory indemnity. If he was in a position to give surety, probably he wouldn't care to move.

That helped to keep labor stationary, and wages also. It was remarked that wages in some parts of England and Scotland scarcely varied in half a century. But they had other ways of teaching labor to take what was set before it and be duly thankful. One of the most popular, employed again and again, was to fix maximum wages by law, almost always maximum wages, not minimum. Law was used to keep wages down, not up. Many acts of Parliament to that pious end might be cited going back to the fourteenth century. Perhaps an even more effectual check upon any uppish tendency on the part of labor consisted of stern laws forbidding workmen to combine. It may be noted in passing that this disability was removed only in 1824 when capitalism had got well under way. Before that time employers were legally free to combine, but counter combination by workmen was threatened with stiff penalties.

But even 150 years ago, with the slow accumulation of capital there had been a slow rise in wages. Four hundred years earlier the wage of a master mason was fourpence a day, which then represented about the same amount of silver as a shilling at present.

One can go back of that to the depths of the Middle Ages when there was no capital to speak of. There are no wage-rate and cost-of-living statistics for that time, but

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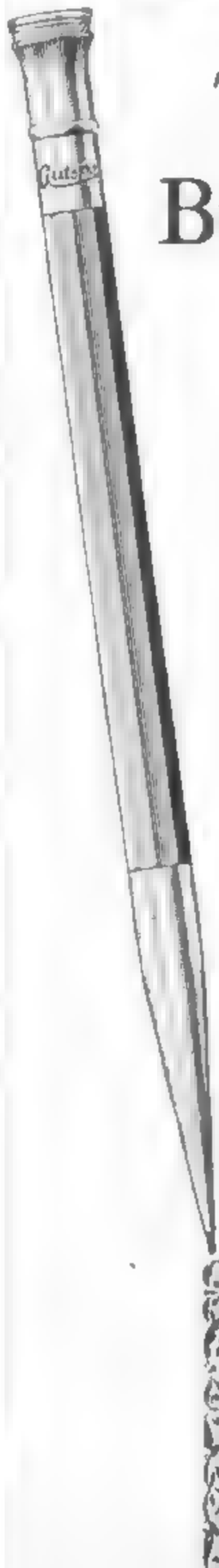

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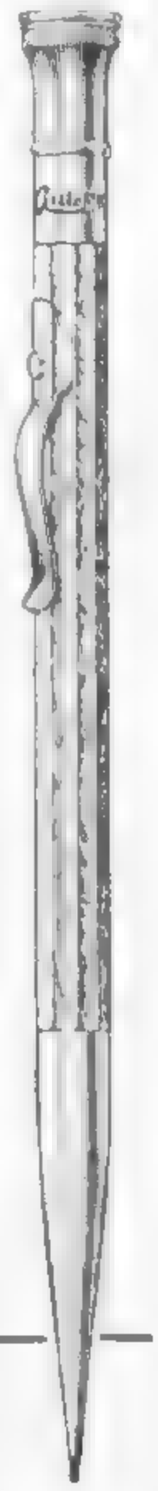
Mechanically it is the simplest pencil made, with but two moving parts. Its onyx-like finish is ever new—it never gets "old." Such a gift as this outlasts, outlives the ordinary "souvenir." Its value, thousands say, is much greater

The new Autopoint is the pencil with 3 exclusive big features. Today business men everywhere know it, like it. As a gift from you it is doubly appreciated.



Autopoint's 3 Outstanding Exclusive Features

1 The famous "neutral zon[illegible] on exclusive patent. When the lead is exhausted, the feeding mechanism goes into "neutral"—it cannot "jam" [illegible] is what breaks ordinary mechanical pencils

2 Bakelite barrel—an onyx-like, permanent light-weight material [illegible] dent or tarnish. Most beautiful substance ever used for pencils.

3 Simplest and smoothest working mechanism. Nothing to go wrong—only two moving parts.

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and many manufacturers, bankers, etc., everywhere.

Write, today, on your letterhead for full details, prices, etc. Do not delay—write now.

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Important to Dealers:

This cabinet features a most attractive line of standardized, nationally advertised men's pocketbooks. On your counter it will bring you new and increased business. Write for attractive proposition.

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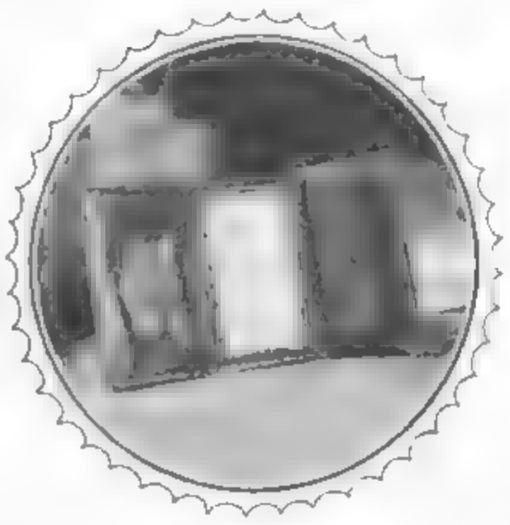

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Just Between Friends

QUITE naturally dogs love SPRATT'S, because it keeps them healthy and vigorous and always appeals to their appetites.

And cats like it, too!

SPRATT'S dog food is a complete diet, containing all of the necessary building elements for bone and body. It is very economical and not mussy to feed.

Try SPRATT'S Ovals, the pocket dog biscuit for all sizes and breeds. And be sure to give the cat a treat by feeding it a few.

Insist on the genuine SPRATT'S or your pets will be disappointed. If your dealer cannot supply you, send for sample and enclose 2c for new book, No. 124, on the care and feeding of dogs.

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED
Newark, New Jersey
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there is something rather better. About 700 years ago some unknown Frenchman wrote a tale called Aucassin and Nicolette, which is regarded as a masterpiece of medieval literature—also the chief prototype of the sentimental drool in which we now flounder. All the same, the tale contains fine descriptions and a vivid presentation of the state of common labor.

The story sets forth that Count Garin of Beaucaire had an only son named Aucassin, who was "tall and shapely of body, with golden hair that curled around his head, and gray and dancing eyes." At Hollywood he might have found something profitable to do. At Beaucaire he only fell in love with Nicolette, whom a viscount of that town had bought with money from the Saracens. She also had golden hair "with little lovelocks, her eyes blue and laughing, her face most dainty to see, with lips more vermeil than ever was rose or cherry in time of summer heat."

Naturally the viscount considered her an excellent investment; and Count Garin, with proper respect for a vested interest—also, perhaps, in fear of damages—didn't propose to have his son interfering with a young female for whom his neighbor, the viscount, had paid good money to the Saracens. So young Aucassin sat around the house howling for Nicolette. There was war and the castle was attacked. Count Garin besought his dippy son to exhibit a trace of intelligence and self-respect by going out to fight the enemy; but not a stump would the hero stir until he got Nicolette. The tale mentions that the count was old and ailing, which doubtless explains why he used arguments with the young man instead of a bed slat. But after a while Nicolette got away from her viscount and escaped into the forest. Aucassin escaped after her. Riding through the woods, blubbering for his girl, he comes upon a man who is described thus:

"Tall he was and marvelously ugly and hideous. His head was big and blacker than smoked meat. The palm of your hand could have gone between his eyes. He had very large cheeks and a monstrous flat nose; teeth yellow and foul. He was shod with shoes and gaiters of bull's hide bound about the legs with rope."

Confronted by this formidable person, fright took Aucassin's mind off his amorous affliction for a moment, and the man asked him what he was crying about. Being a liar, like all truly sentimental souls, the young gentleman answered that he had lost a white greyhound, the swiftest in the world, wherefore he wept.

"Hear him!" cried the man, with commendable indignation. "By the sacred heart, and you make all this lamentation for a filthy dog! . . . For my part I have full reason to weep and cry aloud."

"And what is your grief, brother?" asks Aucassin.

The Price of Liberty

The man answers, "Sire, I will tell you. I was hired by a rich farmer to drive his plow with a yoke of four oxen. Now three days ago, by great mischance, I lost the best of my bullocks, Roget, the very best ox in the plow. I have been looking for him ever since and have neither eaten nor drunk for three days, since I dare not go back to town because men would put me in prison, as I have no money to pay for my loss. Of all the riches of the world I have nought but the rags upon my back. My poor old mother, too, who had nothing but one worn-out mattress, why, they have taken that from under her and left her lying on the naked straw. That hurts me more than my own trouble. And you—you weep aloud for a filthy cur! Sorrow take him who shall esteem you more!"

It transpired that the value of the lost bullock was twenty sous, which Aucassin—his only creditable action—handed over. We don't know what this laborer's wages were, but we know he could not scrape up twenty sous to keep himself out of jail and save his mother's one mattress. The price of the bullock shows that they were in the ideal economic condition. There was almost no capital and no money. The tale emphasizes that Nicolette had been bought from the Saracens "with money"—a commodity so rare that its use was worth noting. Nobody could buy anything except for immediate use; nobody could start anything, and labor went to jail for lack of twenty sous.

For town workmen this was the age of the guilds. The theory was that a master workman took into his shop, which was usually a part of his dwelling, one or more apprentices, who might be ten to twelve years old. They lived with him during the time for which they were bound, seven years being a common term, and the master taught them the trade. At the end of the apprenticeship they became journeymen and were free to work for that master or another one for wages until they accumulated sufficient capital to set up a little shop of their own, take in apprentices and hire journeymen. Thus every apprentice would become an independent master workman doing business on his own account.

But like other golden ages, this one never really happened. As a rule in England and on the Continent no one could ply a trade in a town without belonging to that trade guild, which was a legislative body, run by the masters, that laid down all rules and regulations for the trade. As far back as any glimpse of the system can be had there were many more apprentices and journeymen than masters, and a decided tendency to limit the number of masters; also a tendency to hand down mastership from father to son.

Whom Did They Blame?

As to what relations between employer and employe finally grew out of the system, we have the testimony of Adam Smith, than whom no better reporter of conditions under his own eyes ever wrote. It is true that in his time the guild system, after long, slow decay, was passing away; but the typical capitalistic condition of big business, big factories, mass employment, had not yet fairly begun. The usual situation was a small shop, often in the master's house, with comparatively few workmen. As I mentioned before, the latter were forbidden to combine. Here is the passage from The Wealth of Nations:

"We rarely hear, it has been said, of the combinations of masters, though frequently of those of workmen. But whoever imagines on this account that masters rarely combine is as ignorant of the world as of the subject. Masters are always and everywhere in a sort of tacit but constant and uniform combination not to raise wages. To violate this combination is everywhere a most unpopular action, and a sort of reproach to a master among his neighbors and equals. We seldom hear of this combination because it is the usual and, one may say, the natural state of things. Masters, too, sometimes enter into particular combinations to sink the rate of wages below the current rate. These are always conducted with the utmost secrecy, until the moment of execution, and when the workmen yield without resistance, though severely felt by them, the affair is not heard of by other people. Such combinations, however, are frequently resisted by a contrary defensive combination of the workmen; who sometimes, too, without any provocation of this kind combine of their own accord to raise the price of their labor. Their usual pretenses are sometimes the high price of provisions, sometimes the great profit which their masters make by their work. But whether their combinations be offensive or defensive, they are always abundantly heard of.

"In order to bring the point to a speedy decision they always have recourse to the loudest clamor, and sometimes to the most shocking violence and outrage. They are desperate and act with the folly and extravagance of men who must either starve or frighten their masters into immediate compliance with their demands. The masters upon these occasions are just as clamorous upon the other side, and never cease to call aloud for the assistance of the civil magistrates and the rigorous execution of those laws which have been enacted with so much severity against the combinations of servants, laborers and journeymen. The workmen accordingly very seldom derive any advantage from the violence of these tumultuous combinations, which partly from the intervention of the civil magistrates, partly from the superior steadiness of the masters, partly from the necessity which the greater part of the workmen are under of submitting for the sake of present subsistence, generally end in nothing but the punishment or ruin of the ringleaders."

I don't know just what they blamed the greed, folly, cruelty and violence of human nature on in those days before they had a big-business, capitalistic system to blame them on. By the way, you have read a

(Continued on Page 129)

Nothing takes the place of

LEATHER

Smart Without Smarting

BOTH men and women want smart shoes, but never smarting feet. That is the rub! That puts the question squarely up to material.

A shoe must start smart and stay smart, if it is to endure as a style proposition. Shapes may change, but not material. So the leading manufacturers are showing their style lines this fall and winter with leather soles and heels. The public has rendered its verdict.

It wants smart shoes without smarting feet—it wants leather.

There are those who are interested in the question of health, as well as of comfort and style. They don't want spreading soles, turning up at the sides and distorting the feet. They have also found that physical stimulation of the nerves, as gently provided by leather* heels, is beneficial.

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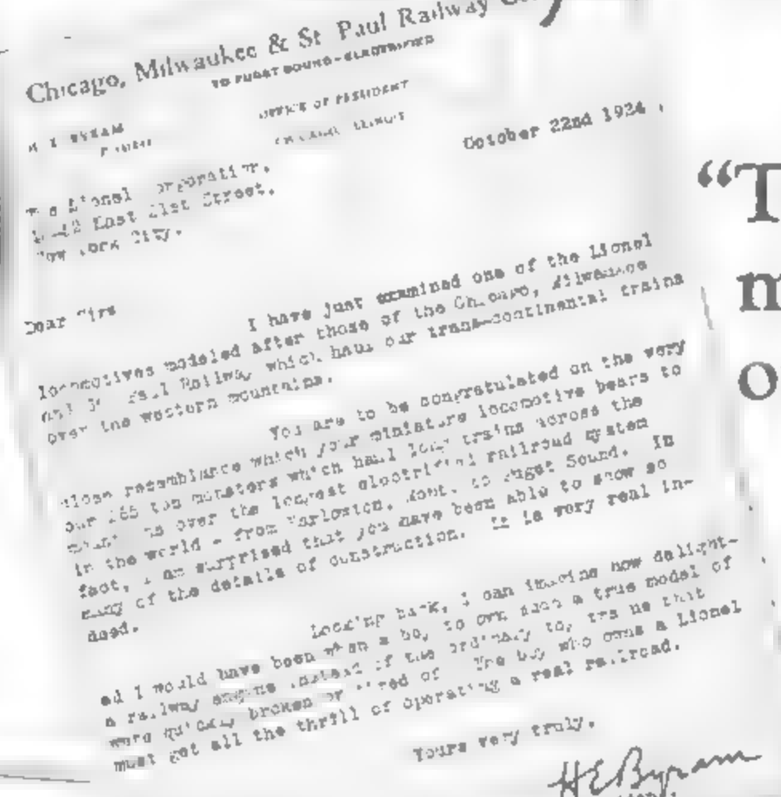
*Leather is fibrous with millions of tiny nostril-like air spaces which inhale and exhale with every step. This allows the feet to breathe. Air is also a non-conductor of heat, hence with leather soles your feet are cooler in summer and warmer in winter

What a Big Railroad Man Says about Lionel

H. E. Byram, President of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway



Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway Company

OFFICE OF PRESIDENT

October 22nd 1924

Lionel Corporation,
48-52 East 21st Street,
New York City.

Dear Sirs

I have just examined one of the Lionel locomotives modeled after those of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, which haul our trans-continental trains over the western mountains.

You are to be congratulated on the very close resemblance which your miniature locomotive bears to our 265 ton monsters which haul long trains across the mountains over the longest electrified railroad system in the world - from Harlowton, Mont. to Puget Sound. In fact, I am surprised that you have been able to show so many of the details of construction. It is very real indeed.

Looking back, I can imagine how delightful I would have been when a boy, to own such a true model of a railway engine. Almost the ordinary toy trains we then had were quickly broken or worn out. The boy who owns a Lionel must get all the thrill of operating a real railroad.

Yours very truly,

H E Byram
President.

"The boy who owns a Lionel must get all the thrill of operating a real railroad"

This is a photograph of the marvelous Lionel Model Locomotive referred to in Mr. Byram's letter, coupled to a long train of Lionel Model Cars. The complete train as shown is Outfit 346.

THAT is the statement of a man who knows the latest developments in railroading.

He knows, too, that boys always want trains and equipment that are true to life—that not only *look* like real trains, but *operate* as real trains do.

For 25 years Lionel has specialized in the manufacture of model electric railroads—*not mere "toys"*. Since 1900 Lionel products have been "Standard of the World". Lionel has always pioneered in the development of electric model trains.

The only difference between Lionel and real trains is the size.

Take father with you to see Lionel Trains demonstrated. He will get the same thrill out of them that you do. The power, the beauty, the *realness* of Lionel Trains and Accessories are enough to delight anybody.

When a fellow buys a Lionel Model Train, Crossing Gate, Signal Tower, Switch or any of the many other realistic Lionel railroad devices he knows that he has really *got* something of permanent and lasting interest and value.

Complete Lionel "O" Gauge Model Railroads are priced as low as **$5.75**—and a marvelous train for Lionel "Standard" Track, *with illuminated coaches*, at $16.50. (Prices slightly higher in the Far West.) There are many other complete outfits to suit every purse.

Be sure to see these wonderful trains in your town at department, electric, sporting goods, toy or hardware stores.

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Don't fail to write for your copy of the wonderful 44-page Lionel Catalog—illustrated throughout in 4 colors. It is **free.**

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The Lionel Bell Warning Signal—As the train approaches the grade crossing, bell automatically rings—stops ringing as soon as train has passed. Steel construction throughout.

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The LIONEL CORPORATION

Dept. F 48-52 E. 21st Street NEW YORK CITY

LIONEL ELECTRIC MODEL RAILROAD ACCESSORIES TRAINS

"MULTIVOLT" TRANSFORMERS

(Continued from Page 126)

thousand times that capitalism is at the bottom of nearly all wars, which would imply that there were hardly any wars before capitalism. But there were some very disagreeable experiences, such as the period from 1618 to 1648, when the population of Germany was reduced from 20,000,000 people to 6,000,000, a great many of the towns were laid in ashes and big districts turned into empty wildernesses. History calls it the Thirty Years' War, but there was no capitalism in it. Whatever you call it, people were pretty constantly engaged in trying to cut one another's throats wholesale before there was any big business to struggle for markets. It is fairly a wonder that anybody was left alive with a shirt to his back. In discussing capitalism or anything else it is well to remember that men have never been any better than they are now. Society has never before been as well ordered as it is now.

Adam Smith remarks that in his day—say 1775—the annual produce of the land and labor of England was greater than it had been a little more than a century before at the restoration of Charles II, and at that time it was greater than it had been 100 years earlier at the accession of Elizabeth, while in Elizabeth's time the country was more prosperous than it had been in the fifteenth century at the end of the Wars of the Roses, and the Wars of the Roses left the nation better off materially than it had been at the Norman Conquest, and William the Conqueror found a country more improved and prosperous than Julius Cæsar had discovered when he landed on the coast of Kent in 55 B C. and made the acquaintance of a native population that was in about the same state as the North American Indians 1700 years later.

But in all that long stretch government had done more to retard the prosperity of the country than to promote it—by wars, extravagance, stupidity and oppression. "Thus in the happiest and most fortunate period of them all, that which has passed since the restoration of Charles II, how many disorders and misfortunes have occurred from which, could they have been foreseen, not only the impoverishment but the total ruin of the country would have been expected? The great fire of London and the plague"—of 1665, when about 40 per cent of the people who remained in London are supposed to have died—"the two Dutch wars, the disorders of the revolution, the four expensive wars of 1688, 1702, 1742 and 1756, together with the two rebellions of 1715 and 1745." How, in spite of all that, did the nation manage to grow richer? Adam Smith answers, "In the midst of all the exactions of government, capital has been silently and gradually accumulated by the private frugality and good conduct of individuals, and by their universal and continual effort to better their own condition."

Capitalism Means Freedom

When that was penned England was at the point of embarking upon twenty years of almost constant warfare—first with the American colonies, then with France under the revolutionary government and under Napoleon—on a scale of expense far greater than anything that had gone before, so that by the end of the period the national debt had risen to £875,000,000. But in only a little while England was richer than ever, through "the private frugality and good conduct of individuals, and by their universal and continual effort to better their own condition."

They had a decidedly fairer chance to do that than ever before; and that precisely is how this monstrous growth of capital came about. Taking 1775 as an approximate rough-and-ready dividing line, the rule up to that time had been government regulation and monopoly. Government was regulating everything and everybody, or trying to. The statute books from the beginning down to that time are dotted with laws fixing prices, fixing wages, and prescribing conditions under which trade and manufacture might be carried on. The guilds themselves were monopolies, or tried to be. Generally they not only fixed prices, binding on all members, but laid down more or less minute rules and regulations as to processes and methods. An eminent French socialist has likened them to a feudal castle which protected, but imprisoned, those within its walls. For example, we find a Florentine cooper complaining that he had been boycotted by his guild because he bent his barrel staves by means of water, which was not the prescribed way, but an improvement on it. In the same place a guildsman was forbidden to invite into his own shop a stranger who had stopped to examine a neighbor's display of goods, or to send a piece of cloth to a customers' house on approval.

Obviously all this regulating tended powerfully to check improvements and progress. Rigid regulating can never have any other effect. As long as the guild system persisted, instances of this effect kept developing. As late as 1765 the use of an improved method of carding wool was forbidden in England under penalty of a fine. Meanwhile government also was taking a hand at fixing and regulating on all sides. Stone fences were set up all over the place. For instance, manufacturers were forbidden by law to open a shop and sell goods at retail. They must keep to their own side of the fence.

The gist of the system called capitalism consisted in throwing down the fences and saying to everybody, "Go to it." About that time, in a free field, men began intensively applying thought to industry. Probably in proportion to population the application of muscle was as great in the time of Aucassin and Nicolette as it is now. At any rate work days were longer and nearly everybody has always worked. But there was slight application of mental labor and consequently very little surplus of production over consumption. The prodigious difference in the wealth of the world now and then is mainly a mental product—practically an invention spun out of human brains, like the airplane and wireless.

Beginnings of Fire Insurance

Here is a piece of paper, familiar to everybody, called a fire-insurance policy. There is such a piece of paper for almost every structure nowadays; but when the great fire mentioned by Adam Smith destroyed a large part of London in 1666 there was no insurance. Houses had always been burning up, sometimes ruining their owners, and for more than 300 years the principle of insurance had been applied to marine risks, but nobody had applied it to houses. Fourteen years after the great fire a private company opened an office to insure against loss by fire. The promoters had kept track of the number and value of houses burned yearly in London since 1666 and so figured out a basis on which to write insurance. Yet the idea was pushed with so little energy that nearly 100 years later not one house in twenty was insured. But in time other companies were formed, striving for business in an effort to better their own condition—in other words, to make a profit. That is how fire insurance was made popular and useful.

Fire-insurance companies are now big reservoirs of capital, and they help on the general accumulation by protecting individuals against the destruction of their capital by fire. Directly, they put out no fires and build no houses, but only apply the idea of distributing fire hazard among all house owners. The idea of insurance is older than the companies, but it was privately owned companies working for their own profit that put the idea into general use. In 1693 an eminent British mathematician worked out a scientific basis for life insurance from a study of the annual record of deaths in proportion to population in London and some other cities. But nothing of a practical sort came of it until sixty-nine years later, when a company was organized in London for the insurance of lives and the profit of its stockholders. That was the beginning of practical life insurance, and the motive was dividends.

A book written about 130 B.C. contains a description of a steam engine. Another one of a different pattern is described in 1601, and in 1698 a steam engine was built to pump water in England. But the beginning of steam as a practical force in the world dates from 1775, when James Watt, inventor, and Matthew Boulton, manufacturer, set up a partnership to exploit steam for profit—to be followed by Robert Fulton with a commercial steamboat, and George Stephenson with a commercial railway locomotive. Anyone is privileged to doubt that Watt, Fulton and Stephenson would have got a chance to show what they could do under the old scheme of regulating, fixing and bounding. The applied idea of steam has created a great lot of modern wealth. One might go on with electricity, internal-combustion engines, and so on. The wealth

"I would rather see our boy a cripple"

How often you see in the papers, or hear whispered through the neighborhood, the name of some boy who has utterly disgraced himself. And then thinking of your boy, tucked safely in bed above stairs, you have said, "I'd rather see him a cripple than befouled like that."

And yet that other boy was as straight as your son, once. One hundred chances to one, undesirable associates met in play, or undesirable associates met in reading, gave him his first warped thoughts which in time he turned into crooked actions. And your boy—the chap who looks you square in the face—he some day must face and come to conclusions with the same temptations, the same trials of character, as did the boy who wavered and then took the wrong road.

It is the things that get into a boy's mind from ten years old to twenty that settle his fate for life. In these formative years his imagination is at white heat. His energy is prodigious. Adventure invites him from every corner. The glamor of the spectacular and untried is seductive.

The greatest task you will ever tackle is guarding and guiding your boy through these dangerous years. You will give your utmost. What more can you do? Hundreds of thousands of parents have asked themselves that question. And have found the answer to be The American Boy, the magazine that has been chum, guide, counsellor, instructor and friend to the cream of America's boyhood for more than a quarter of a century. Each month it will bring your boy a quality and quantity of inspiration that you alone cannot hope to supply. Give it to him.

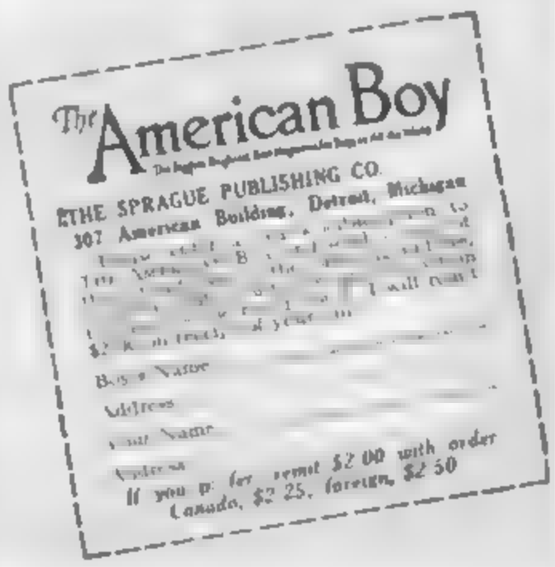
Into the pages of The American Boy are woven wonderful stories of adventure in the world your boy will face—adventures in business, science, nature and public affairs. Life is there in all its reality and romance. The men and boys who live and work and play in its pages are real men and boys of the very kind your son will know. With them he will face temptations and tests of character that strain every capacity. From every story your boy will learn a lesson in life that will strengthen the sinews of character.

None of these stories and articles happen by chance. Their subjects are selected in editorial conference. Writers are picked—men whose ability to go straight into the boy heart has been tested and proved: Clarence B. Kelland, William Heyliger, Ellis Parker Butler, James B. Hendryx, Ralph Henry Barbour, Ralph D. Paine and a host of others—men who draw on their infinite experience with boys and love for them, and write from the heart as well as the head. Such are the men who make The American Boy.

Your boy wants and needs The American Boy. He needs its companionship—its leadership, its stimulus to sleeping capacities. He wants its corking stories, replete with thrills and hearty laughs; its articles, chock-full of desired information on his favorite sports, interests and hobbies.

Now is a splendid time to find out how eagerly your boy will welcome The American Boy. Christmas is coming. Give your boy, or any other boy you want to see get ahead, a year's subscription to The American Boy. Sign and send coupon below. You need send no money. We will send him the beautifully illustrated current issue of The American Boy. Watch how he devours story after story, with appetite kindled for more. Read it yourself and see the multitude of fine influences that your boy will absorb and make a part of himself. A bill for $2.00, covering a year's subscription, will be sent you later, unless you notify us to the contrary within 10 days.

$2.00 a year by mail. 20 cents a copy at news-stands. Subscribe for a year, or leave a standing order with your news-dealer.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For Lasting Satisfaction
SHREWD imitators know that the buying public creates its own standards of excellence. That is why so many "nameless" shaving brushes are now made up to look exactly like the Albright Rubberset.
But Rubberset quality cannot be imitated so easily. There is only one manufacturer, who guarantees unconditionally that the bristles will never come out—Rubberset Company. The bristles are gripped everlastingly in hard rubber—they stay In!
For real shaving brush economy, comfort and satisfaction, demand a genuine Albright Rubberset—and get it. Made by Rubberset Co., Newark, N. J., U. S. A.
Look for the Bull Dog Tag attached to every brush.
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SHAVING BRUSH

has come from ideas applied for profit in a free field. Labor not only uses invented machinery but is more intelligent and has applied the idea of organization to its own profit

In a free field people are thinking out wealth. The greatest of gold deposits, in South Africa, would have been useless in 1775 or even 100 years later. Before the cheap cyanide process and other improvements in mining were thought out, to extract the gold from such low-grade ores would have cost more than the metal was worth. Watt, Fulton, Stephenson, and so on, got patents on their inventions, and took royalties for the use of their ideas for a while, but after paying the inventor his royalty the community was richer. Owing to the great expense of separating the seed from the lint, cotton was a very minor source of wealth before Eli Whitney invented the gin. The inventor and his partners first proposed to levy a toll of one-third on the whole crop; but they had to put up with less. Until after the Civil War cottonseed was a nuisance involving an expense, like any other rubbish that has to be burned or otherwise removed. Now that ways of turning it to account have been thought out, the commercial value of the seed is about as great as the total value of the crop was fifty years ago

Division of the wealth is, of course, another question. Nobody will deny that the idea of playing the hog has also been very extensively applied in the last 150 years But application of individual ideas and initiative in a free field is where the wealth has mainly come from. As to division, there are many more people to claim a share. About 150 years ago it was estimated that the population of Europe had doubled in 500 years. Since that calculation was made the population of the three foremost industrial nations—the United States, Great Britain and Germany—has multiplied sixfold. Probably even in Germany, notwithstanding the aftermath of war, the population receives better subsistence than it did in 1775, when it was only a third as large, and there is in addition a surplus of production over consumption for capital account.

Overflowing Profits

On the subject of division let us take the classic instance of petroleum. And, by the way, Sir Walter Raleigh found petroleum in America; 300 years before him Marco Polo had noted its presence at Baku, where there was a great international squabble over it only the other day, and references to the substance go much further back. But when ways of making it commercially profitable—which is the same thing as saying ways of making it useful to a great many people—had been thought out, a celebrated group of Americans got a dominant position in the trade.

Here was new wealth. Let us credit them with an ambition to divide it on the general principle of 99.9 to themselves and .1 to the remainder of the population. But they would have to give people a better dollar's worth of light from coal oil than could be got from tallow candles or the new product would find no market. Their new business, requiring more hands than industry had employed before, would set up an additional demand for labor and tend to raise wages. They would have to employ, finally, a great many engineers, chemists, salesmen, managers, and so on. With the best of intentions to keep it all for themselves, they would have to spill most of the new wealth to other people.

This spilling is where many five-percenters come from. Let us say that the fortune-making promoters, developers, organizers and managers of business under whose hands some big chunks of wealth arise yearn to keep as much as possible for themselves. Nevertheless most of it is bound to spill. There is no doubt that real wages are higher than they were ten years ago or twenty years ago. Hence an important part of the huge growth in savings deposits. But labor five-percents in other ways than through savings banks. New industry requires a great many experts trained in the sciences who draw salaries and royalties. With a brief circulation of money through all economic grades of the population other specialists find profitable employment. In the nineteenth century an American physician attracted attention by devoting himself exclusively to care of the teeth; but now almost any country town of 2500 inhabitants will contain a couple of dentists in good practice, and if the population is 5000 there will probably be a beauty parlor that yields surplus for the bond market.

Milton, as we were all told in our school days, got a ticket to the Baptist church's oyster supper, or something like that, for Paradise Lost; but here is the monthly bulletin of the Authors' League of America, a flourishing organization with many hundreds of members that looks after the interests of authors on the business side of their profession. Subdivisions of it comprise the Dramatists' Guild, the Artists' Guild, the Screen Writers' Guild—all with many members who are making contracts of a business nature every day with editors, publishers, theater managers, motion-picture producers, and need an organization to keep them advised.

There are similar associations of authors, composers, playwrights and illustrators in other countries. Nothing of that sort would come into being unless a huge number of people had change to spare for magazines, books, theaters, movies. Actors, who were formerly fed in the kitchen, now constitute an important business interest with an aggregate yearly income running into millions. You read in your newspaper of the national convention of dancing masters or of an association of manicurists. The money spills all around. Very sizable puddles of it come to light in places that Adam Smith would never have dreamed of.

Wealth From Inventions

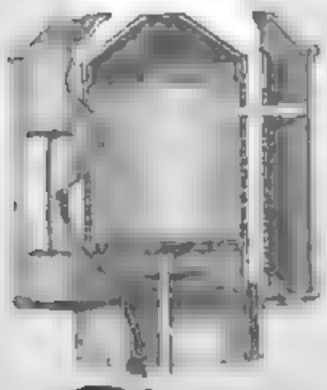
A man who thinks up a better way of canning beans or of selling them, a better way of making buttonhooks or of selling them, a better garter or razor or toothbrush, makes a fortune because an enormous number of people are ready to buy the article. Radio yields incomes and surpluses for the bond market to a lot of people, first and last. Every new idea that is practically applied anywhere along the line of production and distribution is a gold mine, yielding new wealth that gets spread around.

In this country I see no reason to expect a higher wage scale for the five-percenter Capital may be made scarce and dear by destruction on a vast scale, or by disorganization and the suppression of individual initiative as in Russia. No doubt its accumulation might be stopped by a wholehearted return to the old scheme of regulating, prescribing, controlling—setting up stone fences all around—for the accumulation comes from the universal and continual effort of intelligent individuals to better their own condition in a fairly free field.

Simple muscular labor, if such a thing could be found outside a lunatic asylum, would produce no more now than in the time of George III or of William the Conqueror, for that matter. A man with a spade, a hoe, a scythe could accomplish as much then as at present. Invented tools of all sorts used by more intelligent labor, and better organization make the difference in production. Invention is the only natural resource that really counts. Lignite and hydroelectric plants come to the same thing as inventing new deposits of coal. Isolated by war, the Germans invented many new natural resources. The first condition for further increase of production is a free field for initiative.

An improvement of the steam engine was made by a boy who wanted to save himself the bother of opening and shutting a valve by hand and so rigged a crude contrivance by which the engine was made to do it automatically. Very likely some worldly wiser person patented the device and pocketed the royalties which should have gone to the boy. It often happens that way. But the engine was more productive.

At the beginning of the so-called capitalistic era the interest on a bond would buy in England something like ten times as much labor as the interest on a like bond will buy in the United States at present. With the continued application of ideas and initiative in a fairly free field it is quite likely that fifty years hence the interest on a given bond will buy only half as much labor as at present; or even—with the rise of wages and fall of interest—only a quarter as much. If that condition comes about through the rise of real wages it will be all to the good of everybody concerned. Five-percenters will get less actual return on each unit of investment, but there will be many more of them and many more units of investment. For they will flourish exactly in proportion as the new wealth is spread around, making a constantly bigger market for all sorts of goods and services.



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Without Accessories

Thermiodyne TF6

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Trade Mark—licensed under Taube and other patents

A MAN'S MONEY'S WORTH

(Continued from Page 38)

"So." He made a quick movement, and had her in his arms. He kissed her with passion. Surely his passion was serious. She relaxed. Did he mean ——

No, he didn't; that night. Having kissed to his will, he took one arm away and hunted for a match to light a cigarette. Barbara berated her momentary yielding. Fool!

"Funny," he remarked presently with a languid laugh. "Girls nowadays think men must be fools. Always the sharp little cry—'Hands off!' No matter how many hands may have been on beforehand."

"Oh, he knows it all!"

"Honestly, the bluff doesn't work on some of us, stupidly masculine though we may be."

But he was bluffing too. Out of the corner of his eye he watched her curiously.

Ah, hate him? Like poison. These men who could give a girl so much -and who were so afraid that they would not get their givings' worth! But she said nothing of this. Men talk and talk—and sometimes succumb after they have boasted none can vanquish their strong selves.

"I'm sleepy." She moved farther from his arm. "Wake me up when you're through broadcasting."

"I'm through."

Barbara lunched alone the following day. Hilda was downtown shopping. Dined alone. Did not dance that evening with Mr. Ralph Pegmore. He was—was somewhere else. She dined sparingly. Van the waiter ostentatiously urged the fresh apricot *tourtes*. No, she didn't care for anything sweet.

She lunched sparingly the following day. And alone. Having finished, while Van sneered in her wake, Barbara stumbled, sullenly unseeing of her course, over the large unwieldy foot of Leah Schultz, where the latter after a full meal panted on a huge divan in the great gold-and-purple lounge.

With mechanical courtesy the girl begged pardon.

"Ach, my big foot," grunted Leah. "I should put it under something."

She beamed friendlily on the girl. That was the beginning. Perhaps something wistful in the girl's face inspired the older woman impulsively to gesture her to sit awhile on the divan and become acquainted, if Barbara cared to.

Barbara had nothing better to do. She smiled with sudden lovely gratitude.

There is this about youth: It may be hard as iron, cold as arctic snow, mercenary as Midas, but its smile is beyond and independent of its flaws. Youth's smile! As young as a cherry blossom, as timeless as Pan!

Barbara, of course, could not know that great unwieldy Leah Schultz—childless and desirous, quite aware of the huge flabbiness of her elderly body on which silks and satins hung unbecomingly, aware that her large knuckles wore jewels without grace—warmed to that smile like a child to unexpected candy.

Barbara would not have believed, had she been told, that Leah Schultz trembled with pleasure at sheer nearness of her youth, and wanted to kiss her, to pet her. The younger generation did not pay much attention to Leah—Rosella with her trips to Paris, Rachel with her Woman's Party; they were not given to fondling an old woman.

Besides, perhaps between the girl's and the old woman's souls some tie called. It must be stated, however, that if there was such tie the ears of Barbara's soul were wax-stuffed in the beginning.

She was rather puzzled for a while. Unworthily enough, being egotistic according to her years, she suspected that Leah thought she, Barbara, was somebody whom the Schultzes desired to cultivate. Foolish old Leah! Privately Barbara's strangely wise red lip curled in bitter mirth at the thought.

Under the warmth of Leah's friendliness Barbara forgot this suspicion. Leah from the start wheedled her into lunching at the Schultz table. "Jacob—he's downtown all day," she complained. "I think food tastes better when company's along, don't you?"

"Much better," agreed Barbara.

She ordered the expensive fresh caviar salad. Van the waiter smiled down almost imperceptibly. But the faint sneering smile abruptly dropped off.

Leah said, "That ain't very much, dearie. I do hope you're not one of these silly youngsters that starve themselves to death for a figure."

No waiter ever showed disrespect toward a Schultz or a Murdchein. Of such salt was the very bread of the Zoroaster management and its corps of servitors made white and well-flavored.

"I—I've been trying to diet," laughed Barbara lightly; "but it is hard when one is hungry."

"I'm going to ask you as a favor, dearie, to diet when I'm not around, and eat plenty with me. Hadn't I better say a double order of that salad? They don't give you much"—with a great shrug that cared little for the slim olive-skinned Van obediently waiting with pencil in hand.

"As a favor to you." Almost Barbara could not forbear a betraying upward glance at Van's face.

"And I'll call it a perfect shame if you don't have that real good banana cream pie with me."

"To be obliging, I'll forget my figure!" One small white hand touched a too flat little hip in mock recantation.

Ah, as the days went on! No need now to read down the list of entrées avidly, hawklike over the right-hand column. No need to stiffen haughtily as Van watched your arithmetic, guessed your mind, sauntered out of the room to whisper sneeringly to Joe. No need even in one's bedroom to watch in pain because perfume bottles go down, down, inevitably down, at eight dollars an ounce even for the less choice. And what is life today without the latest perfume? And perfumes change like the months, only faster.

Barbara became an intimate visitor in the Schultz suite. Running in and out like a daughter. Lunching up there sometimes with Leah instead of downstairs in the dining or tea room of the big Zoroaster. And the concert and matinée tickets—"Jacob, he buys 'em like mad. I don't care much to go alone or always with Mrs. Murdchein. Just the same, he brings 'em home."

She told Barbara about Leon and Jesse and Rachel and Albert and Rosella; how, when they all left, the house on Prairie Avenue became too big for herself and Jacob.

"I say to him, 'Jacob, we got a right to take life easy. Hotel. No bother with the help. I'm one of the persons who can eat real well at a hotel. Better than at home.'" Leah grunted in content. "And if you want to ride down and go to a play, nothing to hold you."

It was nice to sit in a parquet row with Leah and watch other girls on the stage—others whom somehow you had never been able to rival or to dislodge. Nice to accept gloves, silk stockings—oh, how Leah knew silk!—vanity cases, the little expensive metal containers of rouge and the latest Parisian-named facial powder whose cost men like Ralph Pegmore knew full well. Nice to have plenty of perfume. "You just tell me the kind you use, dearie. I love to buy it, but it don't smell right on an old woman like me."

She repaid Leah Schultz; pretty gay smiles for favors; little toadyings for lunches, for dinners, for rides downtown in the Schultz gray-upholstered sedan instead of the gaudy bus. Ah, she was willing to pay to the extent of her power. There were times when she was childishly and unfeignedly grateful to the funny fat old woman who had taken so odd a fancy to her.

There were other times when she disliked Leah Schultz; that sullen, bone-gripping dislike of the poor for the rich; of the earth's feckless for the earth's favored.

But she gave confidence for confidence. Barbara had a large box from which to cull confidences for a friendly or unfriendly ear. School; the girlish attack on Hollywood; the stage fever which once possessed her; the two months' course at a school of journalism. She could refer to an ocean, pine woods, to art and travel clubs, to Florida, to prima donnas, to exclusive boot shops, to popular novels, to Eastern modistes—ah, to what could not Barbara glibly refer with the best of her generation?

"You've been around a lot," said Leah.

"At school"—there was a curious wry twist of young mouth—"I always got good marks in geography." Barbara added somberly, "Lot of good that did me. I—I am not very much good at real work."

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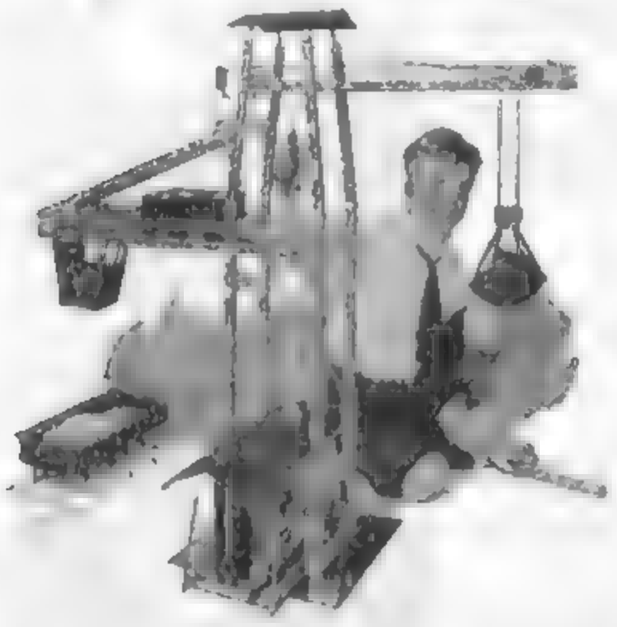

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"That's nothing to moon over," assured Leah with the hidebound conviction of an older generation. "I never was, either. But Jacob's been just as well satisfied, if I do say it myself. Now there's Rosella and Rachel—well, their own brothers say they want a different kind for a wife. Not that they ain't nice girls. But—you know what men are. They like 'em best when they're soft and pretty, if they can bake a good batch of bread too. And I say being a wife is the best job for any woman."

It was at this point that she showed Barbara a picture just arrived of her nephew Albert in St. Louis. He had a rather large light head, with straight-set eyes that seemed a little bashful. Barbara's glib gossip was silenced for some reason as she looked down into Albert's eyes.

Leah sat back comfortably in her morning negligee of white silk and venise lace. She had explained to Barbara, as to numerous other persons, that she wore such at Jacob's behest, not her own. "I say it's foolish for an old woman like me. But Jacob says no." She began to boast now. "My sister Mettie's youngest. He's a terrible nice boy. Not that I've anything against the other four—but he's the best of the lot. Always sends me a pearl, since he got out for himself, on my birthday."

She waddled to the bureau and from the top drawer got out a small box.

"Pinkish, you see. Real. He says he's going to make it a string for my debut. Pretends I'm a girl with birthdays stretched way ahead. I tell Jacob be sure when I'm dead give them to Albert's wife."

There were only eight.

"Albert's young, you see. But ever since he took this managing job down in St. Louis—paints, you know—he's been going ahead. His wife will be lucky. I heard"—she beamed with the information "a brewer's daughter down there just makes a fool of herself running after him. Albert never told. He maybe doesn't even know what she's doing. He's that kind. A man from there told Jacob. Of course," Leah explained carefully, "her father don't have a brewery now, it is against the law. It closed up. But before the law was passed he did so well that he nearly got to be a dollar-a-year man at Washington."

Barbara ran a small red tongue over a dry lip. At that moment, so stirred was she by resentful feeling, she hated the gabbing old Leah. And this blond-haired man who looked up at her. And that girl—Ah, what some girls can have in this world! And need not scheme and struggle, and always, like a Chinese mask, keep a careful brisk prettiness upon their faces.

But she said slowly, as if unwittingly, with the photograph still in her hands, "He—he looks as if he would be kind to a girl. To any girl. Not—not suspicious. Like some men."

"Oh, Albert's good," assured Leah. "I don't know as I ever heard him say a sharp word to anyone in all his life. You said it just right! He always thinks the best of people."

One afternoon, lingering late in the Schultz sitting room, she met Jacob, puffing home from a trip out of town.

"Miss Carter, Jacob," introduced Leah proudly. "Ain't she the prettiest girl you've seen yet in this hotel?"

"Now, Leah," protested the old husband; "right away you try to make me fall in love with the young girls you stand in front of me. Don't you think maybe I might be susceptible?"

Leah shrugged great unwieldy shoulders in patent derision.

"Lot of good it would do you. She should waste time on an old fellow with a fifty-six waist when the young men they fly around her on the dance floor like bees with a cup of maple parfait!"

Barbara dined that night between the two stout effusive old people. They beamed on her, like parents on a long-awaited firstborn. They consulted her preferences in iced beverages. They bade the waiter Van bring her the choicest items on the bill of fare.

Hilda Whist adjusted her eyeglasses and became thoughtful. In a swing out-of-doors two hours later Ralph Pegmore was openly curious.

"Old boy—look at him! Can't get his tie straight to save his life. Spills his soup sometimes. But he's worth ten mil' if he's worth a cent. In certain banks in this town when his thumb's down, mighty big loans whistle for mercy."

"Yes, I guess so," drawled Barbara.

"I didn't know you were acquainted with them."

"No? Really?" She could be provocatively impudent.

"Known them long? You didn't seem well acquainted with them when you first came."

"Friends of my folks. Didn't know that for a while."

"Oh! You know, I thought," he admitted, "it was funny a girl would be staying alone at a place like this unless she had family friends here."

"Listen to him rave!" She addressed the moon, which was thin and white like a girl's arm. "In this age! Kind sir, you are behind your times. Nowadays a girl can do anything she feels like doing—unless her brutal family locks her up. And that would get in the papers. And even then they couldn't hold the iron bars more than a day. She could telephone for a lawyer or a locksmith."

"Oh," he said deliberately, "there's a lot of that kind of talk. Still, a girl with any kind of a family is looked after somewhat."

"Unless she can look after herself."

"No girl can look after herself—unless she's had a rotten lot of practice in learning how."

Nasty. A regular slap.

"Wake me up," murmured Barbara, black head against the striped swing cover, "when you are more entertaining and less how-to-succeed-in-life-ish."

He gave over, laughed. And he did not kiss her that night. Out of his clever arms she slipped, ran, laughing, silver slippers streaking on the sand in the moonlight, toward the brilliant ballroom.

"You're so adept in dodging," he said uglily when he overtook her, near an orchestral palm, "that you seem overcareful."

Dislike him? Ah, she did. But no matter.

She repaid him. Laughing, with a tired wriggle she sank to a chair beside Leah Schultz, who childishly liked to watch the dancing.

"No. No more tonight. My soles are blistered. Aunt Leah"—with a pretty intimate turning of body—"did you say something about going to a symphony concert tomorrow?"

Well—she had been asked, coaxed to say "Aunt Leah."

"Oh, so I did, dearie. But ——" There was indecision. "I've had a sort of headache today. And that slow music ——"

He was listening intently; she knew by the immobile set of the narrow black head. She cuddled closer to Leah Schultz.

"Yes? You know I don't care a cent about going. Except to be company for you."

"I'd rather," said Aunt Leah briskly, "go to something funny. Like a good play. Wouldn't you?"

"Abie's Irish Rose?" suggested Barbara.

"I want to see that show, dearie."

Pegmore stepped nearer, smiling.

"Overheard! Can't I get the tickets? And—may I make it three?"

In her bedroom that night Barbara Carter drew off her small gown of silver tissue. It showed wear. She frowned over it. She laid it on a chair and sat herself on the bed, hands clasped and hanging limp, and stared down at the soft thick-napped rug. All Zoroaster bedrooms had attractive rugs. But Barbara didn't see the gray nap.

Funny—once life had promised so much. When she was sixteen. So much, it seemed, for a girl to choose—if she were clever. Other girls had warned her what to choose, to work for by hook or crook. Love—bah! Men didn't fall in love any more. If you were vivid and cute and well-poised and at your ease, so that vitality snapped from you as if from a surcharged live wire; if you were well-dressed and powdered and scented, with your body indeed as well cared for as a pearl with its velvet case and yearly sea bath—if you were all this, you might win the two great prizes in life, honor and comfort!

Comfort! Sitting limply on the bed Barbara sent a bitterly appreciative glance toward the white-tiled bathroom, with its luxurious immaculacy, its thick towels, its scented soap.

"Dirt," she whimpered. "If it wasn't for the dirt — "

She got into bed and put away thinking. You may be calculating and a plotter, but if you are under twenty you can dream as well. She lay with her hand under her cheek and somberly dreamed of a nice

(Continued on Page 137)

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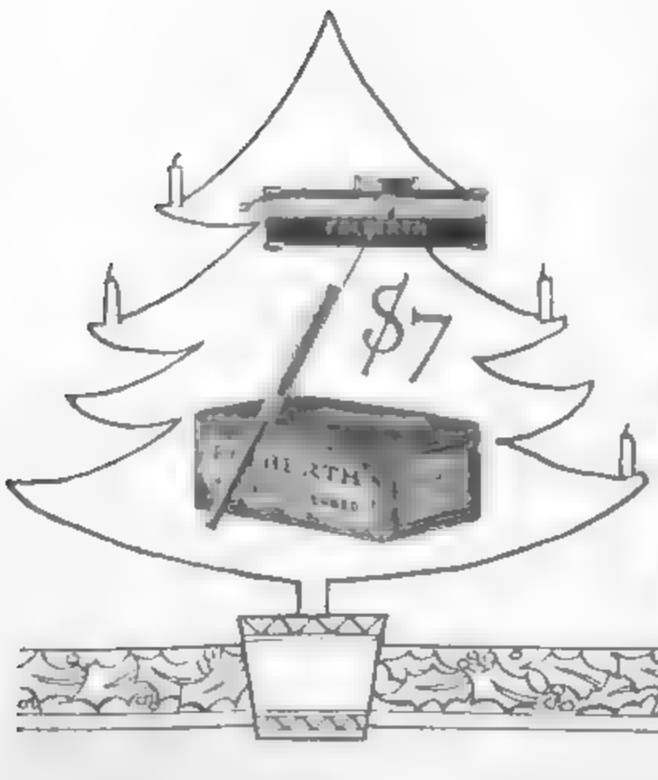

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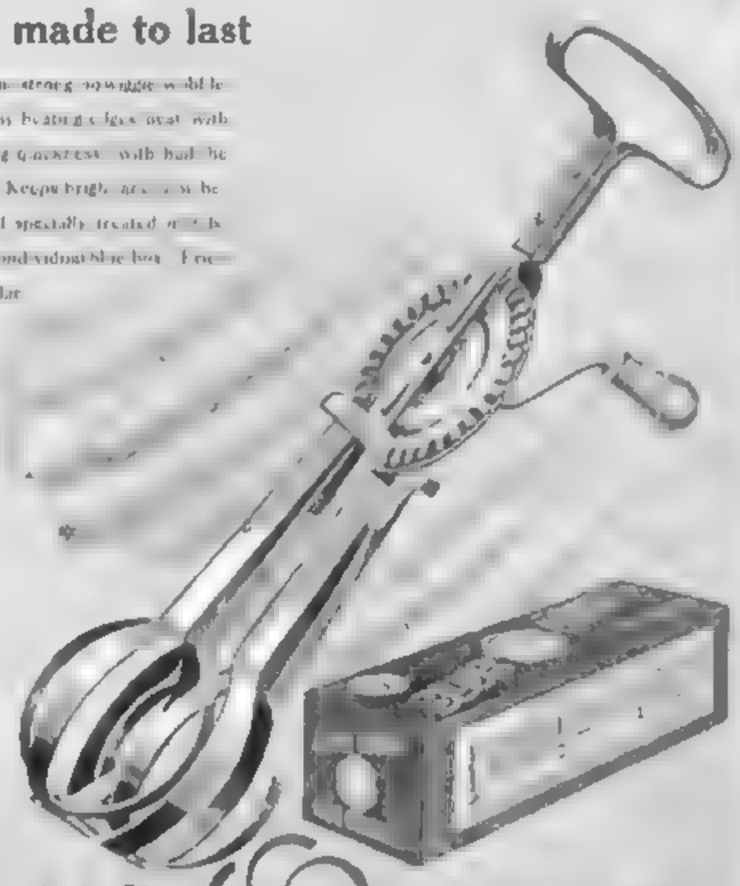

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(Continued from Page 134)

light-haired person who would be kind to a girl. Ah, kind! Funny how hard-tongued men were. She had not met many who were kind. They were instead very frank.

"Listen," Hilda had said in a burst of unusual confidence, "I've found out that men aren't like what they were even ten years ago. The world's got too wise. War or something gave people an excuse for yanking off all blinkers. Everyone, man and woman, is on the lookout he or she shan't be done out of something. Especially the men—they want their money's worth."

And it was true. Barbara sullenly agreed to this, mulled this over and over, until she finally fell asleep.

Leah Schultz gave her a ring that week. A diamond, half carat. Jacob had bought it once for Leah. "But it's too little," she declared. "Besides, I got too many. Ach, my big hands!"

Barbara sold the ring almost immediately.

Well, what else could she have done? Even Rosy the chambermaid had a knowing look. She had probably explored the top chiffonier drawer where lay Barbara's unpaid two weeks' statement for suite.

Leah was told that it had been lost. Leah said indignantly that someone might have stolen it. She jerked an unwieldy large head toward Hilda Whist, sitting two gray-and-silver tables away. Hilda would have greatly resented this, had she known. "Some of the young women around this hotel I don't like," said Leah with firmly pursed lips, but in a whisper.

She gave Barbara another ring; an emerald in gaudy gold setting. Barbara dared not lose the second one. She showed it to Ralph Pegmore.

"Some stone?"

"Some wearer," he replied, and tightened his arm around her slim stayless figure.

If there had been four thousand dollars instead of three, who knows what might have been the ending? But there were only the three. And how dollars can dwindle, roll away, vanish. Barbara became panicky at last. Another two weeks' statement; sharp retrenchment even in bus rides; a small tip at which black Mima gazed down grimly and then passed the news to Rosy and Joe and Van.

And then Leah Schultz was sick for several days.

Oh, just a cold. But old Mrs. Murdchein hung about, and there were no luncheons to be shared, nor dinners.

It was true that Leah rebelled garrulously and was inordinately grateful for Barbara's solicitude. She put upon the girl various little intimate tasks; such as getting money from the top drawer of the bureau to tip Rosy and other workers. Leah kept her money lying around loosely; usually there was a great wad of bills and a handful of change in that drawer.

"Tip 'em well, dearie," she said conscientiously. "They don't get overpaid here."

Barbara's fingers itched, as the days went on. Finally she bolstered her courage and decided to ask Leah for a loan.

She knew that this would hardly be wise. It would be taking unwise advantage of a too new friendship. But—necessity!

For all its bolstering, her courage ebbed one morning when Leah scathingly rebuked Rosy for dust on a bureau's polished knob.

"If there's one thing I can't abide, it's dirt," grunted the sick woman. She turned more affectionately to Barbara. "Don't you, dearie?"

"I hate it!"

"Oh, la!" Leah laughed. "I guess you don't know much about it. I dare say you never was inside homes like some on my charity list. Black floors and a sink that would make you scream; eight or ten children just rolling in grime ——"

"Sometimes," said Barbara, not looking at Leah, "people can't help being dirty. So many children—so little money."

In bed Leah beamed. "What a good heart you've got, child. You're not a bit like some of the girls I hear in the manicure parlors and the tea rooms."

Unseen by the woman in bed, Barbara's small shoulders twitched so bitterly, so curiously, that an observer might have been startled.

She could not voice her request that day. Nor the next. But the third day—the third day Barbara emptied some half dollars and dimes out of a silver-mounted silk bag and swept them back with a despairing hand. Need drove her.

It was midafternoon. That was always a quiet time on the floors divided into family suites. She met no one on her way down the gray-walled corridor.

Leah Schultz was asleep. Barbara hesitated, much disappointed. She had entered, as usual during this week of sickness, without knocking.

"Aunt Leah!"

No answer. Barbara remembered that she had spoken about sleeping with unusual heaviness the preceding afternoon.

There came a daring thought. Should she? Could she? Aunt Leah often sighed that she never could remember how much money she had on hand.

Tiptoe to bureau. Sudden fear.

"Aunt Leah!" This softly, with dry lips. She ran a wet tongue over her lips. "Aunt Leah, I know you won't mind! I—I'm awfully short. Mums—well, I'm going to take a twenty-dollar bill if you don't care."

If she was not asleep Barbara knew that these softly uttered words furnished protection to her youthful self. If she was asleep—ah!

She opened the top drawer noiselessly. Ah, that heap of bills! Some of them were straight from the bank and as clean as Barbara's own steamed and showered body. She took one -two, three.

No movement from Leah. Ah, the relief! Mima's smirk, Rosy's smug thanks for tomorrow. And Leah Schultz would not care.

Barbara was suddenly disquieted. What was in the room besides herself and the sleeping Leah? Something cold and too still?

She stared hard at the motionless woman in bed. Leah's face was turned toward the window. Leah did not move at all, seemed not to breathe.

The girl, with a clutch of breath, stepped over to the bed —that luxurious silk-hung bed. Leah's left hand was outside the light coverlet. Barbara touched it fearsomely. That still cold hand!

Ah, had she strength in her limbs to get out of the room? Had she? She turned, almost tripping, and gained the door.

Her hand was on the knob. Her face was small and gray. Her knees and her hands shook. A thought came like lightning. Gone, gone her hopes! Aunt Leah would no more give her presents, food.

And that top drawer of the bureau stood open yet!

It came like a cancer—this second thought. It ate, it had claws. She took two backward, slow, fearsome steps. Could she? Would she? Ah, why not? She could. She would.

She put her hand in swiftly, clutchingly. She drew it out, as if it had touched slime. But when it was out it bulged with its holding. Well, who would know? Not Leah. Not Jacob, who had nothing to do with his old wife's purse save to fill its capacious mouth. No one would know or care.

With a shudder, a last look at the bed, Barbara stepped into the gray-walled corridor and closed the door behind her.

She closed it. And suddenly she realized that alone and lonely and unattended lay a poor old affrighting but kindly figure that had been overkind to her. Ah! She could not do that.

Into the room again. Terrified, shaking—and with a feeling of uncleanness. The telephone in the sitting room. Jacob's downtown office. Jacob's anguished old voice. He had dropped his instrument.

Then she summoned Rosy, Mima, Mrs. Murdchein.

They were gathered and murmuring and tearful when Jacob arrived. Unconsciously in his old hand he held four tickets, given him on the way by policemen. He had broken the speed laws. With him was a tall light-haired young man with straight-set eyes.

Unclean—Barbara stood by in silence after her first brief words of explanation. She shivered a little when Jacob through his sobs turned and put an arm about her shoulders.

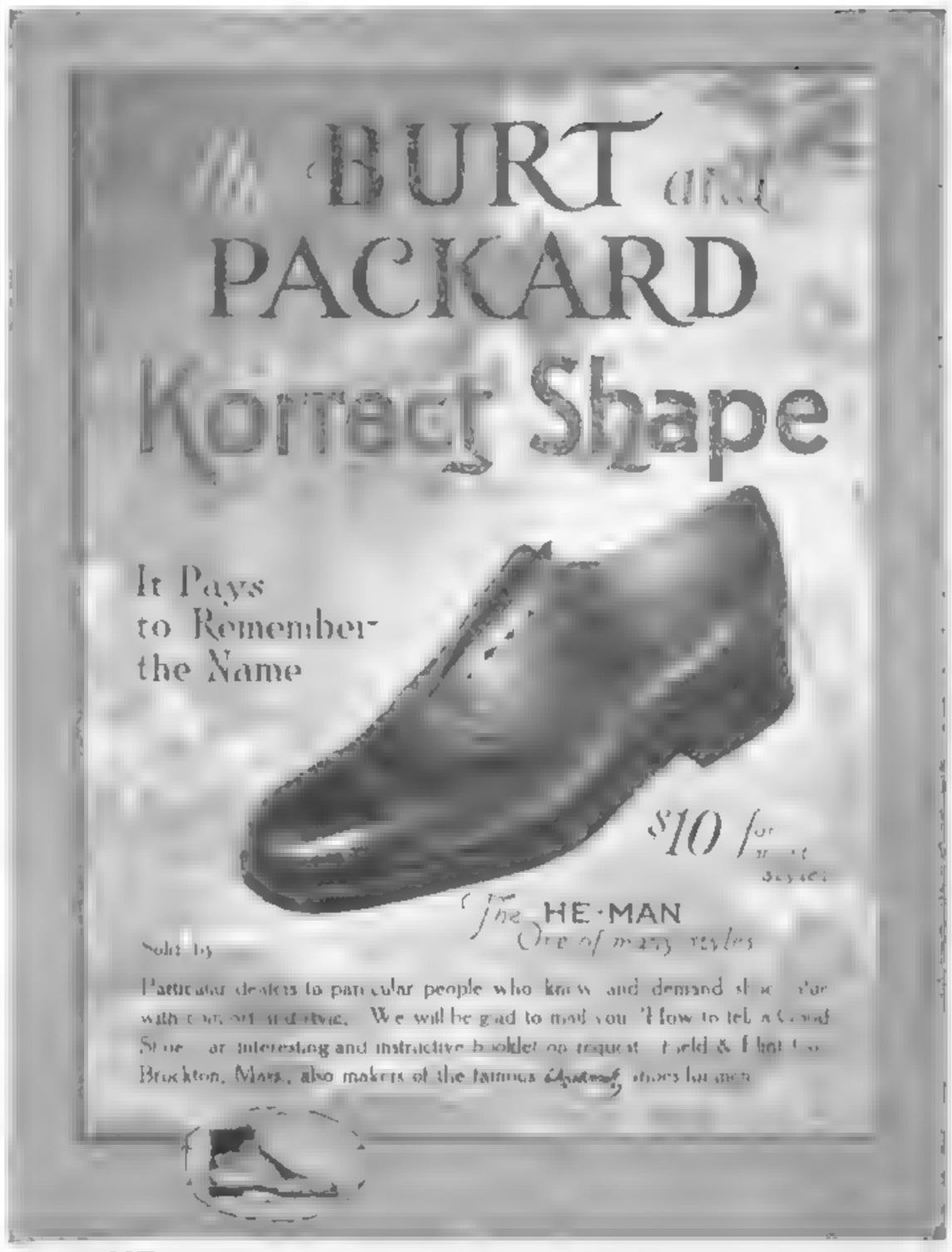
"You were with my Leah when she died? Ach, so she wasn't by herself."

"No. I came in afterward. But it—it couldn't have been long."

"Ach, you loved her. You came to sit with her the long dull day?"

Mima and Rosy had gone; Mrs. Murdchein too.

"No," said Barbara with expressionless voice. "I came to ask her for money. A—a loan."



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ONLY four weeks to Christmas—and the chances are you're still undecided what to give *him*. It's easy to choose for the children—they have so many wants! But Dad, brother, uncle, "friend"—shucks, you can crack that nut right now and at the same time treat all the men folks to 52 enjoyable evenings of companionship with master story-tellers, delightful humorists and the leading thinkers and doers in business, politics, science, art!

Doesn't cost much to employ all these interesting people? No, sir; only $2. (Foreign $6.) And if you'll order *now*, a superb gift announcement will be sent, without charge, with your name inscribed in the greeting, to arrive in the Christmas mail. The gift itself? Why of course you've already guessed. It's

The Saturday Evening Post

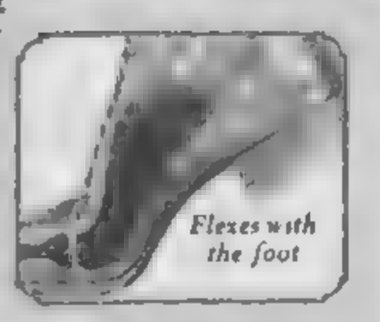
307 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Two Other Choice Gifts

For any woman—THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
12 issues $1 (Foreign $2)

For any rural home—THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
52 issues $1 (Foreign $2)

For complaining feet



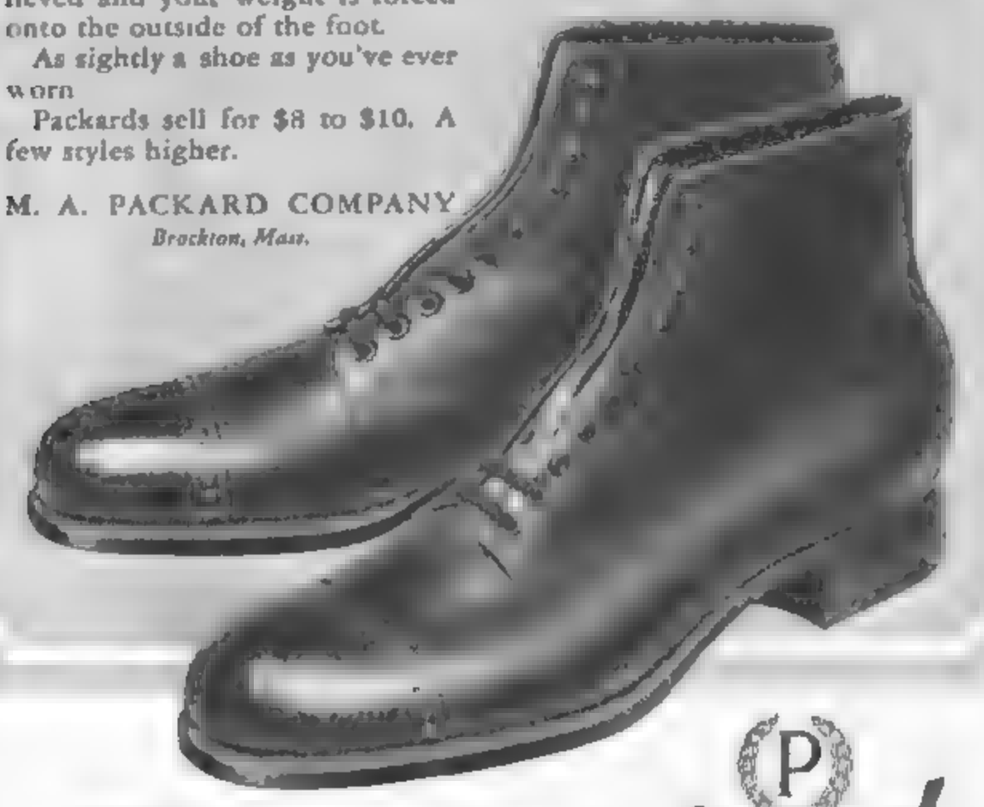
This is the famous Packard Phlexopedic—for feet that have given warning.

It supports the base of the foot arch, yet is flexible as a moccasin under the instep. Bones are pressed gently into place, nerve strain relieved and your weight is forced onto the outside of the foot.

As sightly a shoe as you've ever worn

Packards sell for $8 to $10. A few styles higher.

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
Brockton, Mass.



STYLE NO. 611
Phlexopedic
Black Kid Blucher
Kenmore Model

STYLE NO. 612
in Brown Kid

Packard

How Much Money Will Santa Bring You?

What's that you say, "no such luck as getting any money from Santa"? Well, now, if you'll just make a few easy sales in your spare time he may bring you as much as $25.00 or $50.00 extra.

Here's all you have to do: First, send the coupon. Then we'll tell you just how to obtain subscriptions in your locality for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Whenever it best suits you, in your spare time, do these three things:

Pick up the renewals of our present readers. Receive new subscriptions. Accept the fat, easy orders which folks always give for subscriptions to be sent as Christmas gifts. You need no experience, no capital—but here we are to the coupon. Clip! *Mail!!* Now!!!

The Curtis Publishing Company
302 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me, but without obligation, just how to succeed with your extra-money-for-Christmas plan

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

"Ach! That was my Leah! Always everybody felt free to come to her when they were in trouble."

Barbara went on deliberately.

"I thought she was asleep. I took it anyway."

"Of course! Leah would not care!" Grief and pride broke in his old voice. "It is a comfort to know that even when she was dead my Leah was helping somebody."

"You don't understand!" she shrieked at last in hysteria. Would that younger man never take his straight, seeing eyes off her face? "Let me tell you! I tricked her—I pretended "

Perhaps Jacob was not listening attentively. He had bent and put his arms about his wife. "Never mind, child. Never mind. You see, Leah always thought you reminded her of a baby she wanted to adopt—a Polish family named Kropinski, that lived back of— "

"Ah!" A thin hysterical gurgle of laughter came from Barbara. "My real name is Kropinski. Babette Kropinski!"

It poured forth then. Hysterical, sobbing, almost unintelligible.

"But I felt unclean," she sobbed. "I couldn't ——"

He put both arms around her—kindly old Jacob Schultz who was bereaved. "It doesn't matter. You gave my Leah pleasure in her old age. That is enough."

Albert Burger stood with grim downcast face when she had finished. He never raised his head. He never looked at her while, like a small beaten animal, she made halting, head-hung way out of the room. He had a clean, likable, intelligent face. He reminded one of words like stability and honesty in government. That is, you were thus reminded if you had gone as far as the eighth grade and in your last month written a theme on such words and fitted your theme, with childish romanticism, to a light-haired young man. Because you did not like 'em dark, being black-haired yourself.

Slinking out the door, Barbara felt as if something rare and real that might have enriched all her life, had been flung away by her own mad hands. Her unclean hands!

But life so often disregards art. Just as Huckleberry Finn did the three R's.

Albert Burger stood with grim, downcast face while the girl made her broken, sobbing confession. Never raised his head. Never gave a sign of generous interest. Never spoke while she crept out of the room.

But that was not because Albert's mind was turned as Barbara thought. Books are written falsely on facial expressions. Lives are often wasted because of a mistaken interpretation of the lift of an eyelid or fall of a glance. Many times only words can tell what is going on inside a person's head.

Albert Burger stood with grim downcast face because he was ashamed of himself. Was it not base and unfeeling on his part that while his Aunt Leah lay newly dead his thoughts should center upon the small lovely black head of a girl never seen by him before that hour? That he should be consumed, not with grief—and yet he had loved her!—over one who had been almost his mother, but with sudden avid interest in this brown-eyed thing?

He had a confused recollection that she was a Polish baby who had decided that she could make friends better with a pure American name; who had been nauseated by the dirt in which she was reared and had not done very well in the movies or on the stage or in writing. And she had bought a photograph which she called mums. And there was a black-haired man whom she disliked.

What had he done? This last must be ascertained.

Toward end of day, a silent gray end, Jacob Schultz raised a forlorn head. "That little girl—Leah liked so well. Maybe, Albert, she would eat dinner with us? We ain't hungry—and maybe she ain't, either. But it would be nicer together."

"Certainly," agreed Albert eagerly. "Where shall I go after her?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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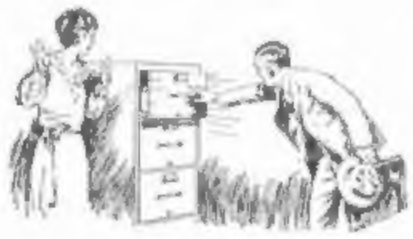
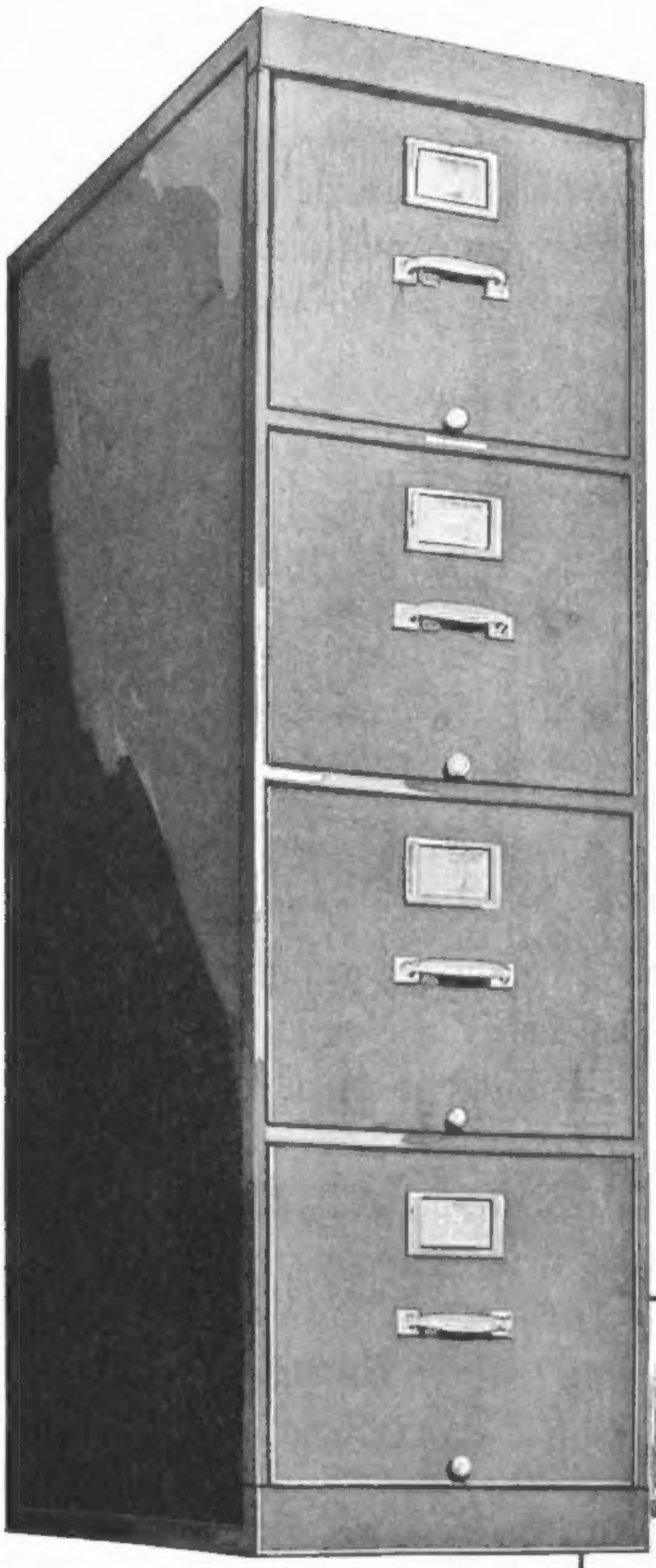
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

64,800  Slams

that meant 49 years on the job

An L. B. salesman walked into the filing department, pulled open a file drawer and slammed it shut. "Don't do that!" protested the startled file operator. "You'll break it."

"But we did just that 64,799 times to the L. B. Aristocrat, and it didn't break," replied the L. B. salesman. And he told her this story - - -



THEY lined up five different makes of filing cabinets in a row. A drawer of each was filled with a typical load of correspondence. Then the loaded drawers were pulled out and slammed shut 16 times a minute, until put out of commission.

There was a test of cabinet construction—strength of frame, strength of drawer, strength of slides. What happened?

Within 58 minutes, cabinet No. 1 broke down. At intervals, two others followed. During the 37th hour—at the 36,245th slam—the fourth cabinet collapsed.

On went the winner—pulled out—slammed shut—opened—shut, for another 27 hours. Finally, after a total *of 67½ hours, representing over 49 years of average service in an office,* the L. B. Aristocrat quit on the 64,800th slam—almost double the record of its nearest competitor.

A stock filing cabinet which can triumph in such a test can be depended upon to give you the service you expect—and more. Its performance in your office is certified by these invisible perfections—

—the exacting tests with the scleroscope, a machine that gauges the hardness and toughness of the steel

—the exclusive L. B. processes that lock-wedge together all vital parts, making the Aristocrat as rigid as if forged from a single piece of steel

—the bulk-head construction of the drawer fronts, which gives extra security against fire and assurance against warping

—the over-strength roller bearing slides that can readily carry several times the weight of the loaded drawer even when fully extended.

In your office the Aristocrat is distinguished by its design of stately simplicity, its finish of baked-on olive green or grained mahogany. The beauty and uniformity of finish are jealously guarded in L. B.'s Sunlight Room where, under the effect of natural daylight, every cabinet must be approved by thorough inspection.

The moderate price of the Aristocrat makes it easily the best filing cabinet value on the market. See it at our nearest office. Or mail coupon below for booklet and for information on the Six Big Divisions of L. B. Service.

Library Bureau

Founded 1876

Boston New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco New Orleans London 52 offices in U. S. and Canada

Plans — Makes — Installs

Card and filing systems - Cabinets - Supplies

Factories: Cambridge, Mass. New York, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. Ilion, N. Y. London, Eng.

Oxy-Acetylene Welded
All vital parts of the Aristocrat are first wedge-keyed, then welded together, making it as rigid as if forged from a single piece of metal.

The Scleroscope Tests
The steel used in the Aristocrat must pass these tests for hardness and toughness.

The Sunlight Room
Every Aristocrat unit is inspected for the accuracy of its color and finish, under lights producing a daylight effect.

The Six Big Divisions of LB *Service*

Coupon to
Library Bureau, Cambridge, Mass.

Send me free Catalog No. 707 "Steel card and filing cabinets." Please send me also, literature on subjects checked:

1. Special Service
- ☐ Analysis
- ☐ Indexing
- ☐ Statistical
- ☐ Calculating

2. Specialized Departments
- ☐ Bank
- ☐ Government
- ☐ Insurance
- ☐ Library
- ☐ Schools of Filing

3. Filing Systems
- ☐ Alphabetic
- ☐ Geographic
- ☐ Numeric
- ☐ L. B. Automatic Index
- ☐ Subject
- ☐ The Russell Index

4. Card Record Systems
- ☐ L. B. Sales Record
- ☐ L. B. Stock Record
- ☐ L. B. Card Ledger
- ☐ L. B. Speedac Visible Record

5. Cabinets—Wood and Steel
- ☐ Card index cabinets
- ☐ Card index trays
- ☐ Counter-hight units
- ☐ Horizontal units
- ☐ Card record desks
- ☐ Record safes
- ☐ Ledger trays
- ☐ Transfer units
- ☐ Unit shelving
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6. Supplies
- ☐ *Cards*

Over 1,000 styles of plain index and stock forms
- ☐ *Folders*

L. B. Reinforced folders
Plain and tab folders
- ☐ *Guides*

Plain, printed, celluloided
Removable label guides
Metal tip guides

My Name_____

Firm Name_____

Address_____

S. E. P. 11-29-24

Sweeping Changes in Manufacturing—

Are You Keeping Up With Them?

"A FAMOUS automobile manufacturer announces a new and different method of construction—

"An old, established machinery maker startles the trade by discarding cast iron for steel—

"Prominent building engineers reveal a better method of erecting steel work in buildings and bridges."

These—and a hundred other sweeping changes in industry—are the result of this Lincoln process—*electric arc welding.*

It is an improved and different way of doing things with iron and steel.

By means of it the manufacturing habits and traditions of fifty years are being turned upside down.

Steel is being fashioned and fabricated at half the former cost, yet the products so made are stronger, finer in appearance, better in every way than ever before.

Electric arc welding opens up entirely new possibilities for manufacturers. It permits different principles of design.

It may even turn the tide from failure to success in these days when selling is difficult and manufacturing costly.

Lincoln Engineers are thoroughly trained in electric arc welding. They have applied it in thousands of plants. They will inspect your plant, go over your product, and make you a report showing whether you can use the process and just what it will do—all *without* cost or obligation.

Note—The latest achievement by this process is an electric motor in which welded steel has replaced cast iron and welding has been substituted for riveting, brazing and casting. As a result the Lincoln Motor is larger, more powerful—a radical improvement—yet costs no more than any other.

THE LINCOLN ELECTRIC CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO

OFFICES AND AGENCIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Bon Ami

for cleaning smooth-surfaced floor-coverings

"My, how Bon Ami brightens up my floor!"

And it's so easy to use. Just sprinkle some of the soft, white powder on your linoleum or Congoleum and go over it with a damp mop. Then rinse out the mop in clean water—a few swishes and the colors are again bright and spotless.

No matter what you clean, you never have to scrub and scour with Bon Ami. It simply blots up the dust and the spots—leaves never the tiniest scratch.

There are scores of things around the house you can clean and polish with Bon Ami (see the list of uses). Then, too, housekeepers like it because it never makes their hands red or rough.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Windows
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
Glass Baking Dishes	Tiling
White Woodwork	White Shoes
Aluminum Ware	The Hands
Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware	Linoleum and Congoleum

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

California Oranges
are Easy to Peel,
Slice and Separate

Vitamines
and rare salts and acids
In Most Attractive Form

FEEL the vim that most regular fruit eaters know.

Be clear-eyed, clear-complexioned, smiling, happy, welcome and successful, everywhere.

Good health is magnetism, it wins people to you, makes it easier for you to influence others, whether you are salesman, department head, manager or chief executive.

Oranges bring fresh vitamines in a *luscious fruit or drink*—you don't take them as a medicine when you take them in this way.

Valuable fruit-salts and acids come with the vitamines. These salts and acids are natural appetizers and fine digestive aids.

Thus oranges and orange juice tend to release the *full nourishment* from all the *other* foods, making your *entire* diet more efficient.

Vim, vitality and good health come mainly not from the food you *eat* but from that which you *assimilate*, and you don't assimilate that which you don't digest.

Oranges give you fresh "*raw* food"—the "summer freshness with your winter meals" that every food authority is advocating now.

Although known as "acid fruit" oranges have an *alkaline* reaction in the blood, and so are an aid in *overcoming* and *preventing* the condition known as acidosis.

California oranges are the only oranges that you can get fresh the year 'round.

Let your eating habit henceforth be *oranges daily* for these reasons, and your buying habit *Sunkist*, for they are the California oranges that are *uniformly good*.

"Drink" an orange, eat it whole or halved or sliced, for breakfast every morning —that is the health-habit.

Look For This Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons to enable soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orangeade and lemonade.

The soda fountains using the Sunkist Electric Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orangeade and real lemonade made to your order from the fresh fruit.

Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

California **Sunkist** *Oranges*
Uniformly Good

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Dept. 111, Los Angeles, California
A Non-profit Co-operative Organization of 11,000 Growers